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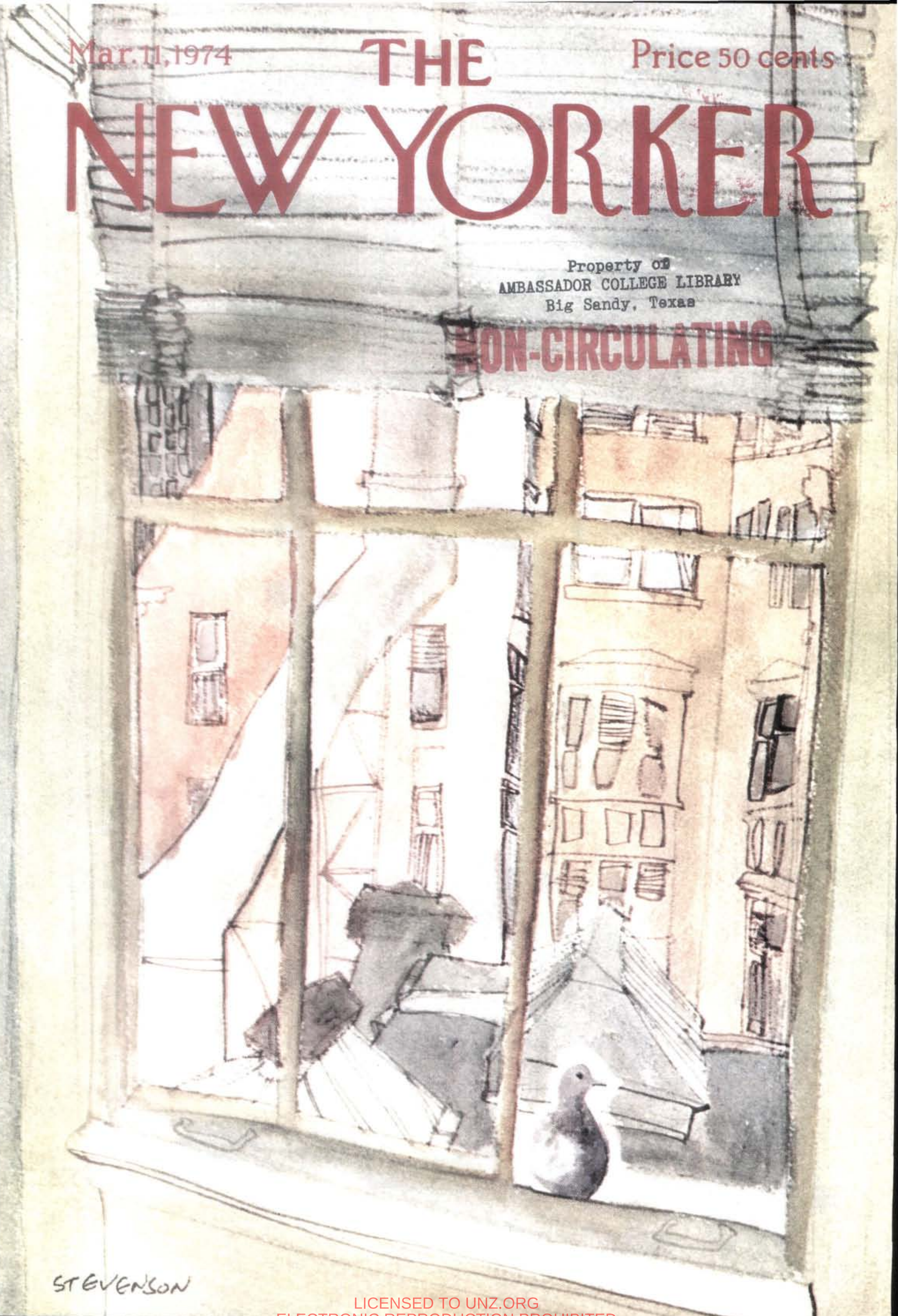

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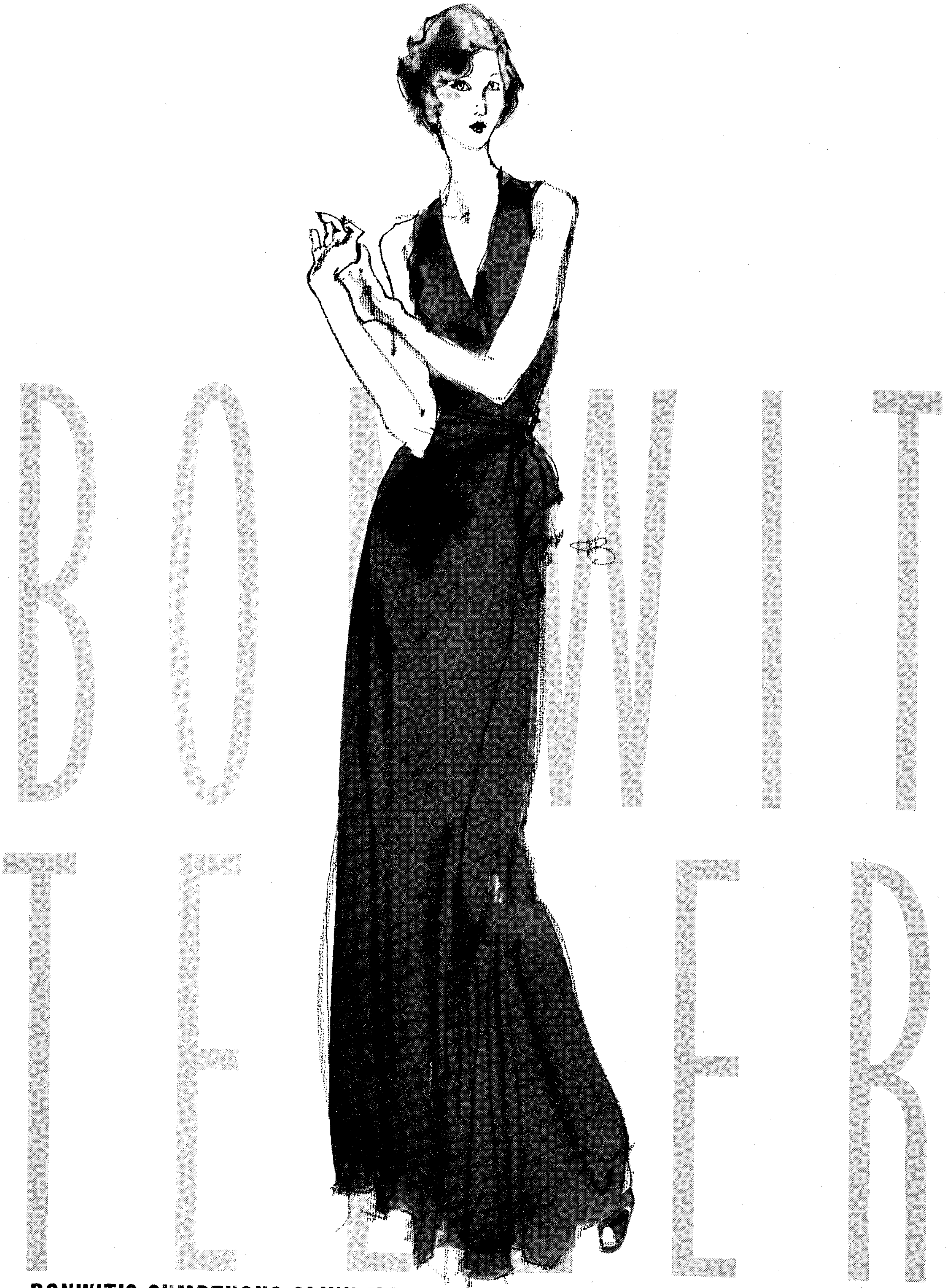

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

British Theatre Season—The engagement continues with performances by the Young Vic, to be followed in April by the Royal Shakespeare Company. All at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, in the Opera House: Wednesday, March 6, at 8; Thursday, March 7, at 7; Friday, March 8, at 8; Saturday, March 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 10, at 2 and 7:30. . . . SCAPINO, adapted from Molière, in the Lepercq Space: Tuesday, March 12, at 8, and Wednesday, March 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Terence Rattigan's FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS, in the Lepercq Space: Friday, March 15, at 8, and Saturday, March 16, at 2 and 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette St. 636-4100.)

Candide—The revival of Leonard Bernstein's musical (adapted from Voltaire's novel by Hugh Wheeler, with lyrics by Richard Wilbur, and additional lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and John Latouche), recently seen at the Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn. Harold Prince is the director. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dear Nobody—This recitation, by Jane Marla Robbins, of entries from the diaries of Fanny Burney becomes, at its best, a gossipy evocation of life in eighteenth-century England. Miss Robbins has chosen well, and the evening is consistently entertaining. Patricia Zipprodt designed her lovely costumes. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fashion—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Festival of Short Plays—Lonnie Carter's "Cream Cheese," William Hauptman's "Shearwater," Maria Irene Fornes' "Dr. Kheal," and Robert Coover's "Love Scene." Opens Wednesday, March 6, and will run through Saturday, March 30. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Find Your Way Home—A married man falls in love with a young male hustler, with unpleasant results. A play far more entertaining than one might suppose from its subject matter, and exceptionally well acted by Jane Alexander, Lee Richardson, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—An uneasy marriage between Neil "Doc" Simon and Anton "Doc" Chekhov. The cast—Christopher Plummer, René Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, Frances Sternhagen, and Kathryn Walker—is superb. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

The Great MacDaddy—This new musical, the first offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Robert Hooks, David Downing, and Hattie Winston in the leading roles. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—Two André Gregory productions: ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Opens Thursday, March 7, and will run through Sunday, April 7. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Open rehearsals of a new play by Wallace Shawn, OUR LATE NIGHT. Wednesdays at 8, from March 6 through April 17. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. L, No. 3, March 11, 1974. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1974 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.

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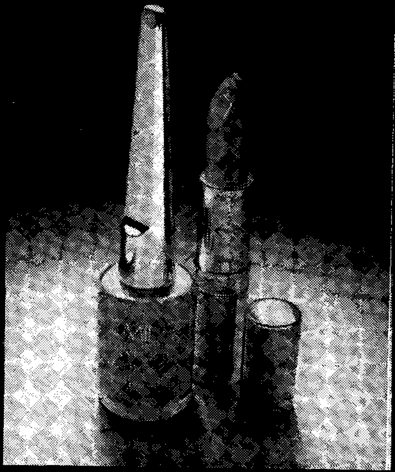

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of neatly turned one-act plays by the late master, delightfully enacted by Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Anne Baxter, and Thom Christopher. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Over Here!—A musical starring the Andrews Sisters. Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman wrote the music and lyrics, and the book is by Will Holt. Directed by Tom Moore. Opens Wednesday, March 6. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, March 7.)

Raisin—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. *Directed and choreographed by* Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Seagull—A dull, lifeless production. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

The Tempest—Sam Waterston is the young, keyed-up, dynamic Prospero in this magic production under Edward Berkeley's direction. Randy Kim is the funniest Trinculo imaginable, and Christopher Walken the most sinister, mocking Antonio. Santo Loquasto's setting and Jennifer Tipton's lighting are very effective indeed. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Total Eclipse—A play by Christopher Hampton. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel repeating the 1958 role he played Off Broadway in this dramatization, by the late Marjorie Barkentin, of a segment of James Joyce's novel. Directed by Burgess Meredith. Previews through Saturday, March 9. Opens officially on Sunday, March 10. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

What the Wine-Sellers Buy—A vivid, if somewhat over-plotted, melodrama by Ron Milner about good and evil in a black slum in Detroit. Brilliantly acted by a large cast. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,769 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Jane Powell and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, William Daniels, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TNE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Moves on Wednesday, March 13, to a theatre to be announced. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of acerbic old clowns in a characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Mask & Wig Show—A musical, "Film Flam," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. Thursday and Friday, March 14-15, at 8:30. For tickets, call 524-6366.)

DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, March 31—Wednesday, March 6, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Parade," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Interplay."... ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: "The Dream," "As Time Goes By," and "Interplay."... ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Parade," "Remembrances," and "Trinity."... ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "Façade," "The Moor's Pavane," "As Time Goes By," and "Interplay."... ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "The Dream," "Secret Places," and "Trinity."... ¶ Sunday, March 10, at 2: "The Dream," "After Eden," and "Façade."... ¶ Sunday, March 10, at 7:30: "Parade," "Remembrances," and "Trinity."... ¶ Tuesday, March 12, at 8: "Square Dance," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Sacred Grove on Mt. Tamalpais."... ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "Remembrances," and "Interplay."... ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8: "Moves," "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Interplay."... ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Abyss," and "Kettentanz."... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2: "Square Dance," "After Eden," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Secret Places," "Confetti," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Presenting the New York première of Mr. Taylor's first full-evening work, **AMERICAN GENESIS,** to music by Haydn, Bach, Gottschalk, and others. Eight performances that start Thursday, March 14, and will run through Sunday, March 24. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, March 21, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Maria Alba—With her company, in a program of Spanish dance. (Kaufman Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 16, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, with the Warren Chiasson trio, beginning Monday, March 11. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine, and on Fridays from nine-thirty.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine, on Sundays.

Willie Dixon—Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892). Chicago bluesman, with his band. From nine-thirty, beginning Tuesday, March 12.

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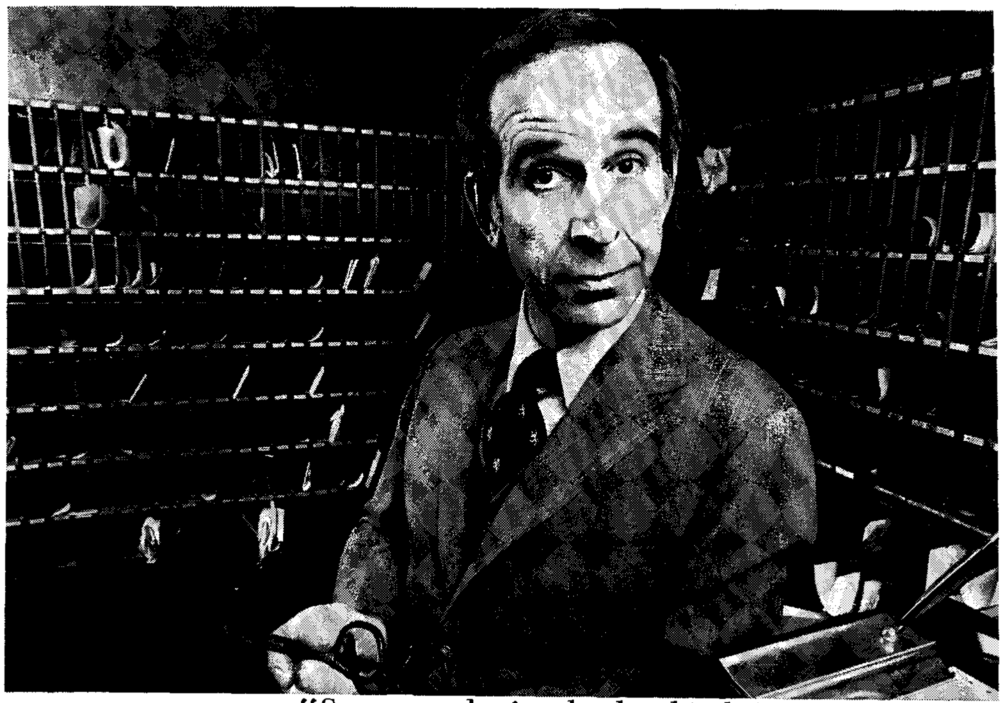

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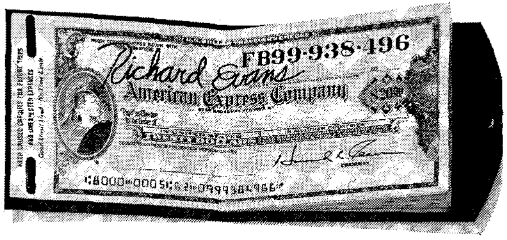

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Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Jazz-rock quintet, comprising Larry Coryell, Randy Brecker, Alphonse Mouzon, Mike Mandel, and Danny Trifan. Through Monday, March 11.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Mondays at ten.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Earl Hines—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with his group, from nine-thirty to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet nightly, at ten, through Sunday, March 10.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Jelly Roll Morton on Sunday, March 10, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Junior Mance—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio, from nine to three, through Saturday, March 9.

Jimmy McPartland—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Jimmy Rowles—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Larry Ridley, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Horace Silver—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, with his sextet, from ten. Beginning Tuesday, March 12.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitarist, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Alto saxophone and vocals, leading a quartet, beginning Monday, March 11. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine, and on Fridays from nine-thirty.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sunday, March 10, from nine until two. . . . ¶ Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Beginning Tuesday, March 12, from nine to one.

Randy Weston—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, March 9.

World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet and bass, respectively, with pianist Ralph Sutton, soprano-saxophonist Bob Wilber, tenor-saxophonist Bud Freeman, trombonist Benny Morton, and drummer Gus Johnson, Jr. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz. The John Foster trio holds forth on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Monday, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Having midwifed the American folk renaissance, this simple setting (little changed in fifteen-odd years) now gives its attention to Puzzle, a rock band, through Saturday, March 9. Wednesday, March 13, marks the arrival of hipster-jester Robert Klein, a comedian

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whose targets include, of all things, television commercials and computers. Ice-cream concoctions or, for spartans, coffee, tea, or water. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, March 10-12.

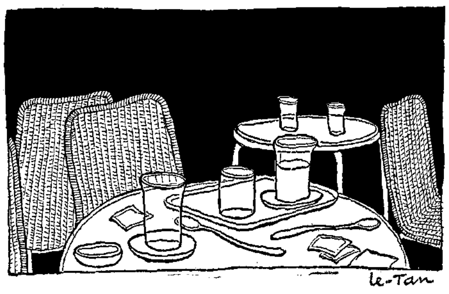
Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked, and attracts most of the attention. Bluesy pianist Junior Mance heads up a trio Wednesday through Saturday, March 6-9. Robin Kenyatta, a lyrical reedman who wanders from jazz to soul to pop, will hold forth with his sextet Wednesday through Saturday, March 13-16. On Sunday, March 10, and Tuesday, March 12, saxophonist David Schnitter, a young player with traditional ideas, will work with his quartet. Nine to three are the music hours. Closed Mondays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. This intimacy stems from the owners' deference to the listener and regard for good design: its top-notch sound system amply projects even private, diffident performers like folksinger Steve Goodman, who was acclaimed here recently, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. In addition, some of the acoustical gadgetry—the carpeting and the wood-and-pastel wall panels—are also pleasing to the eye, while others—the clatterproof plastic cutlery and paper plates—are at least well intentioned. Sunday through Thursday, March 10-14, singer Maggie Bell revels in the blues. Shows at eight and eleven. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this intimate, warmhearted bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Internationalist Randy Weston (he has resided in Brooklyn and Tangiers) plays piano with his bassist and does standards as well as the African music that he has recently been performing with his big band. Through Saturday, March 9. On Monday, March 11, pianist Cedar Walton begins collaborating with bassist Sam Brown. Sundays, Jaki Byard, a fine pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Twenty-two-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr, Sam Woodyard on drums, and Paul Quinichette on tenor sax perform Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, another traditional combo headed by another youthful leader, clarinettist Art Miller, takes over Sundays through Tuesdays. The Original Traditional Jazz Band plays Fridays. Music from eleven until four. Dining.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Pianist and occasional singer Jimmy Rowles works with bassist Larry Ridley from eight to one Mondays through Saturdays. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Folksinger Neil Harbus and his band spearhead the movement here through Sunday, March 10. Sounds from nine. Mondays are silent.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the gently playful piano stylings of Ellis Larkins with Al Hall on bass Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sunday, March 10, from four-thirty to seven-thirty, Larkins and Hall will play works by Jelly Roll Morton, the man who credited himself with the invention of jazz in 1902. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Johnny Williams from nine-thirty on Mondays. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. The bandstand, which is also expansive, accommodates Didi Pattrance, on guitar, and Dave Dutemple, on bass, through Saturday, March 9. Sunday and Monday, March 10-11, Carl Thompson strums with bass accompaniment. The fine guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma begins a stint here on Tuesday, March 12. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. For recently night-clubbing has reacquired something of its old cachet, and the Half Note is now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club. Trumpeter Bill Chase (formerly with Woody Herman's Herd) leads a four-piece, high-flying trumpet section, along with organ, guitar, bass, and drums—an octet known simply as Chase. Guitarist Attila Zoller shares the bill through Saturday, March 9. Beginning Monday, March 11, the ever cool and placid Chet Baker, playing in front of electric vibraharpist Warren Chiasson and his trio, alternates with a quartet led by Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, the Texas-born, Kansas City-bred blues singer and alto saxophonist. Music from nine (Fridays from nine-thirty). Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A three-story restaurant complex. The main-floor dining room, square and barnlike, adjoins a circular bar, where pianist Barry Harris and bassist Lawrence Evans are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz—if only one could hear it over the frantic convention of voices. Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **52nd Street Room,** downstairs, comic Pat Cooper performs Mondays through Wednesdays at nine-thirty, and Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-

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9892)—Weathered wood, ropes and riggings, a young, ardent clientele, and an amicable staff form a setting for fairly reliable entertainment that varies from rock, folk, and blues to jazz. "Hip" comedian Chris Rush hurls his "National Lampoon"-style lampoons at American life through Sunday, March 10. Chicago bluesman Willie Dixon, a superman of a composer (some of his songs are "Hootchie Cootchie Man," "The Seventh Son," and "Little Red Rooster") but a relatively mild-mannered performer, plays bass and sings his classics, beginning Tuesday, March 12. Shows start at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—With absolutely none of the characteristics of the famous Kansas City clubs of the past (e.g., the Sunset, the Subway, and the Reno), this New York pinnacle on the folk, rock, and blues circuit might just as well have been christened Max's Secaucus. The second-story music room has recently been refurbished—the white walls have been painted dark gray to hide the dirt, and they are now adorned with blown-up photographs of the hip and famous—but the disagreeable seating plan was, regrettably, not tampered with. The Eleventh House, one of the few respectable jazz-rock aggregations, is a new five-part collaboration among guitarist Larry Coryell; Randy Brecker on the Condor-equipped trumpet, with echo-plex and wah-wah, of course; percussionist Alphonse Mouzon, formerly with McCoy Tyner; pianist and ARP Synthesizist Mike Mandel; and bassist Danny Trifan. Appearing opposite those musicians is a traditional group—the Count's Rock and Roll Band—through Monday, March 11. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Folksinger and keyboard player Eric Kaz performs through Monday, March 11. John Hartford follows on Thursday, March 14. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The great Earl Hines guides his group—drummer Ray Mosca, bassist James Leary, and vocalist Marva Josie—Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Jazz is featured Thursdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano and a forties campiness. Eric Bentley—Brecht scholar, academician, dramatist, *and* recording artist (he has made six albums of songs)—sings and plays piano and harmonium, through Saturday, March 9, at nine. Appearing later, at midnight, Martha Schlamme sings Kurt Weill songs, as well as other material. On Tuesday, March 12, two more singers—Judith Cohen and Roy Bailey—trade sets, at nine and midnight. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, March 10, features still two more singers, John C. Attle and Anna Conley, who alternate, starting at nine and eleven-thirty. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by the interchanges between Bucky Pizzarelli's subdued guitar chords and Zoot Sims' dancing tenor-sax solos. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Flutist and saxophonist Jonathan Collins pilots a quartet on Thursday, March 7. Fridays and Saturdays, March 8-9, and March 15-16, are given over to pianist Larry Willis and his trio. Sundays' regulars are guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, who like to engage in friendly rallies. Bassist Teruo Nakamura leads a trio on Thursday, March 14. Music from nine-thirty until three Thursdays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays. Snacks.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones and his quintet blast forth through Sunday, March 10. On Tuesday, March 12, pianist Horace Silver brings in his latest musical assemblage. Composer, arranger, and pianist Gil Evans and his very fine, up-to-date, fifteen-piece big band squeeze onto the stand to provide Monday-night services. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This wooden-and-brick-walled retreat for Columbia students has recently revived poetry readings during the daylight hours on Sundays and has installed a music room for nighttime diversion Sundays through Thursdays. The music that is keeping the students from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. The students appear quite knowledgeable about their new enthusiasm, and one surmises that they've picked up a good bit of their sophistication from their campus radio station, WKCR-FM, which has turned much of its air time over to jazz and jazz commentary. (An ID card isn't required to tune in the station or, for that matter, to visit this club.) In short, the audience here is exemplary, and so is the music. On Sunday, March 10, twenty-two-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr will give a solo performance, beginning at eight-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to Kerr and his quartet of perfectly preserved swing-era activists—trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and tenorman Paul Quinichette. Guitarist Tiny Grimes and his trio vigorously fill the Wednesday and Thursday slots. Now almost sixty, Grimes, like practically every other jazz guitarist, owes his soul to Charlie Christian, but, unlike most, he has nurtured the master's raw bluesiness along with his zigzagging melodies. The result occasionally sounds like B. B. King playing bebop. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

MEMORY OF THE BRAVE
Tom Funk

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart and the Peppi Morreale trio play for dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** from seven-thirty until curfew, Herb Winner's dance threesome calls the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew fills in on Sundays and Mondays. Also, Tuesdays through Saturdays, Joseph Murello plays cocktail piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Cavril Payne, a young lady given to song, is in operation in the **PERSIAN ROOM.** At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, Buddy Greco will be declaiming at dinner and supper through Saturday, March 9. On Monday, March 11, singer Damita Jo will arrive with the Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver is presenting an anthology of musical-comedy numbers Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Billy Eckstine is singing his witching arias in the **MAISONETTE** at dinner and supper. Caroller Barbara McNair will succeed Mr. E on Thursday, March 14. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers accordion and piano music, from seven to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays. A Russian menu.... ¶ The **ST. REGIS ROOM** is host to jazz singer Chris Connor and the Mike Abene trio Tuesdays through Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Joel Grey will end his song-and-dance routines on Saturday, March 9, in the **EMPIRE ROOM.** Mimic Rich Little will commence the dinner and supper shows on Thursday, March 14. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sunday through Wednesday, March 10-13.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Fritzie Abadi—Abstract paintings with geometric elements. Through March 23. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Antonio Amaral—Realist paintings of entangled bananas and ropes, by a young Brazilian. Through Saturday, March 16. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Malcolm Bailey—Paintings done in enamel on Plexiglas. Through March 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Keith Boyle—Abstract collages. Through March 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kathy Calderwood—Surrealistic paintings. Through Saturday, March 16. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexandra Coote—Works in colored pencil, resembling skies. Through Wednesday, March

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

13. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Corneille—Paintings of the Quartier Rose, in Amsterdam, by a founder of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, March 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Color-field paintings, some long and *horizontal*. Through March 21. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Emily Elman—Small-scale vistas of land and sky in Maine and upstate New York. Through March 21. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Xavier Gonzalez—*Paintings* of interiors and still-lifes. Through March 23. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Marvin Israel—A series of paintings of menacing dogs snarling and fighting, and another series of surrealist chairs. Through Saturday, March 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Landscapes in oil. Through March 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Drawings and watercolors. Through March 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Myron Lechay—Oils done in the twenties and thirties. Through Thursday, March 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Drawings with grids, done between 1960 and 1967. Starts Saturday, March 9. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arcadia Olenska—Paintings and drawings of plants, trees, flowers, and figures, inspired by Art Nouveau. Through Saturday, March 9. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Tom Parish—Paintings of forms resembling pebbles, in muted colors. Through March 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Perkinson—Surrealistic pencil drawings, some with mixed mediums. Through March 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Forty oils and five watercolors done in the last three years, most of them of people and scenes in the Hamptons and Maine. Through March 23. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Bright abstract paintings with images of landscapes and nudes. Through Saturday, March 16. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Price—Life-size figures cast in bronze. Through March 23. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milne Ramsey (1846-1915)—*Still-lifes*, landscapes, and seascapes in oil and watercolor. Through April 5. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Hugo Robus (1885-1964)—*Bronze* and marble sculptures of figures. Starts Saturday, March 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Roth—Abstract paintings. Through March 30. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothy Ruddick—Colored-ink paintings of flowers and vegetation. Through March 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Concetta Scaravaglione—Figurative sculptures in wood and beaten copper, from 1944 to the present, plus drawings. Through Saturday, March 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Edith Schloss—More than thirty watercolors, drawings, and boxes. Through March 30. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)... ¶ *Oil paintings of flowers, seas, and islands.* Through March 30. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Joseph Shannon—Large paintings combining social, sexual, racial, and political motifs, plus a self-portrait and small figures. Through March 30. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Sternberg—Semi-abstract landscapes and satirical figure paintings. Through Saturday, March 9. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Michael Tetherow—Large abstract paintings, each with two holes at the center. Through Thursday, March 14. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

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Peter Walker—Realistic paintings of Coney Island. Through Saturday, March 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mia Westerlund—Wall pieces of folded cloth made rigid by polyester resin. Through Saturday, March 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Braque, Picasso, Ernst, Ensor, and others. Through March 30.... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Argeropolos, Lynne Drexler, and Martin Hurtig. Through March 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Blakelock, Glackens, Maurer, and other twentieth-century American painters. Through March 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, cartoons, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through March 31. (Closed Monday through Friday mornings.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through Saturday, March 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Sculptors' drawings and prints, by Archipenko, Lehmbruck, Kollwitz, and others. Through March 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by Arp, Braque, Ernst, and others. Through Friday, March 15. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Isabel Case Borgatta—Stone figure sculptures. Through Saturday, March 9. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Anthony Caro—Large sculptures made in England and Veduggio, Italy, dating from 1972 to 1974. Starts Saturday, March 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jillian Denby—Paintings of nudes. Through Thursday, March 14. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Fiore—Romantic-realist landscapes. Through March 28. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Drawings by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases. Through Saturday, March 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

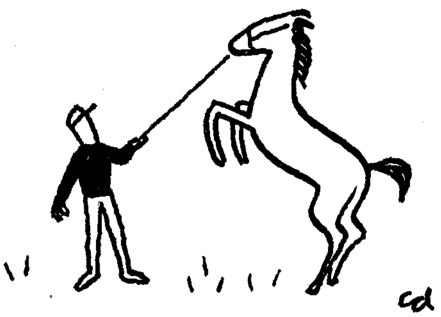
Tibor Freund—Paintings with a three-dimensional effect. Starts Saturday, March 9. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Kuehn—Paintings and sculptures from the last ten years, and recent felt-pen works. Through Saturday, March 9. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sylvia Mangold / John Pearson—Precisionist paintings of floors, mirrors, and walls. / Abstract linear drawings. Through Wednesday, March 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscape paintings. Through March 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Paintings, drawings, and constructions, together with some two hundred items from the Harry Holtzman Collection—photographs, painting materials, writings, and books. Through Saturday, March 9. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)



Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures, prints, and drawings. Through March 30. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph B. O'Sickey—Impressionistic paintings of gardens. Through Saturday, March 9. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Cynthia Polsky—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through March 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Reginato—Welded-steel abstract sculptures. Starts Saturday, March 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—Fifty-four paintings and collages executed between 1937 and 1952, spanning his career up to the period of his *monochrome* blue, red, and black paintings. Through March 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marko Spalatin—Paintings of cubes in geometric patterns, done with an airbrush. Through Saturday, March 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Circular abstract paintings and drawings of plant forms. Through Saturday, March 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: American paintings executed in 1961, the last year in which Abstract Expressionists dominated the New York stage and the year when Pop and figurative artists began emerging. Starts Saturday, March 9. (Closed Saturday mornings.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: American paintings of the fifties by Pollock, de Kooning, Rothko, Kline, and others. Through March 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Aubusson tapestries by Albers, Arp, Kandinsky, and others. Through March 30. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jennifer Bartlett—Paintings on twelve-inch-square steel plates. Starts Saturday, March 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Natvar Bhavsar—Color-field paintings. Starts Saturday, March 9. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Natalie Bieser / Don Eddy—Wall pieces of wood, thread, and beads. / Realist paintings of windows and reflections in windows, based on photographs. Through Wednesday, March 13. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Chris Cross—Realist paintings. Through Saturday, March 16. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Daria Dorosh / Maude Boltz—Surrealistic watercolors with faceless people. / Wrappings. Starts Saturday, March 9. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

John Elderfield / Max Gimlett / David Reed—Paintings by a British critic, an artist from New Zealand, and an American. Through March 26. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Mike Gallagher—Lyrical abstractions. Through Thursday, March 14. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Ralph Greene / Robert Tinch—Paintings of abstracted figures on paper. / One large steel sculpture, plus maquettes. Through Friday, March 15. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Oded Halahmy—Four abstract aluminum sculptures painted in monochromatic hues. Through Saturday, March 9. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Diane Karol / Racelle Strick—Canvases extending from the walls or hanging suspended in combinations of tubular or conical forms. / Abstract paintings, drawings, and etchings. Starts Saturday, March 9, at 2. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Lipsky—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, March 13. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Mau—Paintings of American imagery. Through March 23. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John McNally—Abstract constructions in oak and pine. Starts Saturday, March 9. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Kyle Morris—Hard-edge geometric abstractions by a former Abstract Expressionist. Through

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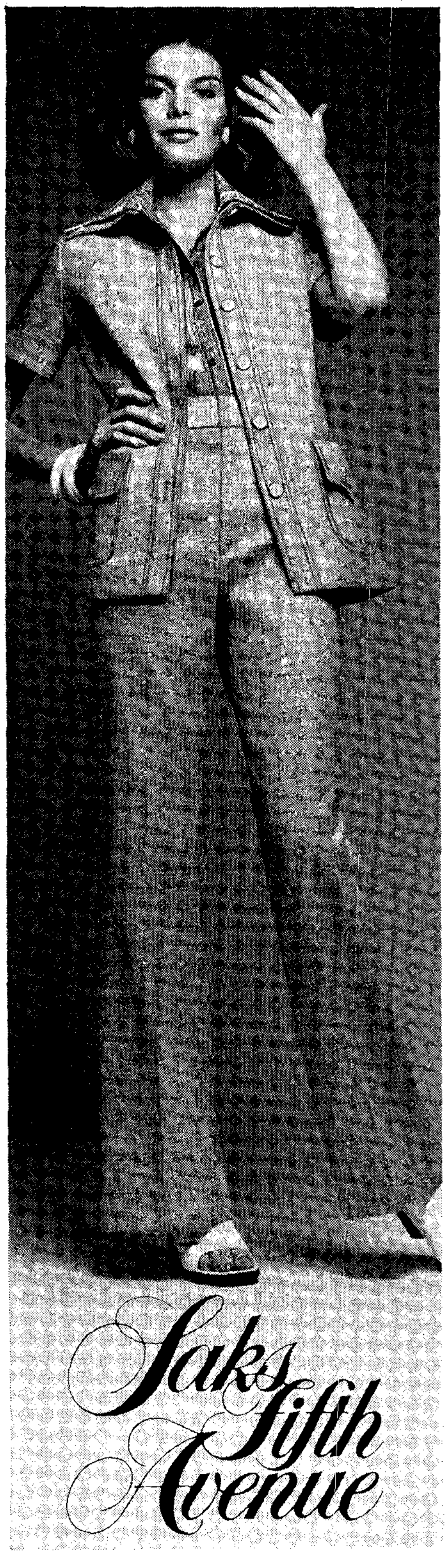

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Thursday, March 14. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

John Pearson—Abstract linear paintings. Through Wednesday, March 13. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Posen / Nakagawa / Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira—Conceptual paintings. / Still-life paintings. / Abstract wire sculptures. Through March 23. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Marion Ranyak / Halina Rusak—Hard-edge paintings. / Paintings of flowers. Through March 20. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Celeste Rehm / Agnes Denes—Surrealistic paintings. / Geometrical drawings on grid paper. Starts Saturday, March 9. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Justin Schorr / Deli Sacilotto—Abstract paintings. / Abstract prints with hard-edge areas. Through March 21. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Elaine Sturtevant—A Conceptual environment related to the work of Joseph Beuys. Through Saturday, March 16. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Marlene Tseng / Stella Waitzkin—Huge abstract watercolors, plus smaller works on paper. / Polyester sculptures resembling books. Through Friday, March 8. (Yu, 93 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ruth Gikow—Drawings and watercolors depicting contemporary life in New York. Through Saturday, March 16. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Thomas Barrow / Josef Sudek—Pink-toned silver and Verifax prints. / Views of Czechoslovakia. Through March 30. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—An exhibition of twenty-two photographs taken between 1932 and 1969. Through Saturday, March 9. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Horst—Photographs of figures in fashion, the arts, and society in the thirties and forties. Through April 3. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

William Henry Jackson (1843-1942) / **Timothy H. O'Sullivan** (1840-82)—Large prints of Mexico and the West. / Prints from a post-Civil War expedition exploring the Wild West. Through March 31. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Scenes of battles and portraits of the men who fought them, from the Crimean War through the First World War. Through Saturday, March 9. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of work by André Kertész (b. Hungary 1894), Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (b. Hungary 1895), and Alexander Rodchenko (b. Russia 1891) done in the twenties and thirties. Through April 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Five photographers. Through March 26. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from the Cloisters. Through April 21. . . . ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." . . . ¶ Ninety-four French drawings ranging from the work of Jacques-Louis David to that of Picasso. Through April 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton which depict all levels of Parisian society. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of paintings and sculptures by Vlaminck, Rouault, Vuillard, and others. Through March 24. . . . ¶ Photographs by Kertész, Moholy-Nagy, and Rodchenko: see above, under "Photography." (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Selections from the museum's collection. Through March 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A loan exhibition of some three hundred works of American folk art from 1776 to 1876. Through March 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of portraits from the nineteen-thirties to the present, by Alice Neel. Through March 17. . . . ¶ "Frank O'Hara: Poet Among Painters," a show that juxtaposes the late poet's work with paintings and sculptures (by de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Helen Frankenthaler, and others) from the museum's collection. Through March 17. . . . ¶ Hard-edge paintings of symmetrical rectangles by John McLaughlin. Through March 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Landscapes, urban scenes, portraits, and figures. Through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through April 21. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of currassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through March 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of the work of Philip Pearlstein, composed of paintings, related drawings, and all of his prints. Through March 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A thorough review of the life and work of Gertrude Stein, on the centennial of her birth, including manuscripts, first editions, presentation copies, letters from her writer friends, photographs, and other memorabilia. Through April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show exploring the interaction of Japanese pictorial arts and literature. The interactors include calligraphy, paintings, and manuscripts, mostly of aristocratic provenance and ranging from the eighth century to the nineteenth. Lent from the collections of Mrs. Donald Hyde and Mr. Philip Hofer. Through March 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Great Acquisitions of Fifty Years: 1924-1974," an apt banner for a breathtaking alignment of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, Old Master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts—areas in which the library is outstanding. Through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Baroque '74," a show of nearly a hundred objects (jewelry, furniture, textiles) by American craftsmen. Through March 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-ninth annual, composed of nearly three hundred and fifty oils, sculptures, watercolors, and graphics by both members and nonmembers. Through Saturday, March 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Painters of the Mind's Eye," a show linking the nineteenth-century Symbolist movement in Belgium with the work of the Belgian Surrealists René Magritte and Paul Delvaux. Through March 17. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and magazine illustrations and covers by Benito, the Art Deco artist who did much work for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* in the twenties and thirties. Through Sunday, March 10. . . . ¶ Metal collage constructions made during the past seven years out of printed tin throwaways and raw-aluminum sheeting by Jim Nichols. Through April 7. . . . ¶ Drawings of collectors, writers, artists, and actors by Don Bachardy. Through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first in a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also here: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through Wednesday, March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. Through March 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 6, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Mildred Miller, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; conducted by Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 6:30: A new production of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Diaz; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edda Moser, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 11, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 12, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Diaz; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Helge Brilioth, Thomas Stewart, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 1: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edda Moser, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 6, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Jeanne Piland, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Hale; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 7, at 7: The première here of Cherubini's "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Emily Derr, Richard T. Gill, and Dean Wilder; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Carol Neblett, Pamela Hebert, Patricia Wise, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Diane Curry, Luciano Rampaso, Adib Fazah, and Irwin Densen; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Rose Wildes, Kathleen Hegierski, Herman Malamood, and William Justus; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 10, at 1: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Jeanne Piland, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 10, at 7: "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Emily Derr, Richard T. Gill, and Dean Wilder; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 12, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Carol Neblett, Pamela Hebert, Ruth Welting, John Alexander, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Jeanne Piland, Gene Bullard, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Shari Anderson, Johanna Meier, Luciano Rampaso, Dominic Cossa, Willard White, and William Ledbetter; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Marisa Galvany, Olivia Stapp, Roger Patterson, Richard T. Gill, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2: "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Barbara Hocher, Dean Wilder, and Samuel Ramey; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, Jerold Siena, and Robert Paul; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 28.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—Final performances of Jan Bach's "The System," based on a story by Edgar Allan Poe, and Frank G. Stewart's "To Let the Captive Go" (with a libretto by John R. Hubsky), based on an incident in the life of Mary Stuart. Conducted by Paul Berl and staged by Harvey Vincent. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 7, at 8.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—Six performances of Marco da Gagliano's baroque opera "La Dafne." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday through Saturday, March 12-16, at 8, and Sunday, March 17, at 3.)

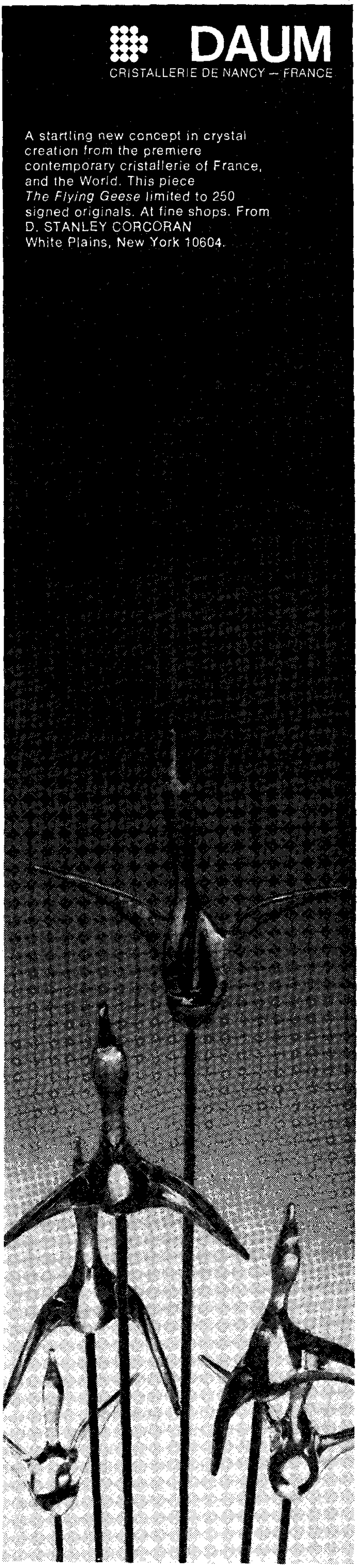
John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in English, conducted by Anton Coppola and staged by Basil Langton. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, March 16, at 8, and Sunday, March 17, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Andrew Davis conducting—Thursday, March 7, at 8:30; Friday, March 8, at 2; Saturday, March 9, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 12, at 7:30 (all with Murray Perahia, piano); and Thursday, March 14, at 8:30; Friday, March 15, at 2; and Saturday, March 16, at 8:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello).

Denver Symphony Orchestra—Brian Priestman conducting, with John Ogdon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 11, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy con-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ducting a concert postponed from Nov. 5. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 11, at 8:15.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—William Steinberg conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Marilyn Horne, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting the final concert of the season, with Charles Rosen, piano, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 6, at 7:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing the United States première of Donizetti's "Parisina d'Este" in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Louis Quilico, baritone; James Morris, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. The second of two concerts this season. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 6, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing and playing the piano, with Lois Bove, soprano; *Sofia Steffan, mezzo-soprano;* Jonathan Rigg, tenor; Alan Baker, baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, March 10, at 3.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with David Nadien, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

Byrne Camp Chorale and Orchestra—Byrne Camp directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Richard Westenburg directing the first in a series of four concerts of Bach Cantatas, with Benita Valente, soprano; Shirley Love, alto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 14, at 8.)

RECITALS

Flavio Varani—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 6, at 8.)

***Music from* Marlboro**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 11, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist, in the second of two concerts. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 9, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

Kyung-Wha Chung—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Pinchas Zukerman and Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Eugenia Zukerman and Paula Robison, flute; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 5, and Tuesday, March 12, at 7:30.)

Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony Orchestra—Principal players from the orchestra *in the fourth in a series of six* concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 10, at 8.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—With Judy Allen, soprano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and Charles Wuorinen, conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 11, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 14, at 8.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Friday, March 15, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with the Juilliard String Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 15, at 8.)

Peter Serkin—*Piano,* with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Ida Kavafian, violin; and others, in an all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 15, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 16, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Rafael Orozco—*Piano.* (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8:30.)

David Bar-Illan—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 9:45.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 6, at 5:45: **AL CARMINES AND FRIENDS**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 13, at 5:45: **MARIAN MCPARTLAND AND TEDDI KING.**

Lee Konitz / Marshall Brown Quintet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.

Buddy Rich's Band, Carmen McRae, *and the* Jimmy McGriff All-Stars—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 8, at 8.

Pete Seeger and Arlo Guthrie—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 8, at 8.

Joe Walsh & Barnstorm and the Marshall Tucker Band—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 8, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Abeti—With musicians and dancers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 9, at 8.)

Rory Gallagher, Brian Auger's Oblivion Express, and 10cc—Academy of Music. Saturday, March 9, at 8.

Take Five Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, March 10, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The second in a series of four programs in which lyricists (in this case Al Carmines) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 10, at 8.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The fifth in a series of concerts, this one with Cecil Taylor, Sy Oliver, and Erskine Hawkins. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 12, at 8.)

Deep Purple, Savoy Brown, and Tucky Buzzard—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.

Pointer Sisters, Hugh Masekela, and Hedzoleh Soundz—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.

Harry Chapin—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 15, at 8.

Van Morrison—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 15, at 8.

Foghat, Frampton's Camel, and Maggie Bell—Academy of Music. Saturday, March 16, at 8 and 11:30.

Country in New York—The third in a series of five concerts, this one with Lynn Anderson, Doug Kershaw, and David Bromberg. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 16, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, *Uniondale,* L.I., *516 794*-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, March 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, March 12, at 7:30. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Sunday, March 10, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Monday, March 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, March 13, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 15, at 7:35.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Wednesday, March 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, March 10, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Thursday, March 14, at 7:35.

. . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, March 9. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, March 12. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 16.

KARATE—Tournament of Champions, Sunday, March 10, at 2. . . . ¶ All-American Open Karate Championships, Sunday, March 10, at 6. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, March 9, and the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 16. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 16. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 9.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturdays and Sundays at 4.). . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman directing a staged performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance." (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 16, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.). . . LES MENESTRIERS: A program of Renaissance music, with commentary by Melvin Kaplan. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 16, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By *the* BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Pinocchio." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. Tickets at the box office only, on the days of the performances.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "It's About Time." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, for the last time this season on Monday, March 11, from 3 to 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Friday, March 15, from 6 to 11; Saturday, March 16, from 10 to 9; and Sunday, March 17, from 1 to 7.)

COLISEUM ANTIQUES FAIR AND FLOWER SHOW—Antiques from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, plus flower exhibits and garden displays. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, March 9, through Saturday, March 16, from 12:30 to 9:30, and Sunday, March 17, from 12:30 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—*Wednesday*, March 6, at 10:15 and 2: English, American, and Continental silver; from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, March 8, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades and snuff bottles, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 9, at 2: English and Continental furniture and decorations, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 9.

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Shakespearian troupe, photographed at Old Globe Theater, Balboa Park, San Diego. Scuba divers, photographed at La Jolla Cove, California. Write for free booklet, "Adventures of the Man with a Style for Living." GGG Clothes, Dept. C, 12 East 14 St., New York, N. Y. 10003.

Photos: Pesin

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

68TH ST PLAYHOUSE
8 68

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 10: "Day for Night."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "Day for Night."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 9: "Tugboat Annie" and "Anna Christie."
March 10-12: "Monte Carlo" and "The Merry Widow."
From March 13: "Broadway Melody of 1938" and "Ziegfeld Follies."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through March 12: "O Lucky Man!" and "Up the Sandbox."
From March 13: "M*A*S*H" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Walking Tall."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 10: "Day for Night."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sleeper."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Sleeper."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Zardoz."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Pedestrian."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Last Detail."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 10: "Chariots of the Gods?"
March 11-13: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 14: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cinderella Liberty."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"Lucia."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Seven-Ups."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"American Graffiti."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Exorcist."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Thieves Like Us."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Man on a Swing."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 10: "Ash Wednesday."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "Executive Action."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 10: "Day for Night."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "Day for Night."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 10: "Papillon."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "Papillon."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 10: "Chariots of the Gods?"
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 10: "Walking Tall."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "Zardoz."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Zardoz."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"McQ."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Africa Uncensored."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Busting."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 10: "Don't Look Now."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "Don't Look Now."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 7: "The Seven-Ups."
March 8-12: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."
From March 13: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 12: "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" and "The First Circle."
From March 13: "The Long Goodbye" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 10: "Chariots of the Gods?"
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13 (tentative): "Zardoz."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 12 at one or another of the theatres: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Conformist"/"Cries and Whispers" and "Chloé in the Afternoon"/"Le Sex Shop" and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"/"Tupamaros!," "When the People Awake," and "Memories of Underdevelopment."
From March 13: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 6: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Fellini's Roma."
March 7-11: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."
March 12: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "La Guerre Est Finie."
March 13: "The Clowns" and "Variety Lights."
From March 14: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 7: "The Paper Chase" and "Ace Eli and Rodger of the Skies."
March 8-10: "The Seven-Ups" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "The Seven-Ups" and "The Heartbreak Kid."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through March 10: "The Sting."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "The Sting."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 10: "Chariots of the Gods?"
March 11-13: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 14: To be announced.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
March 6: "Superdad."
From March 7: "Mame."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 7: "The Seven-Ups."
March 8-10: "Happy New Year."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "Happy New Year."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through March 7: "Accident" and "Cul-de-Sac."
March 8-10: "The Loves of Isadora" and "The Music Lovers." (Evening performances only on Sunday, March 10.)
March 11: "Pather Panchali," "The Childhood of Maxim Gorky," and "Marius."
March 12: "The Passion of Anna" and "Shame."
March 13: "Eugene Onegin" and "Swan Lake."
March 14: "Weekend" and "Contempt."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Papillon."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 12: To be announced.
From March 13: "Mean Streets" and "Take the Money and Run."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 12: "Alfredo Alfredo" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From March 13: "M*A*S*H" and "Bedazzled."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through March 12: "The Seven-Ups" and "Ace Eli and Rodger of the Skies."
From March 13: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through March 7: "Last Tango in Paris" and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?"
March 8-10: "McQ."
March 11-12: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 13: "McQ."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 10: "Day for Night."
March 11-13: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 14: "Day for Night."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 12: "The New Land" and "A Doll's House."
From March 13: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Walking Tall."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 12: "Mean Streets" and "Fat City."
From March 13: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Conformist."

Note—A few specialist film houses—**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, March 8-10:

How the strengths that made '73 a banner year for Colt Industries are being carried forward into '74.

1973 was a great year for Colt Industries. On a 22% increase in sales – the highest sales in any year in the company's history – we achieved a 64% increase in net earnings.

More important now than our 1973 performance, however, are the strengths we are carrying into 1974. The same strengths that made 1973 such a banner year.

What our strengths are

We are stronger today than at any time in our history. There are good reasons for this. Enhanced profitability from a broad, strong earnings base. A depth of financial resources. Increasing demand for our products in this capacity-short economy, particularly from such industries as petroleum exploration and refining, LNG transportation and storage, electrical power generation, chemical and food processing.

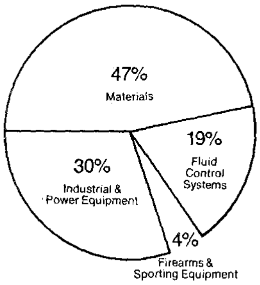
Who we are

To many, our name means firearms – the legendary Colt .45, "the gun that won the west." Firearms and Sporting Equipment is the smallest of Colt Industries' four product groups. With 1973 sales of $36 million, including military sales of the M16 rifle, the group accounted for 4% of our total volume.

More than any other single thing, we are a specialty steels company. Trading under the prestigious Crucible name, our Materials Group accounted for more than $400 million, or 47% of our total sales. And specialty steels are indeed special – with a growth rate demonstrably greater than that of the carbon, or tonnage, steels.

With 1973 volume of $255 million, our Industrial and Power Equipment Group accounted for 30% of our total sales. This group is comprised of six major product lines, with product names well known in U.S. industry: Fairbanks Morse diesel engines; Fairbanks scales; Quincy compressors; Pratt & Whitney and Elox production equipment; Central Moloney distribution transformers; and fabricated metal products – Trent welded stainless steel pipe and tubing, Crucible permanent magnets and Crucible coil springs.

Our Fluid Control Systems Group had 1973 sales of $167 million and accounted for 19% of our total. Setting the pace for the group is Holley Carburetor, a major supplier of carburetors for virtually all U.S. compact and subcompact cars. Holley sales in 1973 were three times what they were when Holley joined Colt Industries in 1968. Also leaders in their respective fields are Chandler Evans aircraft fuel pumps and control systems, and Fairbanks Morse pumps for municipal, agricultural and industrial uses.



The past is prologue

Once quite dependent upon defense business, Colt Industries today is a diversified operating company serving U.S. industry with a broad line of specialty steels and industrial products. Changes fashioned by management over the past several years and healthy internal growth enabled the company to reach new heights in 1973.

Financial Highlights
Year ended December 31

	1973	1972
Sales	**$862,103,000**	$707,299,000
Net earnings	**26,734,000**	16,268,000
Primary earnings per common share	**3.41**	1.81

Today, Colt Industries is well positioned to help meet the pressing capital goods requirements of U.S. industry. The strengths that made 1973 a banner year are being carried forward into 1974. If you'd like more information about us, write for a copy of our 1973 annual report. Colt Industries Inc, Dept. G, 430 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Colt Industries

Why Cadillac is the quality car that makes sense for today.

In this time of shortages, the basic advantages of Cadillac become even more meaningful.

Cadillac dependability, for example. It's interesting to note that of all Cadillacs ever built—from the 1902 Runabout to the 1974 Eldorado Coupe shown here—about 45 percent are still on the road. Quite a tribute to Cadillac craftsmanship.

Take efficiency. If you judge a car's efficiency by the number of passengers it carries in comfort and security, then the basic efficiency of the 1974 Cadillac is impressive.

Consider, too, the advancements Cadillac has made—and is making—to help increase the mileage of its 1974 cars. Example: an economy axle now available on all '74 Cadillacs.

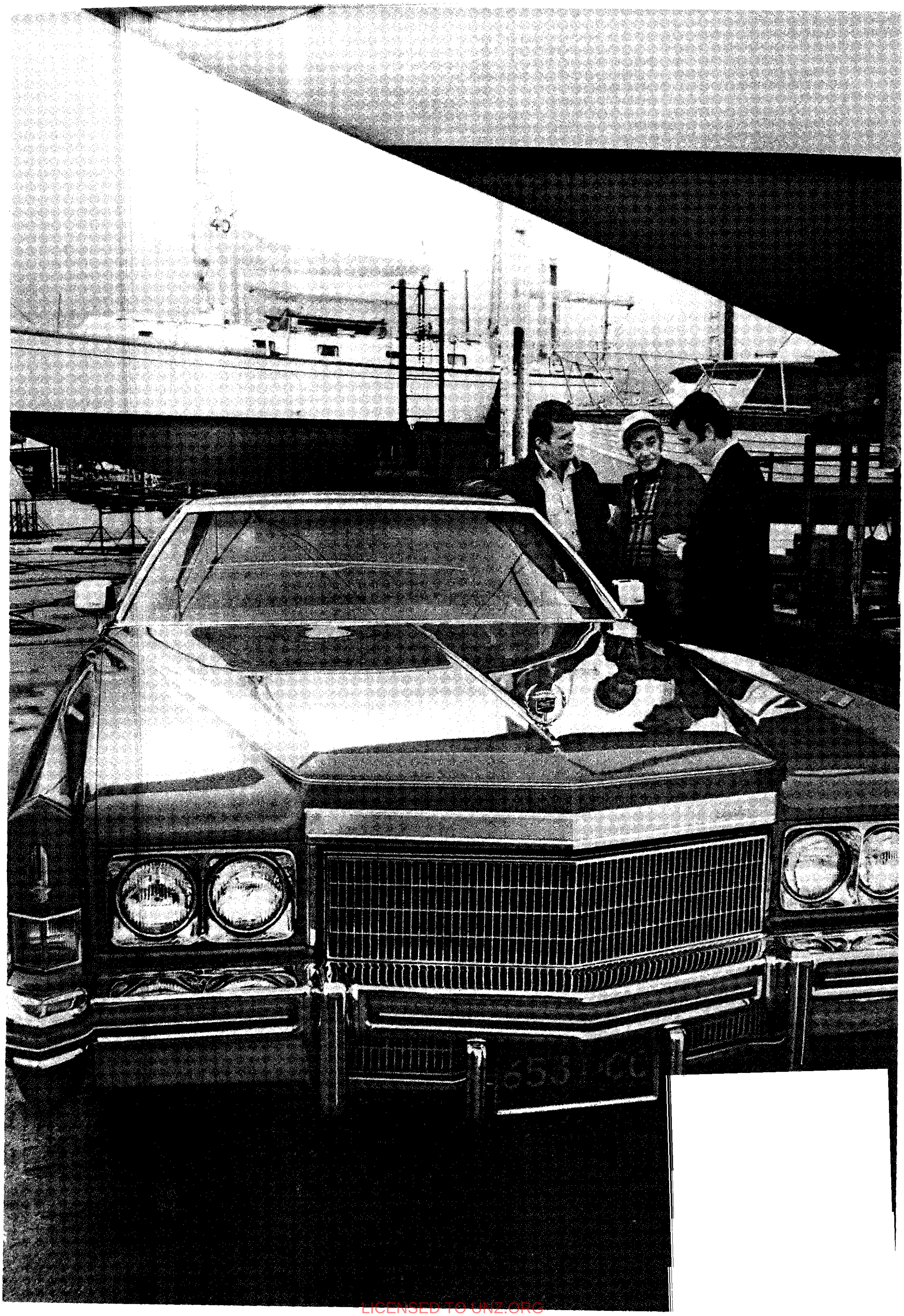
Then, of course, there is Cadillac peace of mind.
It's a good feeling in knowing you are surrounded by the substance of a Cadillac.

In this time of shortages, you may have to drive less . . .
but you don't have to drive less of a car.

Cadillac

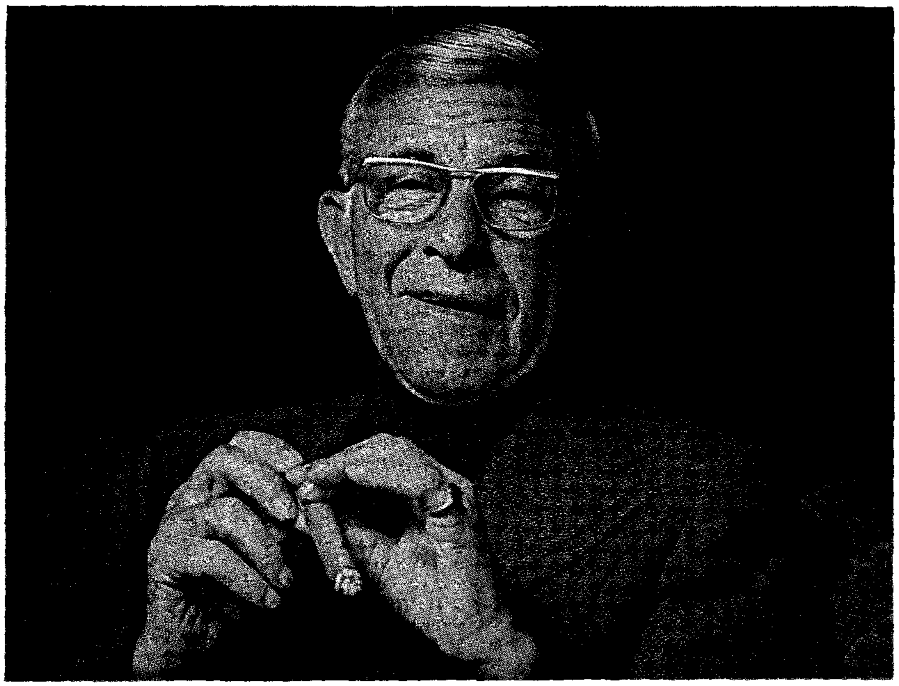
GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Cadillac presents the finest in viewing, too.
The Masters from the Augusta National Golf Club April 13-14 on CBS-TV. The Triple Crown on CBS-TV—the Kentucky Derby on May 4, the Preakness on May 18 and the Belmont Stakes on June 8. Plus network news throughout the year. Cadillac Motor Car Division.


653 PCC

I love to sing. And I love to drink Scotch. Most people would rather hear me drink Scotch.

BY GEORGE BURNS



WHEN THEY ASKED ME to write this article, they said to be sure and mention Teacher's Scotch, but not to drag it in, make it sound natural. Well, I just mentioned it, and that sounded natural. It sounded so natural I'll mention it again—Teacher's Scotch.

I'm a great writer. If I had a beard, I'd be another Hemingway.

They told me they wanted a fresh approach. Well, to write fresh you have to think fresh, and to think fresh you have to be fresh. I haven't been fresh January 20th will be 31 years. I'm not going to tell you my age, but I've reached that point in life where I catch cold if I smoke a cigar without a holder on it.

But don't worry, I'll never give up singing. In fact, I started singing the day I was born. I remember the doctor kept slapping me, but I wouldn't stop until I finished two choruses of "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie". And when I started the verse to "Honeysuckle Rose", he put me in the incubator and turned off the heat. It's a good thing I was smoking a cigar or I'd have froze to death.

I never did like that doctor. He wouldn't put Teacher's Scotch in my bottle.—See how naturally I mentioned that without dragging it in. I'm a great writer even without a beard.

But I've found out that a little drink now and then helps my singing. It loosens my vocal chords. Sometimes my vocal chords get so loose that whenever I hit a low note I step on them. And when I step on them, I hit a high note. I lead a very nervous life. In the morning I get up a baritone, and when I go to bed I'm a soprano.

As you're reading this some of it may be funny, and then again some of it won't. So just read the funny stuff and skip the rest of it. But if the rest of it turns out to be the funny stuff, and the funny stuff turns out to be the rest of it, if I were you, I'd skip the funny stuff, too.

That last paragraph has so much rhythm you could almost dance to it. Well, I'll have another little sip of Teacher's Scotch, then back to the old typewriter.—How about that?—another natural mention. If I keep writing like this, I'll win the Pulitzer Prize.

Now that I've started writing, it makes me mad after all these years to discover that something I've never done is what I do best. There may be hundreds of things I've never done that I'm great at. Tomorrow I'll take a crack at painting. I'll get a brush and some paint, and lie on my back and paint my bathroom ceiling. I may even make my own paint.

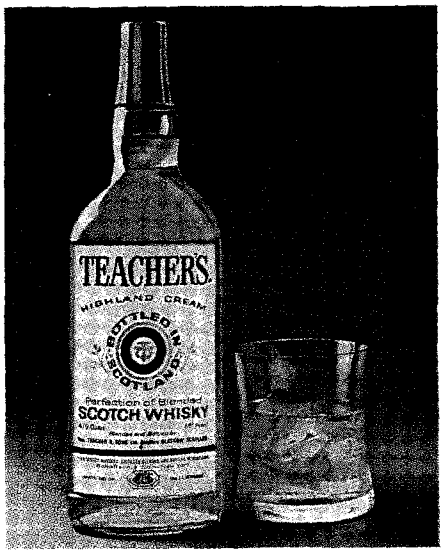
And if that works out, I'll paint the Mona Lisa. But in my version she'll have a reason to smile, because I'll have her holding a glass of Teacher's Scotch in her hand.—Another natural mention—and in oil, yet.

I find that writing is just like singing. But it's kind of hard to end an article with a yodeling finish. But you've got to have an ending, so here goes; I'm going to make this ending so subtle that you won't even notice *I'm being natural.*

Two men were standing at a bar. One was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his left hand, and the other was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his right hand. So I said to the one who was drinking Teacher's with his left hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your left hand?" He said, "I always drink Teacher's with my left hand."

Then I said to the fellow who was drinking Teacher's with his right hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your right hand?" He said, "Because *if I didn't drink Teacher's with my* right hand, you'd keep mistaking me for that fellow who drinks Teacher's with his left hand."

Well, that's the article, and I'm glad I wrote it. It's opened a whole new career for me. It turns out I write as good as I sing.



86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

"Gold Diggers of 1933" (Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers) and "42nd Street" (1933: Bebe Daniels and Ruby Keeler). . . . **FILM FORUM,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

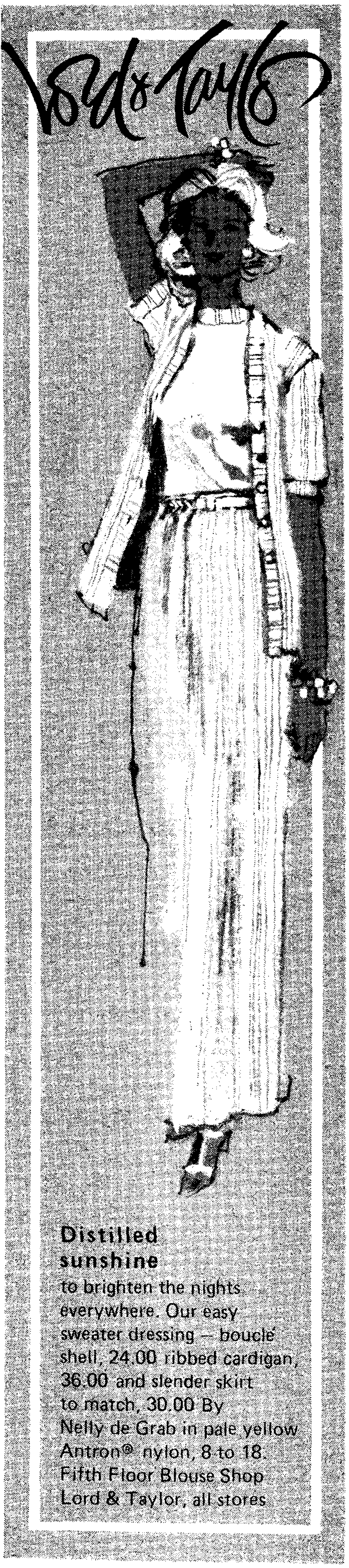
FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 6 at 5:30: "Tol'able David" (1921), directed by Henry King, with Richard Barthlemess. . . . ¶ March 7 at 5:30: "Congestion" (1918), a Russian film, directed by A. Panteleyev, D. Pashkovsky, and A. Dolinov; and "The Young Lady and the Hooligan" (1918), a Russian film, directed by Y. Slavinsky. . . . ¶ March 7 at 8 and March 8 at 2: "The Queen of Spades" (1916), a Russian film, directed by Y. Protazanov; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 8 at 5:30 and March 9 at noon: One short film each by DeWitt, Thompson, Ichikawa, and Bartlett. . . . ¶ March 9 at 3: "Congestion" (1918) and "The Young Lady and the Hooligan" (1918). . . . ¶ March 9 at 5:30: "Hammer and Sickle" (1921), a Russian film, directed by V. Gardin; and "The Miracle Maker" (1922), a Russian film, directed by A. Panteleyev, no English titles. . . . ¶ March 10 at 2: "From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler" (1973), directed by Fielder Cook, with Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ March 10 at 5:30: "Father Sergius" (1918), a Russian film, directed by Y. Protazanov. . . . ¶ March 11 at 2: "The Murder of General Gryaznov" (1921), a Russian film, directed by I. Perestiani and A. Nikidze; and "The Metalworker and the Chancellor" (1923), a Russian film, directed by V. Gardin, no English titles. . . . ¶ March 11 at 5:30: "Red Imps" (1923), a Russian film, directed by I. Perestiani; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 12 at 2: "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" (1932), directed by William K. Howard, with Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ March 12 at 5:30: "Magick Lantern Cycle" (1947-74), directed by Kenneth Anger. . . . ¶ March 13 at 5:30: "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" (1932). . . . ¶ March 14 at 5:30: "Arsen, the Bandit" (1923), a Russian film, directed by V. Barsky; no English titles. . . . ¶ March 14 at 8: "The Murder of General Gryaznov" (1921) and "The Metalworker and the Chancellor" (1923). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through March 7: "I Confess" (1953), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Montgomery Clift and Anne Baxter. . . . ¶ March 8: "Tobacco Road" (1941), directed by John Ford, with Charlie Grapewin. . . . ¶ March 9: "The Show" (1927), directed by Tod Browning, with John Gilbert. . . . ¶ March 10: "The Cameraman" (1928), directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ March 13: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1946), directed by Jean Renoir, with Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith. . . . ¶ March 14: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jeanne Moreau. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—March 6: "Biographical Cinema," a program of four short films. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ March 7-13: "Montreal Main," directed by Frank Vitale. Showings at noon (except Thursday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9:20 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting March 14: "Narrative Cinema Part 1," a program of three short films. Showings at 2 and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—March 13-15: Three programs of animated shorts from England, France, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Italy, Bulgaria, and Sweden. (Showings at 8.)



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IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS. THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ACCIDENT (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly, Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through March 7.)

ACE ELI AND RODGER OF THE SKIES—With Cliff Robertson and Eric Shea, directed by Bill Sampson. (23rd St. Cinema; through March 7. . . . ¶ Beacon; through March 12.)

AFRICA UNCENSORED—A documentary film, directed by Angelo Castiglioni and Guido Guerrasio. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

ALFREDO ALFREDO—Dubbed with a mellifluous Italian voice, Dustin Hoffman gives a warm and friendly performance as a shy young Italian bank clerk; the stranger's voice makes him seem like a silent comedian doing a routine. The novelty of seeing him without his own frightened, choked-up voice gives this rather conventional Pietro Germi comedy an extra dimension. Stefania Sandrelli plays the flighty, extravagantly romantic girl Alfredo marries; his bride's exquisite features give her a look of mystery, but she's an imbecile sphinx, mysterious yet dumb as a cow. Carla Gravina plays the modern independent working woman who liberates him. Not up to Germi's "Divorce—Italian Style," but the first third stays at a fairly high level; after that the picture sags. In Italian. (Reviewed in these pages 1/21/74.) (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 12.)

AMERICAN GRAFFITI—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (8/13/73) (Columbia II.)

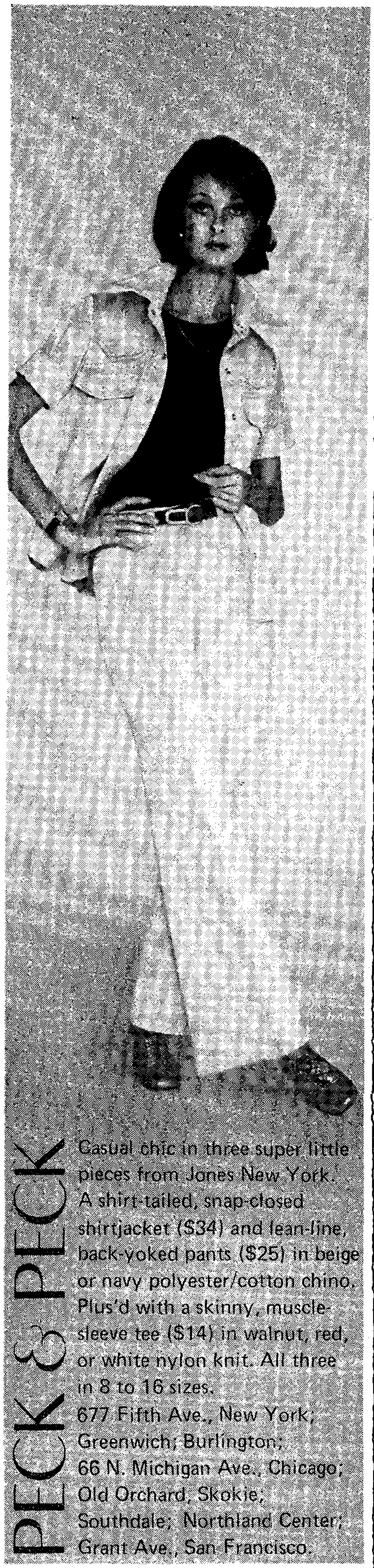
ANNA CHRISTIE (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-devil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 9.)

ASH WEDNESDAY—In a few scenes, Elizabeth Taylor is done up like Arletty playing Garance in "Children of Paradise," and she's absolutely ravishing, in an unearthly, ageless way. But the film is a long-drawn-out ghoulish commercial for cosmetic surgery—made, apparently, for people who can't think of anything to do with their lives but go backward. Jean-Claude Tramont is credited with the script and Larry Peerce is credited with the direction, but there is no script and there is no direction. With Keith Baxter, Helmut Berger, and Henry Fonda giving a sour, dumb performance. (72nd Street East; through March 10.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 12.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 13.)

BLAZING SADDLES—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Sutton.)

Broadway Melody of 1938—An M-G-M musical with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, but not at their top, and the director is Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 13.)

Busting—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Chariots of the Gods?—A film version of Erich Von Däniken's theories of extraterrestrial visitors to Earth centuries ago. Directed by Harald Reinl. (Ciné Malibu, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Guild; through March 10.)

The Childhood of Maxim Gorky (1938)—First and most famous part of Mark Donskoi's masterwork about Gorky. He made this part in 1938, and it stands very well on its own, though it gains a lot by being seen with the two other parts, like the films in Satyajit Ray's Apu trilogy. The robustness, the sense of domestic life, the feeling for lives mixing and moving on are intensely Slavic. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 11.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (10/7/72) (Quad Cinema; through March 12.)

Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Cinema II.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. *(Elgin; March 13.)*

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through March 12.... ¶ Olympia; starting March 13.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 14.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (Quad Cinema; through March 12.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through March 7.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (8th St. Playhouse; March 8-12.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Festival.... ¶ Art, and Juliet 1. No performances March 11-12.... ¶ New Yorker. No performances March 11-13.... ¶ Gramercy; through March 10.)

The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Ziegfeld.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (6/2/73) (Symphony; through March 12.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Waverly. No performances March 11-12.)

Eugene Onegin (1959)—Performed by the Bolshoi Theatre group. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

Executive Action—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (11/19/73) (72nd Street East; starting March 13.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema 1, Beekman, Paris, and Paramount.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California). Huston is back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. (7/20/72) (Olympia; through March 12.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Elgin; March 6.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (10/21/72) (Elgin; March 6.)

The First Circle (1973)—Alexander Ford, once head of the Polish film industry, made this version of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel in Denmark. It's not a great film, but it's good enough to raise the issue of the moral and intellectual choices left open when political freedom is gone. Gunther Malzacher plays Nerzhin-Solzhenitsyn—the lean, ironic gadfly-hero who is sent to Siberia to starve and die but who feels morally triumphant. The Scandinavian, Polish, and German actors spoke in accented English; nonaccented voices have been dubbed in for them. Under the circumstances, this seems a sensible solution, and the somewhat impersonal voices make the argument of the film easy to follow. (1/20/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; through March 12.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Elgin; March 12.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Playboy; starting March 8. No performances March 11-12.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (12/16/72) (23rd St. Cinema; starting March 8. No performances March 11-12.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. The movie is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Coronet.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (Loews 83rd St.; through March 7. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 12. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 13.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; March 12.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; starting March 13.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 8-10. Evening performances only on Sunday, March 10.)

Lucia—A Cuban film, directed by Humberto Solas. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

Mame—With Lucille Ball, directed by Gene Saks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall; starting March 7.)

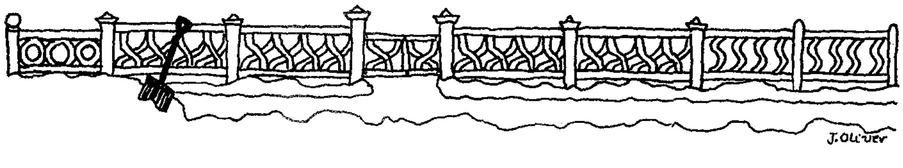
Man on a Swing—With Cliff Robertson and Joel Grey, directed by Frank Perry. (Loews Tower East.)

Marius (1932)—Static and set-bound (Alexander Korda directed) but famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseilles café owner. The story involves César's son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), who longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Démazis). Written by Marcel Pagnol, the first in his celebrated trilogy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 11.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (St. Marks Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 13.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting March 13.)

McQ—Prostratingly dull. John Wayne, eager to change his image, plays a tough cop, modelled on Clint Eastwood's Harry Callahan. As a member of the Seattle police force, Wayne clutches a little gun in gnarled hands the size of cattle hocks. John Sturges directed, at a funereal pace. (2/11/74) (86th



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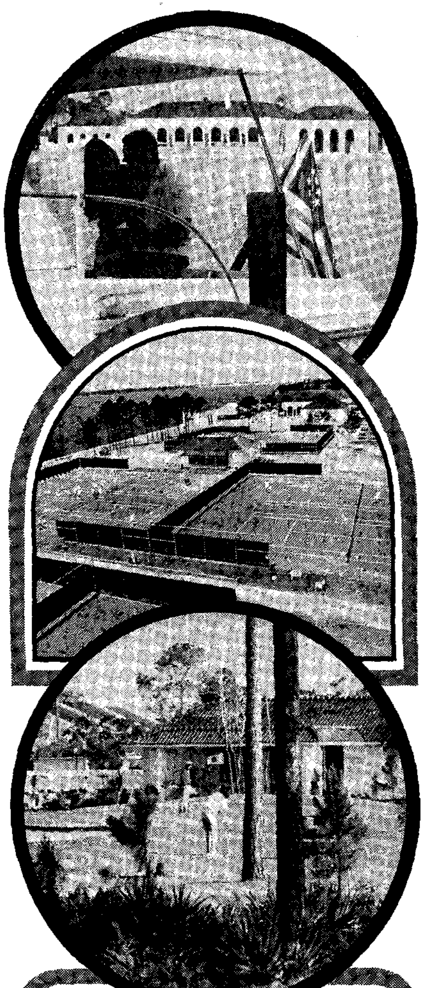

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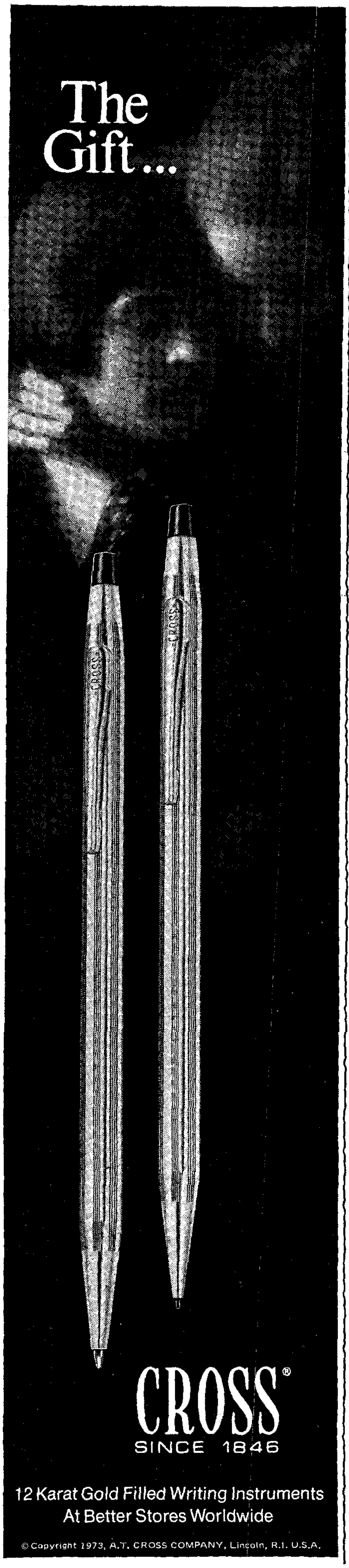
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. East. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting March 8. No performances March 11-12.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Olympia; through March 12. . . . ¶ Regency; starting March 13.)

Memories of Underdevelopment—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (5/26/73) (Quad Cinema; through March 12.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehar music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10-12.)

Monte Carlo (1930)—Jeanette MacDonald leans out the window of a train and radiantly sings "Beyond the Blue Horizon" to fields of rather stunned-looking peasants. She also does a lot of singing in her underwear. Lubitsch directed. Very stylish and sly, not to be missed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10-12.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 8-10. Evening performances only on Sunday, March 10.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (10/15/73) (Symphony; through March 12.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (8th St. Playhouse; March 8-12.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 12.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich (1971)—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (5th Ave. Cinema; through March 12.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (23rd St. Cinema; through March 7.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Juliet 2. No performances March 11-12.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 12.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 11.)

The Pedestrian—Directed by Maximilian Schell. In German. (Fine Arts.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Baronet.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Columbia I. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Playboy; through March 7. . . . ¶ Beacon; through March 12. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; starting March 8. No performances March 11-12.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that look like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (8/6/73) (Quad Cinema; through March 12.)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Elgin; March 7-11, and March 14.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 12.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (34th St. East, Eastside Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Rivoli. No performances March 11-12.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (3/31/73) (Quad Cinema; through March 12.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness and unfulfillment and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Symphony; starting March 13.)

Superdad—Bland, vacuous situation comedy from the Disney studios, with Bob Crane and Barbara Rush having slapstick troubles with their teen-age daughter, Kathleen Cody. Vincent McEveety directed; that is, he supervised the grimaces that are meant to provoke laughter. (Music Hall; March 6.)

Swan Lake (1960)—A Russian film, performed by Maya Plisetskaya, Nicolai Fadeyechev, and the Bolshoi Ballet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Regency; starting March 13.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films—a masterpiece. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Three Sisters—From Anton Chekhov's play. The sixth presentation in the American Film Series (primarily subscription). With Alan Bates, Laurence Olivier, Joan Plowright, and members of the National Theatre Company of England, directed by Mr. Olivier. The film will be shown on March 11 and 12 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Juliet 1, Juliet 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., U.A. East, Waverly, Greenwich, 23rd St. Cinema, Rivoli, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; and March 11-13, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information, call 489-8820.

Tugboat Annie (1933)—That rambunctious pair of overage, overweight lovers, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, had been teamed so successfully in "Min and Bill" that M-G-M tried again, but this time the script (about various tugboat emergencies in Puget Sound) was weak, and so was the direction, by Mervyn LeRoy. Dressler, playing worthy spouse to Beery's old reprobate, has to depend on her big jaws and wise old eyes, while grinning, wild-mouthed Beery is forced to loll around drunkenly in woollen underwear, trying to look cute. They deserved better (she *certainly* did), but the film was popular, anyway. Adapted from Norman Reilly Raine's *Satevepost* stories; photographed by Gregg Toland. With Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 9.)

Tupamaros!—A documentary inside view of Latin America's urban-guerrilla movement. (Quad Cinema; through March 12.)

Up the Sandbox (1972)—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (12/30/72) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 12.)

Valerie and Her Week of Wonders—A Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires. (Elgin; March 7-11, and March 14.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Elgin; March 13.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demigods. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser; there *is* a Buford Pusser and he's out promoting the movie, but it's a tall tale—a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Cinema Village, and Thalia. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through March 10.)

The Way We Were—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Symphony; starting March 13.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 14.)

What Do You Say to a Naked Lady? (1970)—An Allen Funt film. (Loews 83rd St.; through March 7.)

When the People Awake—A documentary on recent political events in Chile and their historical background, through early 1973. (Quad Cinema; through March 12.)

Zardoz—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With ideas skimmed off the top of various systems of thought, "Zardoz" is a glittering cultural trash pile, and probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since "The Oscar"—though the passages between laughs droop. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (2/18/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting March 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting March 13, tentative.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 13.)

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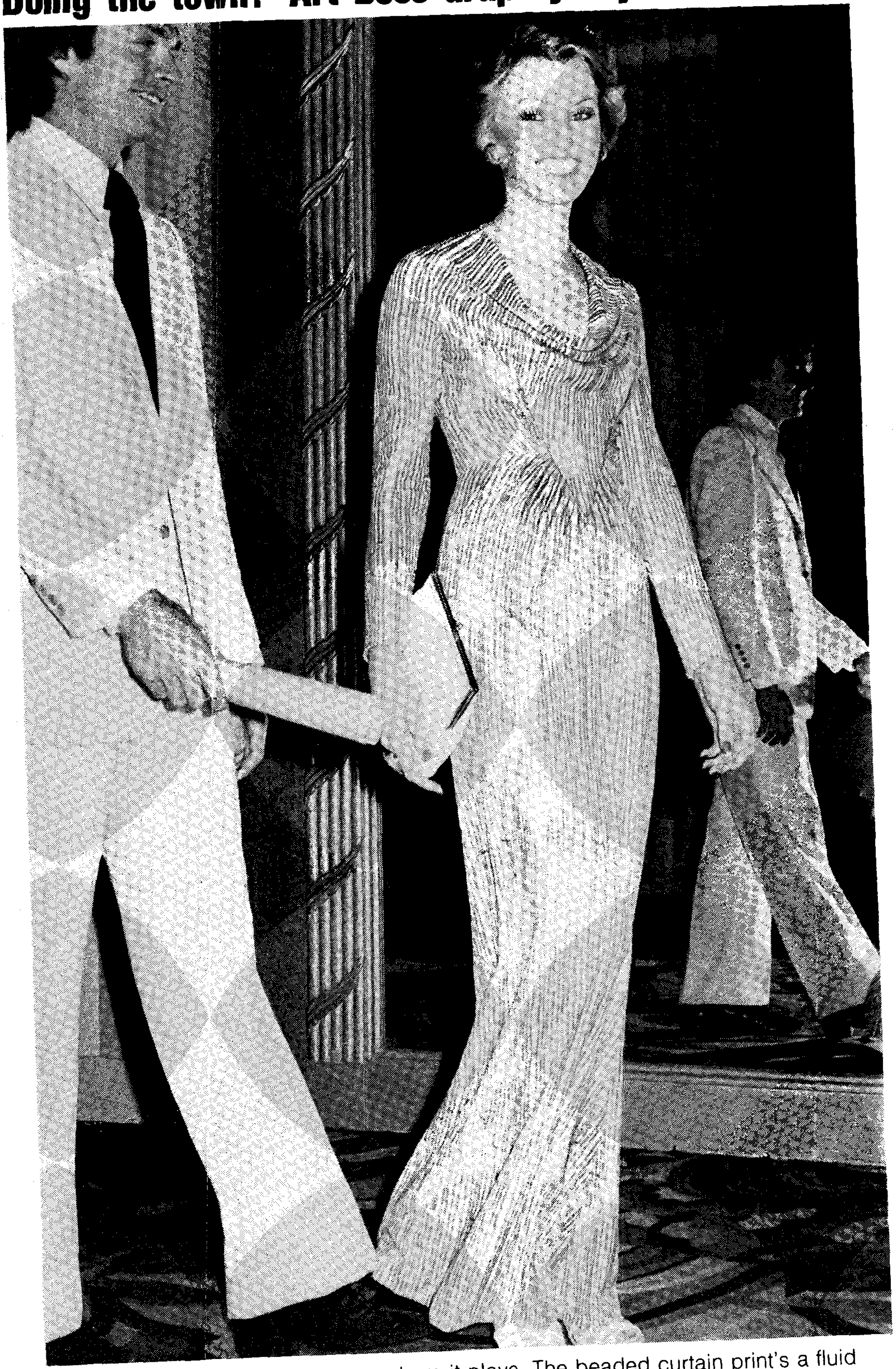

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of our occasional correspondents, an investment banker who spends much of his time in the country, has sent us an end-of-winter report. "This was early last Saturday morning," he writes. "I had just got out of bed and was putting on my robe when I heard the most ferocious squawking and screeching. It came from the back garden, where we have our bird feeder. I went over to the window and looked out. There were, as always, birds on the rim of the feeder, but the birds I heard were down on the ground, squabbling around a sprinkle of spilled feed. There were five or six of them, and they were doves."

Boycott

SOME people who are concerned about the survival of whales set up tables and a mockup of a blue whale the other day in front of the offices of Aeroflot, at Forty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, in an effort to get signatures on petitions that would be forwarded to the governments of Japan and the Soviet Union—the two countries that wildlife groups consider the main culprits in the continued killing of species already severely endangered. The mockup was made of foam-core construction board and was about eight feet long. Beneath it was a sign bearing the same words that began the petitions—"To the governments of Japan and the Soviet Union: we, the undersigned, hereby pledge that until you cease the killing of the Great Whales, we shall not knowingly buy a product from your countries, travel to your countries, or have any traffic with your countries." Another sign read "Russia—Stop Killing Whales," and bumper stickers that were on sale read "Save a Whale—Boycott Japan" and "Stop the Whale Killers."

We paused to talk with one of the young people who were taking signatures, and learned that he was David O. Hill, the executive trustee of the Rare Animal Relief Effort, which is known by its acronym, RARE, and which was sponsoring the demonstration. "This is the fifth demonstration we've held in New York in the past three months," he told us. "Till now, we've concentrated on Japan—we did this same thing outside the Japan Trade Center, Nikon House, and Japan Air Lines. Today, we're focussing on the Soviet Union. Right now, these two are the only countries that are still engaged in large-scale commercial whaling—the United States banned all whaling in 1971. Along with the United States and eleven other countries, Japan and the Soviet Union are members of the International Whaling Commission, which sets annual quotas on whales, but now both Japan and the Soviet Union are reneging on their agreement and killing whales far beyond the quotas agreed upon. We've been getting about a thousand signatures each time we've demonstrated, and we plan to keep holding demonstrations every week until June, when the International Whaling Commission meets in London. Groups like ours have been taking similar measures in other cities, both here and abroad, and we think that if we can get a real boycott going, if people really stop buying products, and if the news gets to the economic interests of the Soviet Union and Japan, we may actually be able to make our point. In other words, we want to hit them where it hurts."

Mr. Hill handed us some literature, which explained that five of the eight surviving species of whales are in danger of becoming extinct. One handout included the grisly facts that over two million whales have been killed in the past fifty years and over thirty-seven thousand more, it is estimated, will be killed this year. Another handout stated that only between six hundred and fifteen hundred blue whales—the blue whale is the largest creature ever to inhabit the earth—are thought to remain alive, compared to some six hundred thousand before intensive hunting began, in the nineteenth century. According to one flyer (and as wildlife groups have been saying for years), "commercial substitutes are available for *all* whale products at comparable or lower costs."

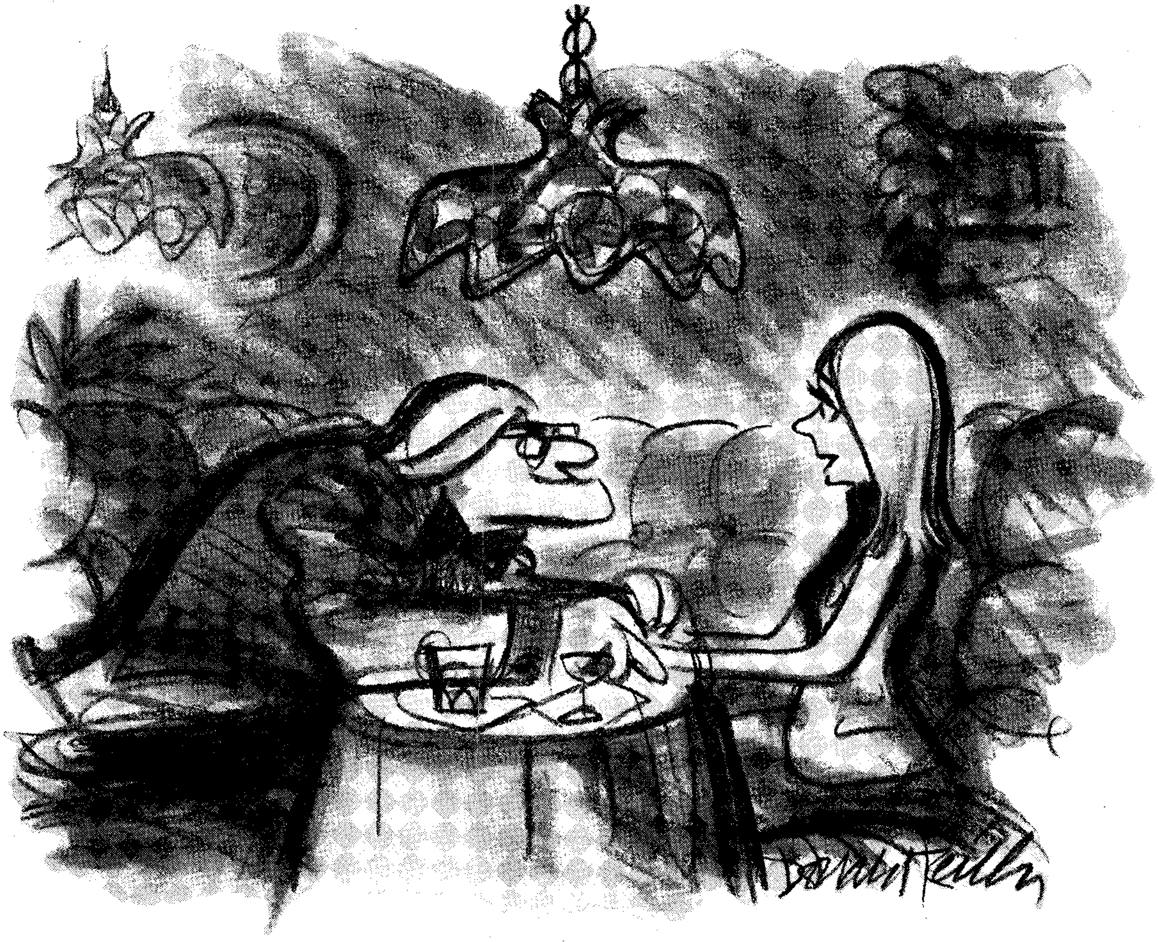
As we watched, a number of people stepped up to the tables, spoke with Mr. Hill and his colleagues, signed petitions, and gave contributions. A poster of a whale was available for two dollars, a lapel button for a dollar, and a bumper sticker for twenty-five cents. At one point, a man in a blue overcoat approached the card table at which Mr. Hill was sitting, signed a petition, reached into his pocket, and then frowned. "Listen," he said. "I just got back from Europe, and I'm a little short of American money. I just wonder. Could I make my contribution for a button in—let's see—in Dutch guilders?"

"I don't see why not," said Mr. Hill.

The man reached into his pocket again, brought out eight coins, and placed them on the table. "I *think* you'll find that I've overpaid you," he said. "But it's worth it." He picked up a button that pictured a bowhead whale, pinned it to his lapel, and walked off with a smile.

Steiniana

A GOOD way to spend a Saturday morning is to drop in at the Grolier Club when a new show is being set up. We did that just before the opening of the current exhibition, "A Tribute to Gertrude Stein, 1874-1946," and found several members, in sweaters or shirtsleeves, busily pulling out of packing boxes, sorting on a long table, and arranging, more or less chronologically, all of the subject's published writings. Many of the books were inscribed to such friends as Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Sherwood



"Of course I'm flattered that your game plan for '74 includes me, Roger, but I'm afraid my priorities lie elsewhere."

• •

Anderson, Katharine Cornell, and Picasso. Other books were inscribed *to* Miss Stein by frequenters of her Paris salon, at 27 Rue de Fleurus—a copy of "The Great Gatsby" inscribed "For Gertrude Stein with best wishes from Scott Fitzgerald," and a copy of "Death in the Afternoon" with the words "A Bitch Is a Bitch Is a Bitch Is a Bitch" inked in a circle, and the inscription "From her pal Ernest Hemingway." The show has a great variety of photographs, including one of Miss Stein taken at the Rue de Fleurus in 1904, shortly after she moved in, and one of Basket, her white poodle; a Jacques Lipchitz bust of Miss Stein, and a Jo Davidson statuette, "which makes her look," the poet Louise Bogan once wrote, "like Erda—or the miller's wife, all done in and tired out with heaving the sacks she so much resembles;" a group of miniature figures depicting the characters in "Four Saints in Three Acts," the Stein-Virgil Thomson opera; and a copy of her will.

"The figures were made by Florine Stettheimer, who designed the scenery and costumes for 'Four Saints,' and were lent by Columbia University," Herbert D. Schimmel, who was one of the installers, and who had suggested the exhibit, told us. Other institutional lenders were Yale, whose Beinecke Library is the chief repository of Steiniana; the Museum of Modern Art; the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library; Wake Forest University; the Lilly Library, of Indiana University; and the Rosenbach Foundation Museum, in Philadelphia. Most of the items were lent by private collectors, whom the Grolier keeps anonymous (their names are invariably left off exhibition labels), but we were authorized to mention Mrs. Gertrude Stein Raffel, Miss Stein's niece, who lent early family photographs; Mr. and Mrs. Harold L. Knapik (Mrs. Knapik was a close friend of Gertrude's close friend Alice B. Toklas), who lent Miss Stein's favorite vest (a photograph of Miss Stein wearing it is on the invitation to the show's opening); and Robert A. Wilson, another of the installers and the exhibition's major lender.

Mr. Wilson turned out to be a transplanted Baltimorean, a Johns Hopkins graduate and a veteran of the Army and the Foreign Service, who since 1962 has been the owner of the Phoenix Bookshop, on Cornelia Street. "I was for six years manager of a cuckoo-clock factory on West Twenty-fifth Street," he said. "Then I bought Phoenix. I began to collect Gertrude eighteen years ago. I collect anything by or about her—especially presentation copies. I keep the collection in my house, which is in Chelsea. My bibliography of Gertrude Stein will come out this spring. I never met her, but I did know Alice the last ten years of her life."

We looked at one of Mr. Wilson's many loans—two copies of the "Portrait of Mabel Dodge at the Villa Curonia," which Miss Stein wrote in 1912 while visiting Mrs. Dodge in Italy. The author stayed up all night after a party to write it, and when she read it to Mrs. Dodge at lunch the next day, Mrs. Dodge was so delighted that she insisted on driving in to Florence, where she arranged to have three hundred copies run off and bought rolls of Florentine wallpaper for the binding. We next inspected a unique exhibit—Miss Stein's small black Paris address book, lent by the University of Texas. Entries included Picasso, Picabia, Fitzgerald, Cecil Beaton, Pierre Balmain (who made suits for Gertrude and Alice), Louis Bromfield ("Gertrude . . . had not been particularly impressed with him or his writing," James R. Mellow writes in "Charmed Circle," a new biography of Miss Stein. "But after 1929 she had reasons for cultivating his friendship. One afternoon, at the rue de Fleurus, she . . . informed Alice that they would be having lunch, the next day, with Bromfield and his wife. Alice, puzzled, had asked why. 'Because,' Gertrude answered, radiantly, 'he knows all about gardens' "), Colette, Cocteau, Bennett Cerf (whose Random House was the chief Stein publisher), Lady Cunard, Sir Kenneth Clark, Henry McBride, Man Ray, Katharine Cornell, George L. K. Morris, Thornton Niven Wilder, and Lord Berners. Also listed were Taxi (Danton 94-71 and 94-70) and the Mercantile Trust Company of Baltimore.

We turned to a partly filled exhibition case and looked at a relic of one of the addressees—the musical score of the ballet "A Wedding Bouquet," opened to a page that read "Music by Lord Berners. Words by Gertrude Stein. First Performance April 27, 1936, at Sadler's Wells." Miss Stein's text starts out, "Any name of which one has known as least two Josephine Ernest Therèse Julia and Guy and Paul and John."

"When we first began to plan the show," Mr. Schimmel said, "I was staggered to find how many Gertrude Stein titles were still in print. The younger generation of students has rediscovered her. She's more popular with undergraduates now than she was in her lifetime."

Double Dutch

BEFORE New York's first Double Dutch Skip Rope Championship Finals got under way at Intermediate School 10, on West 149th Street, we talked with Twana Hardman, age eleven, who is a dynamite Double Dutch skipper. Twana had just shown up Pia Lindstrom, the television newswoman, who couldn't even get in between the fast-turning ropes, let alone jump. Miss Lindstrom had made several good-natured tries for her cameraman before she gave up. Twana made one businesslike try and jumped until the cameraman said she could stop.

We asked Twana and a couple of her friends if they used any little ditties while they jumped.

"Sometimes they say 'Get it, Twana, get it!' " Twana said.

"Or 'Hit it, Twana, hit it!' " a friend added.

"Any others?" we asked.

"Yes," said Twana. "Sometimes I do 'Ice-cream soda with a cherry on top, tell me the name of your sweetheart.' "

After talking with Twana, we went and talked with Miss María DeJesús, the coach of the seventh-grade team from the Manhattanville Community Center. "Now, there are three categories," Miss DeJesús said. "There is the speed category. There is the compulsory category; that's got a few tricks involved—jumping on one foot, and so on. And there's the freestyle category, where the girls can do anything they want."

We talked with Phyllis Timmons, a member of Miss DeJesús's team. We asked Phyllis if she used any little ditties while she jumped.

"I do 'Jack be nimble, Jack be quick' sometimes," Phyllis said. "I do a high jump when I do that one."

"And 'Ice-cream soda with a cherry on top,' " a teammate added.

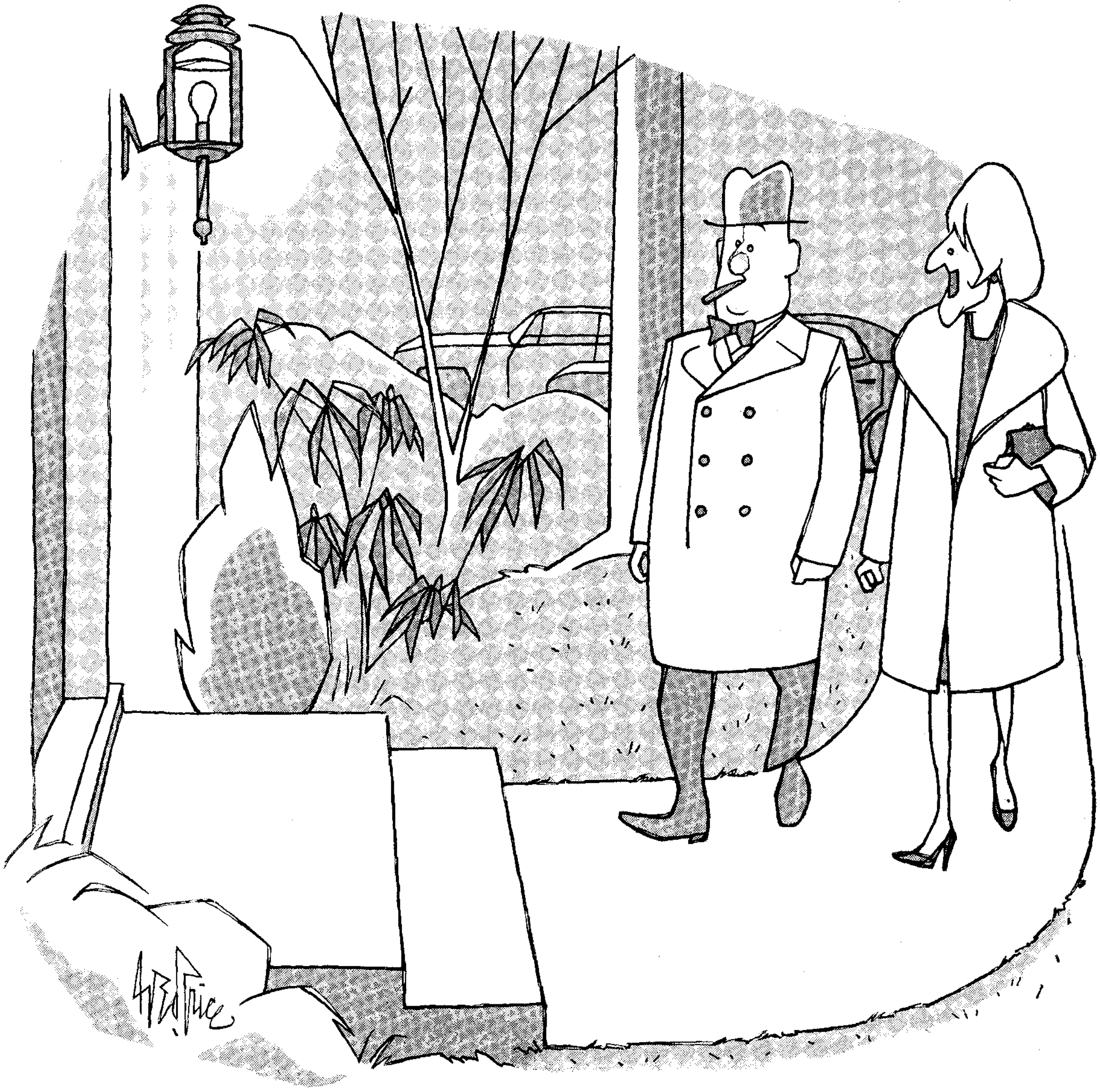
"I don't *do* 'Ice-cream soda,' " said Phyllis disdainfully.

The championship finals began with a few speeches. Vy Higginsen, the disc jockey, who, along with two police officers, had got the Double Dutch tournament going by hustling some money out of Royal Crown Cola, said that the jumpers were jumping for the world championship. "You are the world's first," she said. "I never heard of any other Double Dutch championship." Miss Higginsen handed the microphone to a husky young man.

"Counters, are you ready?" the young man began. "Floor judges, are you ready? Start out at dead rope, ladies. Start out at dead rope."

Squash for All

THE equivalent of Double Dutch skip rope for grown-up lawyers and brokers who went to awfully good schools is a game called squash racquets, which involves bashing a little rubber ball around the walls of a boxlike white room with a racquet the size of a very large lollipop. Squash—the game is usually called by its first name—is a sort of three-dimensional, strenuous billiards, with overtones of tennis and handball. It's fast—the ball comes rocketing off the wall at a hundred miles an hour if it is hit hard enough—



"Also, we come to socialize—not to tie one on."

and it's as much fun to play as any game we know of.

Up to now, squash has been played almost exclusively in men's private clubs that have membership requirements wholly unrelated to one's enthusiasm for squash (one may have to have attended a certain university, for example) and that charge annual membership fees far in excess of the average worldwide per-capita income. The result has been to give squash the image of a game that is played less by inclination than by right of birth. Last week, we paid a visit to an establishment that may well turn out to be the first tremor in a Leisure Revolution that will put squash courts in every shopping center in the country. The Fifth Avenue Racquet Club (the name is the poshest thing about it) occupies the eighth floor of a loft building a block south of Lord & Taylor. The membership requirements are the same as for a library card—the ability to write one's name. Dues are fifteen dollars a year, and it costs from five to seven dollars, depending on the time of day, for two people to play for half an hour. (Half an hour on a squash court is enough time to get an hour's worth of exercise.) The Fifth Avenue Racquet Club is open from seven in the morning till eleven at night, including Saturdays and Sundays.

John Copelin, whose architectural firm designed the club, took us on a tour of the facilities. There are seven courts—two to the left of a T-shaped hallway, two to the right, and three at the end. The walls of the courts are made of concrete block covered with urethane and a hardwood panel—a combination that yields a true bounce. Mr. Copelin pointed out some of his favorite details: cutouts near the top of the court walls, which admit natural light; metal catwalks, which lead to galleries overlooking five of the courts; sauna baths in the locker rooms. The Fifth Avenue Racquet Club has a lounge with comfortable blue chairs, a charcoal-gray carpet, vending machines for snacks and soda pop, and backgammon tables. One of the courts has a glass wall, which makes it visible from the lounge, and we watched Stuart Goldstein, the club pro, play a fast game with Philippa von Berg, a willowy blonde. When Miss Berg came out, she told us that she is a ranked women's player in Nairobi, Kenya, where she has spent most of the past six years. When she arrived in New York a few months ago, one of the first things she did was to try to find a place to play squash. "I rang up the New York Athletic Club," she said. "I'd seen it in the movies, in 'Love Story.' They said, 'We don't allow ladies to play.' " The Fifth Avenue Racquet Club does allow ladies to play. (What is even more revolutionary, it allows children to play.)

We got into sneaks and shorts, and took a lesson from Mr. Goldstein in the glass-walled court. Mr. Goldstein, who is twenty-three, is a former Stuyvesant High School tennis star and All-American intercollegiate squash player. He has a square jaw and shoulder-length brownish curls. He looks as if he might have sung with The Doors. Mr. Goldstein gave us one or two tips that resulted in an immediate, dramatic improvement in our game. Afterward, he told us that he likes squash a lot more than tennis. "Squash is so much quicker, so much more dynamic," he said. "Tennis is slow-motion compared to squash. It's all vector analysis—you have to calculate resultants. I know it sounds corny, but the most important thing is to keep your eye on the ball."

Happy, Hemispherical Birthday

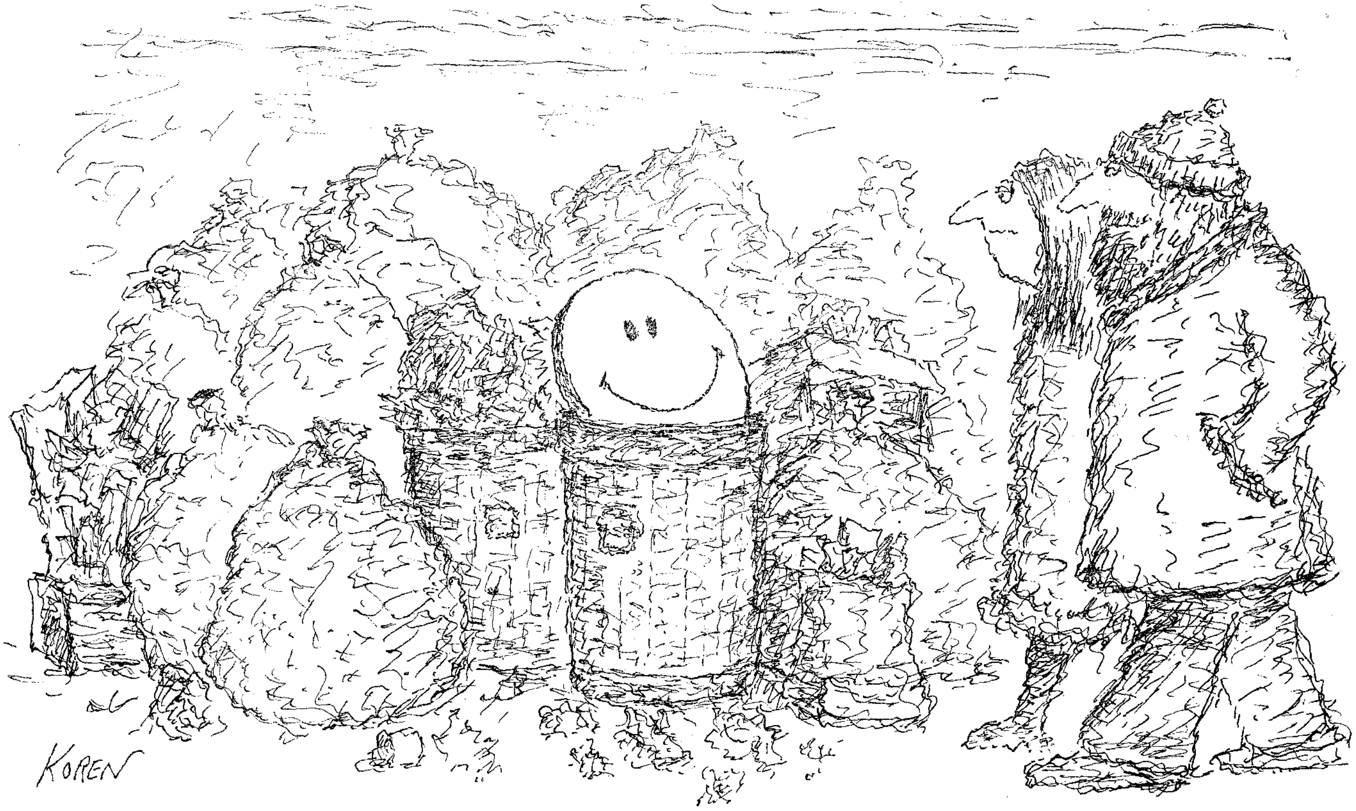
We jetted out to the Coast the other weekend for Dr. Robert E. Ornstein's birthday party. Fabulous party. Dr. Ornstein is the author of "The Psychology of Consciousness," and he was turning thirty-two. He lives in a seventeen-room, pre-earthquake house in Los Altos, a town about forty miles south of San Francisco. He has almost three acres of land, which is unusual for Los Altos, where the groves and parks have been mostly broken up. He also has a sauna, a pool, and some seventy-year-old rosebushes. We took along some of the fine New York things to eat that the people out there just can't get adequate versions of: half a Pizza Rustica from the Italian Food Center, at Grand Street and Mulberry; a couple of smoked mozzarellas from Alleva, the cheese store across the street from the Italian Food Center; two cream-cheese cakes from the Jon Vie Pastry Shop, on Sixth Avenue between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets. (We brought back twelve pounds of Barhi dates from De Martini's Orchard, in Los Altos—a fine thing to eat that people back here can't come by.)

Dr. Ornstein's presents included a three-speed bicycle in shimmering green; a two-thousand-year-old Egyptian scarab; a T-shirt that said "Know How Workshop;" an hour of massage at the Ali Baba Massage Studio, on El Camino Real, in Palo Alto; a two-year-old peacock; and fifty pounds of peacock feed. Dr. Ornstein named the peacock Herfell, but we thought he didn't really want it very badly. Peacocks can live to be twenty years old, and they go "THAW-houuuuunnh" at the slightest provocation.

There were waves of food at this party, which lasted quite some time: roast lamb, paella loaded with fresh shrimp (cooked by Dr. Ornstein himself), a ham glazed with mustard and port, and a birthday cake that said "Happy Birthday, Dr. Consciousness" and had on it, in honor of Dr. Ornstein's research on the different ways the halves of the brain think, a pink icing cross-section of the hemispheres of the brain. There was also a chocolate cake, baked by one of the guests, name of Oona, which we dubbed Oona's Curare Chocolate Cake, because it was, although delicious, so rich that after one bite we experienced paralysis of the motor-nerve endings of our striated muscles.

There were also quite a number of guests at the birthday party. There was a telegram from the English journalist Pat Williams: "HAPPY, HAPPY, HEMISPHERICAL, HEMISPHERICAL, BIRTHDAY, BIRTHDAY, LOVE, LOVE, PAT." There were two cats—a brown one, named Annie Chocolate Pudding (a present from the novelist Anne Zoltan), and a calico one, named Bean Spasms. There was Fred Bjork, a Palo Alto stockbroker, and his wife, Nancy. There was Nancy Hendrick, Dr. Ornstein's assistant, who does hypnosis research and is illustrating a children's book by Idries Shah called "Tell Me a Story." There was Don Winsberg, who came in a van equipped with a shower, a Sony TV, a stereo, and an oven. (The Curare Chocolate Cake was baked in this oven.) He had with him a certificate that he had won a few days before in a restaurant in Amarillo, Texas, by eating a seventy-two-ounce steak (that's four and a half pounds) in under an hour.

In addition, there was Pamela Mae Tooth, who is working on a medical-research project at the Langley-Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute, in San Francisco, on the effects of marijuana. The subjects of this experiment smoke government-made, Virginia-grown marijuana cigarettes. The psychoactive ingredient in the cigarette is called delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol. There was Faith Louise Hornbacher, graphic designer, co-author of a new book for



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home and office on how to take care of yourself called "An Everyday Guide to Your Health," and practitioner of a system of body work called Rolf/Aston Structural Patterning in Stillness and Motion. Miss Hornbacher has just started a company called Hornbacher & Company Graphics. We asked her whom Hornbacher & Company consisted of, and she said, "Me. I thought if I called myself Company people might see my activities as more unified. One can't be fragmented for one's entire life. I would have been Hornbacher Inc., but I have a cousin who's that, so I thought I couldn't do that. So far, I've done illustrations for medical journals, designed letterheads, books, and a 'Trust-in-God-but-tie-your-camel-first' bookplate. I'm interested in making the things that I surround myself with a positive force in my life. If I have a chair, I don't want it to be just 'a chair.' I want it to be a chair that speaks to me in some way."

Furthermore, there was Dr. David Galin, a physician and researcher, who is Dr. Ornstein's collaborator; his wife, Bronni Galin, who is studying clinical psychology; their young daughters, Pauli and Nina (known as the Half Galins); and David Stuart Sobel, the other co-author of "An Everyday Guide to Your Health" and a medical student-on-leave, who is now writing a book called "Ways of Health." Sobel was thumping a new official National Football League football in his hands much of the time. He said, "I was at medical school, and I was beginning to learn a lot about disease when I realized I wasn't being taught much about *health*. So I began to explore other systems of medicine, and I began to see that contemporary Western medicine is just one specialization that developed along a certain line, and that there are other, complementary lines that place greater emphasis on health, on preventive medicine, on treatment of the whole person. We're only beginning to see in this culture that people can be taught to take responsibility for their own health."

Finally, we cornered Dr. Ornstein, poolside. He was playing a vicious game of Ping-Pong with Miss Tooth. He was also humming the new Dylan song "Forever Young." "I'm very busy," he said to us after being demolished by Miss Tooth. "Very busy. I don't know if I told you, but we are also celebrating the publication of my new book, 'The Nature of Human Consciousness,' which Viking is bringing out next week. It's a book of readings designed to accompany 'The Psychology of Consciousness'—which is going great guns, by the way—and to take anyone interested in the ideas in the first book to their sources. What else have I been doing? Well, I've been lecturing on consciousness in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, and I will be lecturing, with some of my colleagues, in New York in October—probably in Town Hall. I hope so. I think that's a good place for a New York début. You know what I'm doing that I really like? I have found that Sufi stories, those maddening little tales that so often betray our textbook ideas of reality, keep popping up in the newspapers, and I'm collecting them into a book. These are not stories by Jalaludin Rumi or Omar Khayyám or Idries Shah; they're stories by Associated Press and Reuters. The book will be called 'Common Knowledge,' and *The Real World* is publishing several installments of it. I met Idries Shah last September, when I was lecturing in England, and told him about this project of mine. He said it sounded like a cute idea, but would I ever be able to find enough material? So I asked him if I could look at the copy of *Time* he had with him. And I opened it up to page twelve, and there was this:

> Fred P. Shields, 73, spotted a nest of copperheads one day last week in the 80-ft. well on his farm in Cheshire, Ohio, so he enlisted his 42-year-old son Fred D. and his 18-year-old grandson James to help kill them.
>
> They attached a hose to the exhaust pipe of their pickup truck, stuck the hose into the well and filled it with carbon monoxide. After a while, Shields lowered himself into the well to see if the snakes were really dead. When he failed to come out again, his son went in after him. When the second man failed to come out, the grandson went in. Rescuers from the sheriff's office retrieved the three men, all dead, apparently of carbon-monoxide poisoning, but they found no sign of any snakes.

Shah said he was convinced."

COME DOWN TO QUEUE

I WAS padding in a light rain through that East Side mid-Manhattan section of town I have come, as a result of the lines of film buffs perpetually coiling among the movie houses there, to think of as Queue Gardens when I stopped on a dime and did a double take on a figure standing amid the damp throngs waiting to get into Cinema I to see "The Exorcist." He was swaddled against the worsening weather in layers of clothing by no means aiming at sartorial unity, but there was no mistaking the bright peppercorn eyes peering out through the drizzle from under a dripping pie cap.

"Artie Pringle!" I exclaimed, pausing to pump his hand. "Fancy. I didn't know you dug this sort of thing."

"Well, that's it," Artie responded, plunging in without reciprocal greeting. "I didn't used to, but dig we must if we want to avail ourselves of all, repeat, all the experiences open to man, right? As Havelock Ellis says in his introduction to Huysmans' 'Against the Grain,' 'Therefore' "—he drew down a steaming woollen muffler through which his words had more or less up to now been filtering—" 'Therefore soak yourselves in mysticism, follow every intoxicating path to every impossible beyond, be drunk with medievalism, occultism, spiritualism, theosophy, even, if you will, Protestantism, the cup that cheers but never inebriates.' You'll admit there are things that defy rational explanation."

"Yes," I said, running an eye along the line stretching three and four abreast all the way up to Sixtieth Street and around the corner toward Second Avenue and God knew where. "Anyway, so that's what you've been into since the old splash parties at the Y." (Artie shuddered at the memory.) "It must be ten, twelve years."

He nodded curtly, disclaiming a past now seen to have been hackneyed beyond belief. "I've come a long way since then. I'm moving with a fast crowd—though I wish this one would get shuffling. I've got a lecture on diabolism to catch after the show, and then tonight it's another séance at Madame Baklava's. We get in touch with departed spirits up at her pad on Wednesdays. Ask whether they're adjusting to death, that sort of thing. Last week we tried to communicate with Max Ernst—for my money the best of the whole Surrealist lot. But it was a clinker. Nothing. Zero."

"Max Ernst is still alive."

"Well, then that explains it. Because Madame Baklava rarely draws a bummer. Lets the group pick its choice by majority vote. What a legend in his lifetime Ernst must be that we could make a mistake like that. Tonight, we'll be sure it's somebody who's actually crossed over into camp ground."

"That would help."

Artie appraised me with a tolerant smile, wresting the ironic initiative, so to speak, from me. "I don't suppose you're wired for anything very far out," he said, taking in my Brooks Brothers button-down shirt, pin-striped suit, and tie that went well with it. "Just plugged in to the office and the Penn Central."

"Well, I figure we must give the problems of this world priority. The here and now."

He shook his head dubiously. "Not to the extent where they engulf us, to the neglect of those other dimensions that can enrich and expand the psyche. E.S.P., astral travel, reincarnation."

"But things like Watergate simply—"

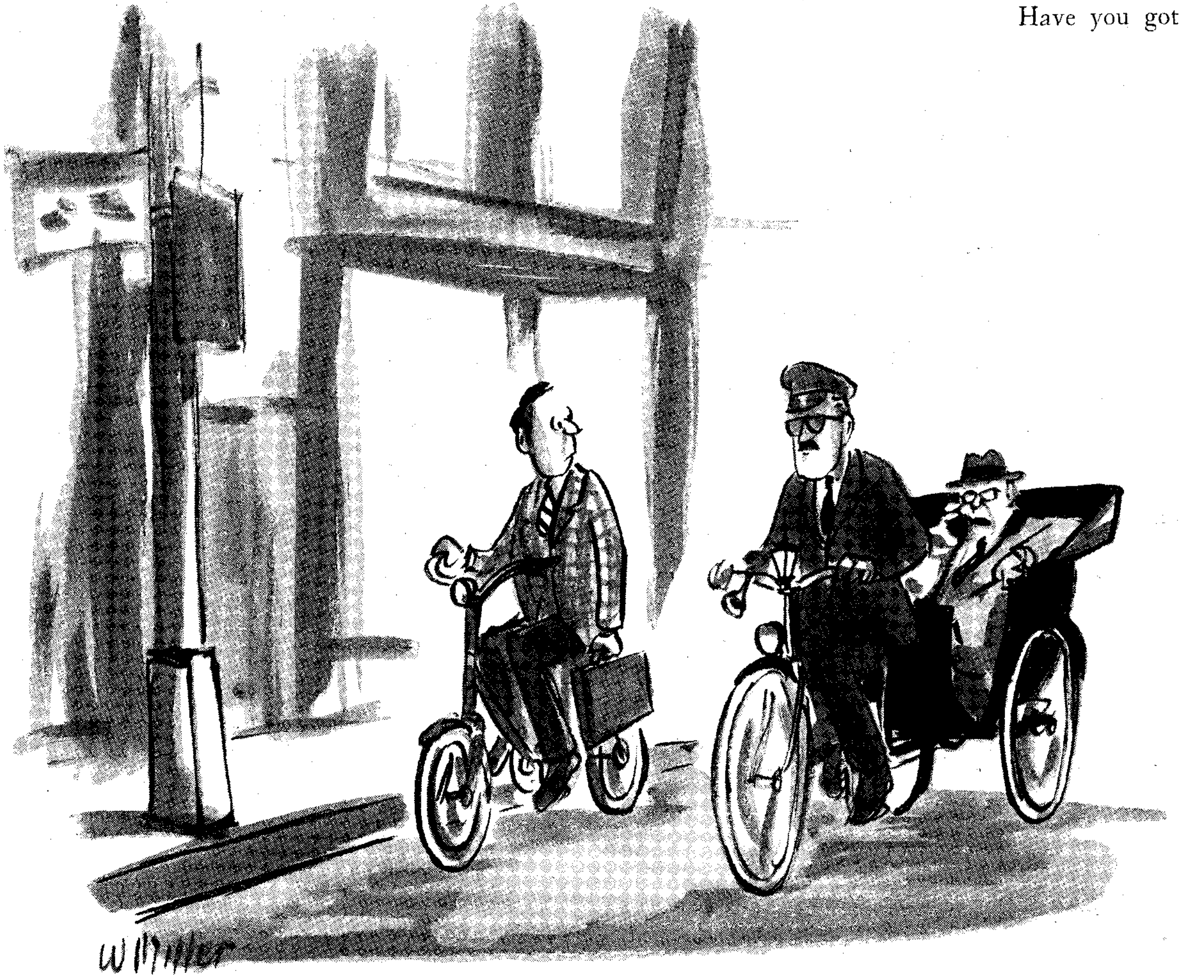
"Oh, Watergate. The boys in D.C. tell me Nixon's going to make all those tapes perfectly clear before he's through—it's just a matter of time. So what's the sweat? Back where we started. Don't give mundane things any more time or effort than they're worth. Like, I see by the papers people are still hassling over that Russian wheat deal."

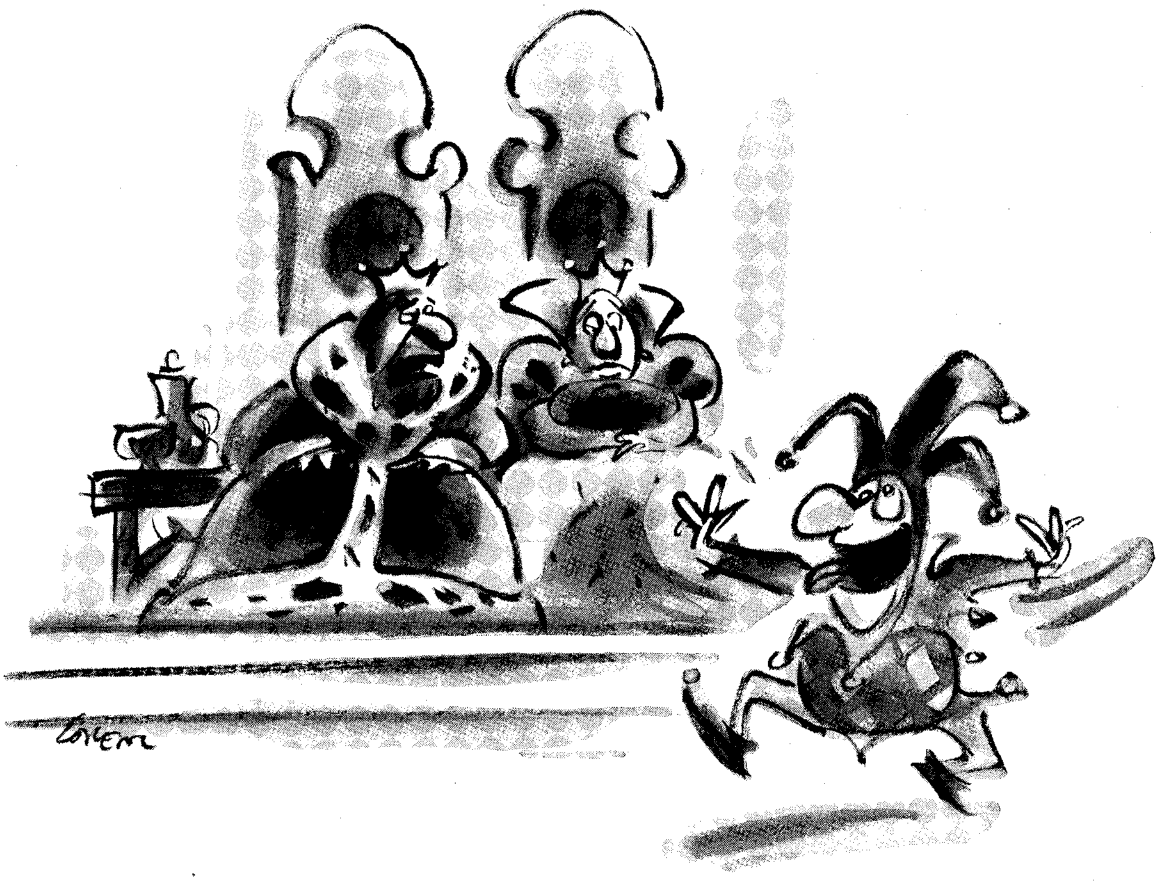
"I thought at the time it went against the American grain."

"You're not just whistling 'Dixie'! Have you got a load of those bushel prices lately? They say, like, a loaf of Pepperidge Farm will go to a buck. Who's got that kind of bread?"

I had by now unobtrusively edged my way under an umbrella being grasped by a tall woman in a belted raincoat, and it was within the relative shelter of this that I hoped to conduct my end of the remainder of this colloquy. For I was loth to take leave of Artie Pringle until I had satisfied my curiosity on one or two points regarding the current phenomenon responsible for this unexpected reunion.

"Tell me something, Artie," I said. "How come you and millions of others will go to all this trouble and hardship to see a picture that by all accounts will give





"If you ask me, he's funny cuckoo without being funny ha-ha."

• •

you nightmares, to say nothing of making you lose your appetite for indefinite periods? I mean, you hear members of the audience get sick, right there in the theatre."

"Well, that's it. The picture is a breakthrough in that it postulates revulsion as a legitimate objective of art. What Andy Warhol did for boredom this does for disgust. Of course, the uninitiated might not grasp the point at first. Yes, people woof their cookies at graphic junctures in the piece, but it's all part of the scene."

"A form of audience participation."

"You could say that."

"But then the standing around for hours on end like this, getting on deck at dawn, and so on. Look how far up you are in a line that's probably linking up around the corner with the one from the Beekman. You may not even get to *see* the next showing. You must have been here half the day already. Why do people do it?"

"Well, David Riesman explains it. He points out—you prolly saw his in-depth analysis—that people standing around all day together get to meet each other, and that way to communicate. Look how you and I are rapping, and you're not even here to catch the flick. You ought to, though. Don't be thrown by the upchucking and the hysterical screaming, the fits, people fighting and fainting and having to be carried out—I believe there's the ambulance now. Prolly the climax, where the exorcism's in full swing. The whole thing is an experience on the gut level we all sorely need in these days of superficial relationships and facsimile connections. It bespeaks a passionate concern. It shows people are committed."

"Or ought to be."

"Well, that's it. Let's don't be so timid about what we expect out of art! As T. S. Eliot"—he gave the muffler around his chin another fidget—"as T. S. Eliot says, 'Paint me the bold anfractuous rocks/ Faced by the snarled and yelping seas.' So don't be turned off by the communal barfing and the shrieks and howls and one thing and another. That bespeaks a—need I spell it out?—bourgeois turn of mind." He lapsed again into amused tolerance, getting his chops up over my threads. "I mean, that's not where it's at. That's two-dimensional Dripsville. That's"—his voice dropped to a pitying whisper—"Fairfield County."

I muttered something in refutation about wild parties and other Saturday-night didoes qualifying that much maligned region for some credence as a culturally depraved area in its own right, and, shaking Artie's hand once more, ducked away through the now steadily pouring rain.

I COULDN'T get Artie Pringle out of my mind. Despite his *outré* viewpoint—or perhaps because of it—he retained a grip on my curiosity. At the very least, I was itching to know what he finally thought of the picture. So, having found him in the phone book, I gave him a ring and asked just that.

"Oh, we never did get to see it. Yet, I mean."

" 'We'?"

"Yes. Right after you left, I started rapping with this chick nearby in the line? She overheard some of your comments? Never mind that. Well, after a couple more hours we were both suddenly famished, so I suggested we split and go grab a bite to eat and then come back later and get in line again. That's done a lot with 'The Exorcist,' you know. Part of the whole scene. So we scarfed up a few skeins of spaghetti at an Italian restaurant close by there, along with a bottle of Valpolicella, which, needless to say, facilitated this fast-ripening friendship. Then we doubled back to the theatre with our tickets—to find a real bustup. God knows what the scene was inside the movie house, but the riot squad was outside and the manager was cancelling the performance. Half in hysterics himself."

"That was tough," I said. "What did you do then?"

"Threw up our hands and came over here to my place. Agatha's still here. I mean, it looks like a thing, except that my pad is too small for two people, really. Prolly have to find something bigger, heavy as that is in Manhattan these days."

"Well, Artie, if you ever want to look in the suburbs, do let me know. We'll take you around. I mean that. Tickled to death to. We're in a nice part of Connecticut. Good neighborhood, desirable element and all. A pleasant fifty-minute commute."

There was a distinct sound of gagging at the other end of the line.

—PETER DE VRIES

READING LATE AT NIGHT, THERMOMETER FALLING

I

The radiator's last hiss and steam-clang done, he—
Under the bare 100-watt bulb that glares
Like truth, blanket
Over knees, woolly gray bathrobe over shoulders, handkerchief
On great bald skull spread, glasses
Low on big nose—sits. The book
Is propped on the blanket.

Thus,
But only in my mind's eye now:

and in the merciless
Glitter of starlight, the fields, mile
On mile over the county, stretch out and are
Crusted with ice which, whitely,
Answers the glitter of stars.

The mercury
Falls, the night is windless, mindless, and long, and somewhere,
Deep in the blackness of woods, the tendons
Of a massive oak bough snap with the sound of a
Pistol shot.

A beam,
Somewhere in the colding house where he sits,
Groans. But his eyes do not lift. Who,
Long back, had said to me:

"When I was young I felt like I
Had to try to understand how things are, before I died."

II

But lived long.

Lived
Into that purity of being that may
Be had past all ambition and the frivolous hope, but who now
Lives only in my mind's eye,

though I
Cannot see what book is propped there under that forever
marching gaze—
Hume's *History of Great Britain*, Roosevelt's
Winning of the West, a Greek reader,
Now Greek to him and held in his hands like a prayer, or
Some college textbook, or Freud on dreams, abandoned
By one of the children. Or even
Coke or Blackstone, books forbidding, tattered, and blackbound,
and once I,
Perhaps twelve then, found an old photograph:

a young man,
In black coat, high collar, and string tie, black, one hand out
To lie with authority on a big book (Coke or Blackstone?), eyes
Lifted into space.

And into the future.

Which
Had not been the future. For the future
Was only his voice that, now sudden, said:

"Son, give me that!"

He took it from my hand, said:

"Some kinds of foolishness a man is due to forget, son."

Tore it across. Tore
Time, and all that Time had been, across. Threw it
Into the fire. Who,
Years later, would say:

"I reckon I was lucky enough to learn early that a man
can be happy in his obligations."

Later, I found the poems. Not good.

III

Night of the falling mercury, and ice-glitter.
Drouth-night of August and the horned insect booming
At the window screen.

Ice field, dusty road—distance flees.

And he sits there, and I think I hear
The faint click and grind of the brain as
It translates the perception of black marks on white paper into
Truth.

Truth is all.

We must love it.

And he loved it, who once said:

"It is terrible for a man to live and not know."

Every day he walked out to the cemetery to honor his dead.
That was truth, too.

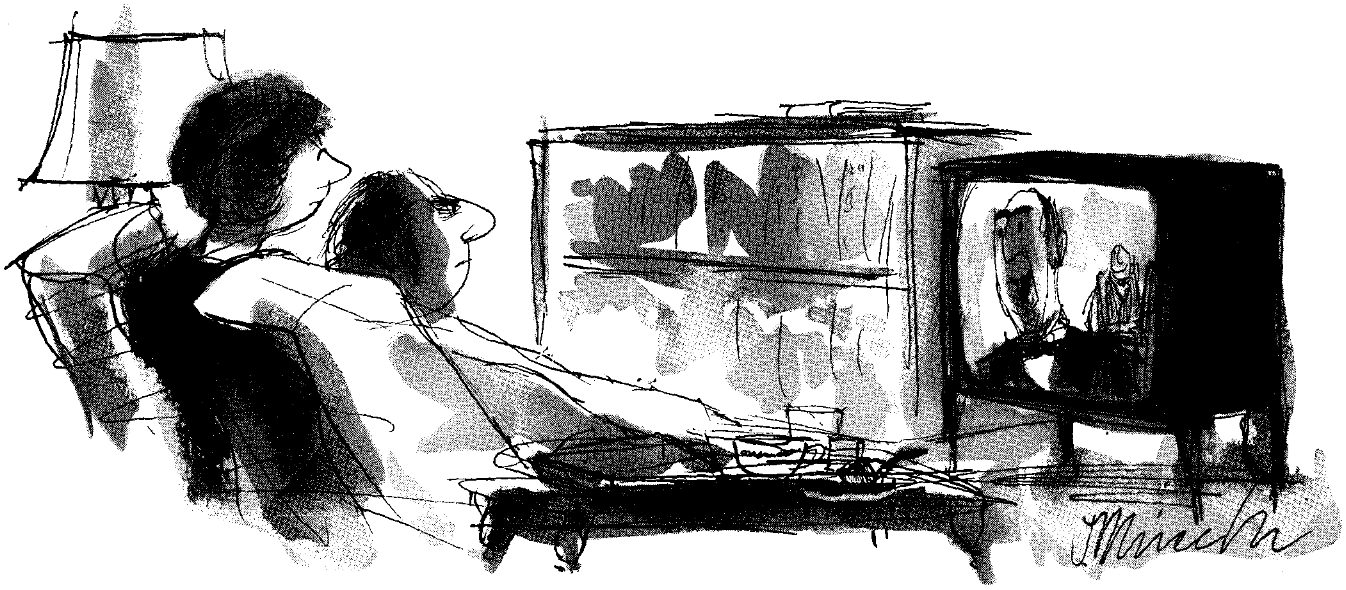
IV

Dear Father—sir—the "sir" being
The sometimes disturbed recollection
Of the time when you were big, and not dead, and I
Was little, and all boys, of that time and place, automatically
Said that to their fathers, and to any other grown man
(White, *of course*), or damned well got their blocks
Knocked off.

So, sir, I,
Who certainly could never have addressed you on a matter
As important as this when you were not dead, now
Address you on it for the last time, even though
Not being, after all my previous and sometimes desperate efforts,
Sure what a son can ever say to a father, even
A dead one.

Indecipherable passion and compulsion—well,
Wouldn't it be sad to see them, of whatever
Dark root, dwindle into mere
Self-indulgence, habit, tic of the mind, or
The picking of a scab? Reality
Is hard enough to come by, but even
In its absence we need not blaspheme
It.

Not that
You ever could, God knows. Though I,



"And now, folks, we proudly present Wally Sherman, the originator of the singing commercial. O.K., Wally, belt 'em out!"

• •

No doubt, have, and even now
Run the risk of doing so when I say
That I live in a profound, though
Painful, gratitude to you for what
You could not help but be: i.e., yourself.

Who, aged eighty, said:

"I've failed in a lot of things, but I don't think anybody
can say that I didn't have guts."

Correct. And I,
In spite of my own ignorance and failures,
Have forgiven you all your virtues.

Even your valor.

V

Who, aged eighty-five, fell to the floor,
Unconscious. Two days later,
Dead. Thus they discovered your precious secret:
A prostate big as a horse-apple. Cancer, of course.

No wonder you, who had not spent a day in bed,
Or uttered a single complaint, in fifty years,
Cried out at last.

You were entitled to that. It was only normal.

VI

So disappeared.

Simply not there.

And the seasons,
Nerve-tingling heat or premonitory chill, swung
Through the year, the years swung,

and the past, great
Eater of dreams, secrets, and random data, and
Refrigerator of truth, moved
Down what green valley at a glacier's
Massive pace.

It moved
At a pace not to be calculated by the trivial sun, but by
A darker clock that, at
Its distance of mathematical nightmare,
Glows forever. The ice mass, scabbed
By earth, boulders, and some strange vegetation, moves
So imperceptibly that it seems
Only more landscape.

Until,
In late, levelling light, some lunkhead clodhopper,
The day's work done, now trudging home,
Stops.

Stares.

And there it is.

It looms.
The bulk of the unnamable and de-timed beast is now visible,
Erect, in the thinly glimmering shadow of ice.

The lunkhead

Stares.

The beast,
From his preternatural height, unaware of
The cringe and jaw-dropped awe crouching there below, suddenly,
As if that shimmer of ice screen had not even been there, lifts,

Into distance,

the magisterial gaze.

VII

The mercury falls. Tonight snow is predicted. This,
However, is another country.

—Robert Penn Warren

THE FAVORITE

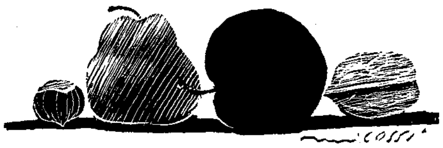
SHE was the third child and in all sorts of ways lucky. For one thing, she was born on the Sabbath day and consequently was reputed to be fair and wise and good and gay. They were able to tell her in later life that she was a model baby, had no faults, had contracted no fevers except such harmless things as measles and mumps. The time she went to be vaccinated, the doctor gave her a little gift—an egg, under green wire mesh, which when squeezed revealed a small canary-colored chick. She played and played with it. She kept it at night in the bottom layer of a box of chocolates, in a nest made of chaff. When she had to take turpentine for the tapeworm, they put it on a loaf of sugar and it was not like medicine at all but like a treat; having sucked the ugly taste away, she used to let the cube dissolve in her mouth and savor it, slowly, slowly. The first day she was put on a bicycle, she managed to steer it down the length of the flag and around the corner before she jumped off and let the bicycle tumble into the privet hedge, but by then they were clapping and saying "Bravo, bravo."

At school, she did not distinguish herself, was not brainy like her elder sister or fanciful like her younger sister; she always came in the middle, a few marks above a pass. But at the cookery class she shone, would be given charge of the fire, and she was the first to taste a little of the boxty, or a little of the bubbling jam from the tart, or some of the steamed pudding, or whatever. By the time she was ten, she had a pink bicycle named after a witch, and soon after a blue basket for it, and later a crocheted cover for the saddle. People liked to give her things—her father gave her a foal, so that she owned something of value while still in her puberty. If a neighbor wanted fresh eggs from the family farm, or cooking apples or pears for bottling, they would ask her rather than one of her sisters, and she would convey the message to her mother and deliver these things, and receive a little gift as a reward. She never went out without bringing something back—a small packet of biscuits, two or three mushrooms, an item of news. Her name was Tess, but her pet name was Whitey because of her blond hair, and whenever her father came in from the fields and would still be taking off his boots he would say, "Where's Whitey?" and upon spotting her—because she often hid behind an old trenchcoat hanging on the scullery door or ducked down behind one of the sacks of flour—he would say, "There's my girl!" and oftener than not tell her how her foal was doing. Her rosary beads—white mother-of-pearl—had been blessed at Lourdes, and she had a special filigree box to hold them. Watching her pray in chapel, watching the beads slip slowly through her fingers, the dressmaker noted that they were a complement to her perfect teeth. If an umbrella happened to turn inside out, Tess knew exactly what to do to get it right again, and her mother had no qualms about lending her the family's one brown umbrella with the Lalique handle.

THE day Tess went away to convent school, everyone cried; her mother broke down and, quoting from a prayer, said life truly was a vale of tears. She had oodles of presents—silk hankies, georgette hankies, lawn hankies, hankie sachets, bottles of perfume, perfume sprays, scented stationery—more than she could fit into her suitcase. She hid them—or, rather, she placed them in the wooden cupboard where her summer clothes and toilet articles were neatly arranged—and no one was allowed to touch them until she came back for her hols. Soon the cupboard developed a beautiful smell from scented stationery, an opened tin of talc, and the perfume spray into which she had put a drop of hair oil in order to try its puffing powers. Her autograph book was there, too, and was full of loving inscriptions to her and promises of friendship for life. Except for one wicked inscription:

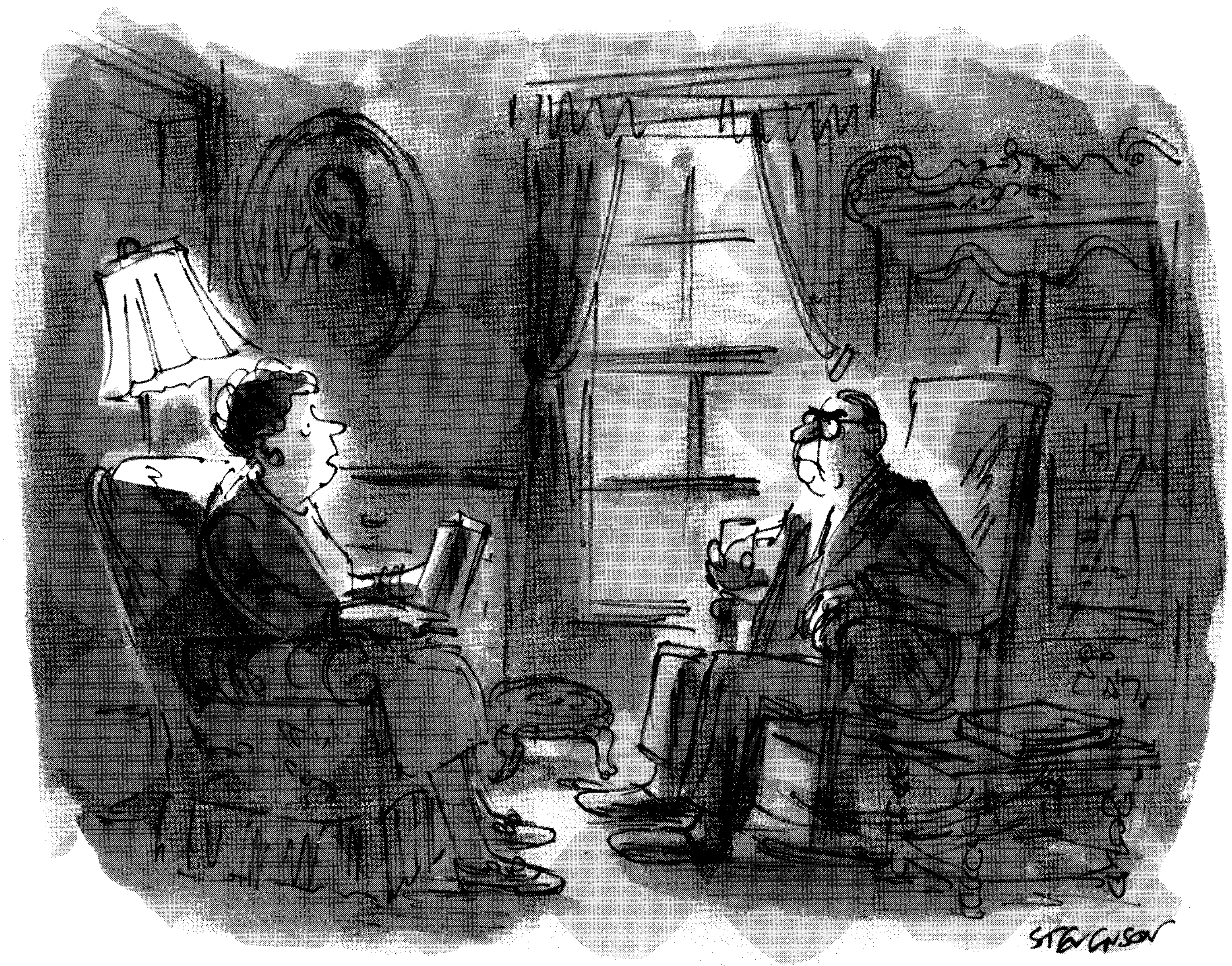
> Thirty two degrees is freezing
>   point,
> What's squeezing point?
>   —*Anon.*

The convent was forty miles from home, in the western part of Connaught, and there was no bus service to it. She surpassed herself there—was diligent, devout, last to leave the chapel, and in no time at all was tipped by the older girls as future prefect: no dandruff on the collar of her coat, no monkeying about with nail varnish, no muck on her shoes. After their daily walk, she made a point of using the foot scraper, and, as the head nun said, was an example to all the Bolshies. She was one of the few girls who, with hair tied back, were not instantly asked to change it or did not have their velvet ribbons confiscated. She had two best friends, who vied agonizingly for her love, and then two or three stooges—youngsters whom she took under her wing and who did things for her: shined her shoes, dressed her bed, put a fresh supply of water in the ewer every evening, and left little love letters under her pillow. The two girls who loved her could not do enough for her, and there wasn't a day that she didn't receive an illicit bar of chocolate or a slice of cake or, to her delight, the skeleton of a leaf, which was like a beautiful gauze brooch and which she cherished.



DURING the Christmas holidays, togged out as she was in a new blue suit and blue suède court shoes, she acquired her first boyfriend, the owner of a mill—a dark-haired, handsome athlete, and a great catch. In fact, she stole him at a dance from a namesake of hers, and as a result she got called Pinch Me. She no longer liked the name Whitey—it was babyish. She wore her hair in tight curls, dozens of curls, and with her blue court shoes she wore nutmeg-colored stockings. She was thin to the point of being gaunt. Her boyfriend's Christmas gift to her was a pair of fur-backed gauntlet gloves; they arrived by post in a very long box that looked as if it might have contained a big fish. The family grouped around while she opened the parcel, and the exclamations were myriad. Along with being fur-backed, they were lined with fur of a gray-and-white squirrel—fur that was soft as a puppy's. The gloves themselves were long and sleek, laid out of the tissue paper for all to see but none to touch. A workman on the farm who had dropped a new Pyrex dish the week before marvelled at them and wondered what their raw materials were—what animals.

She wore the gloves when she went for her evening fashion parade. She set out for her walk while it was still light, because in that way she was able to elicit the admiration of friends and neighbors. The routine was that she visited various houses, was treated to tea and cake, then later to ciderette, and so numerous were the calls she had to make that often she would not get home till midnight and would have to be escorted by one or other of the ladies of the house she was visiting. On those midnight walks, accents grew eloquent and plans very lyrical as they discussed men and trousseaux and holidays abroad. There was a certain gloom at home during her absence, and the mo-



"Your opinions are every bit as salty as his, dear, but Truman was, after all, the President, while you're more or less just a crank."

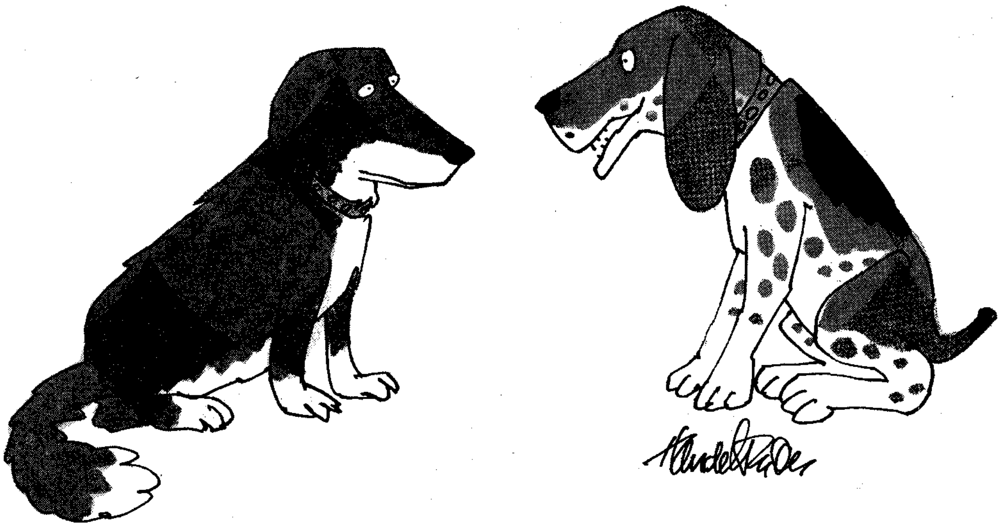
• •

ment the family heard the latch being lifted they jumped up and were jostling each other to greet her and to hear the news. She was the first to tell them of the plans for a new cinema-cum-dance-hall, and of a rumor that the doctor was going blind and had seen stars in the dispensary—earth stars as opposed to sky stars.

When her romance ended—the athlete went back to his former love—she thought of returning the gloves but decided against it; she realized anyhow that he had gone back to the other girl simply because he had been threatened with a breach-of-promise. Asked about it, she used to say "Poor Tom" and no more, so that she could not even be accused of having a sharp tongue.

ON her eighteenth birthday, Tess received a beautiful ring from her mother. The base was white gold, the mount a black enamel paste with a little diamond in the center. It had been her mother's single treasure—an heirloom that had been removed solemnly from the dead finger of an aunt in Chicago. Tess was said to resemble this aunt in her gaiety, in her beauty, what with her high cheekbones, her blond tresses, and her gauntness. The aunt had taken strychnine and poisoned herself because of a broken heart—the result of a wronged love affair with a Swede. Whenever strychnine was brought into the house, they would look at it, mesmerized by its blue-white flakiness, thinking of their aunt, its potency, and the mystery of her being dead. But her sisters were much more intrigued by such morbidities than she was.

AFTER the spell in the convent, Tess went directly to the city of Dublin and commenced a secretarial course. She lived in a hostel, loved taking walks at night, going window-shopping, loved the new machine she was learning to type on, and was told by the teacher that she would have made a good pianist. Soon she passed the necessary examinations, applied for various posts, and became secretary to a most important man in a transport company. By then her younger sister had also come to the city, to train as a beautician. With her first wages, Tess bought a tablecloth for her mother and mailed it by registered post. Her bicycle was sent up by train, and in the office where she worked the other girls used to beg her to let them take a spin around the enclosure at their lunch break. There was a pool of girls, about thirty in all, and some men who held slightly higher positions. Tess was the darling of them all. In the summer months, they would fetch her bunches of roses, or bunches of lilac, or bunches of Canterbury bells, and very often a little punnet of strawberries or currants from their gardens. Many of them lived on the outskirts of the city, and, along with being given treats, Tess used to be invited out on Sundays. She would go to Dollymount and walk barefoot over the silver sands and see



"My eldest, Jeremy, is in advertising, Paul is making films, and the twins, David and Donna, play with a rock band."

the sea in all its splendor; she would go to Howth Head and see the sea from the opposite direction and count the buoys in the ocean. She would go to Killiney and be told it was a Little Naples. She would go out as far as Glendalough and hear the story of St. Kevin's temptation by a voluptuous woman and hear of his restraint. She would partake of boiled mutton for lunch and queencakes for tea, and late on Sunday evenings she would be found coming home on the last train, her body jogging with it, tired but contented, like most of the other passengers.

It was on one of these journeys that she met Luke, and the very approach was like everything else that fitted into the tapestry of her charmed life. He was a commentator on another train—an especially exciting train in which passengers were told about the beauty spots they were riding through, the historical significance of places, and the numerous legends attached to each hill and each dale. He listened as she talked to an old woman who was sitting across from her. The talk centered on begonias, because the woman was carrying a small bunch of them, and they were a very dark, arresting shade of red. They were as deep as if made of some sumptuous cloth. When the woman got off, Luke asked most politely if he could have a word with Tess. Could he make a recording of her voice, since it was like a lark's and would be a wonderful addition to his train entertainment? As a reward, she would be given a day trip to Killarney, be treated to a four-course lunch on board, and be able to see those famous lakes and the granite mountains. He walked her home to her digs, stood outside with her under the big linden tree, and said the usual charming things—that she was sparkling, that she was a rose, that she was unique, that her tiny hand was frozen, that together they would go to Howth Head, together they would go to Dollymount and run over the sands, together at night they would ride on the corkscrew road and look down at all the twinkling lights that constituted the enviable residences of Little Naples. He got to know the things she liked—coconut creams, ham paste, and gin-and-lime. He would devise little picnics for her, bringing small jars of paste, biscuits sandwiched together, and the gin-and-lime in a washed-out blue magnesia bottle. When it transpired that he was a married man, she ended their courtship as neatly as it had begun, and the only sign her friends saw was that she took no supper and spent one whole day and one whole night in bed, eyes shut but not asleep. Her sister, who shared the bed with her, kept wanting to say consoling things but was afraid to intrude. The following morning, when Tess was dressing herself, she announced that from then on she intended to go without sugar and sweet things.

WHEN, home on holiday, Tess met the young county excise officer, she saw at once that they were made for one another. They exchanged a few remarks about songs, their hobbies, and the parts of Dublin they liked best. Her father was raging. He forbade it. He kicked her in the backside and told her he would not hear of it. But she ignored his strictures and as time went by her father was asking the young man for tips on the horses, then for secret information as to the amount people received for their pensions, and then if perhaps the government could be cajoled into giving him a loan to buy fertilizer for his land. The young man did everything he could to help and was really installed in the family when he worked to save the hay in all his spare hours.

They were engaged within a month, and Tess changed the black enamel ring to the third finger of her right hand. Her engagement ring was a blue sapphire, and there was much conjecture about its price. For the wedding she had a bouquet of lily of the valley, plus a lace tiara, and a dress made of baby-blue tulle. At the breakfast afterward and during the well-wishing speeches, you could hear a pin drop. Her former boss said that her name might be Tess but his name for her was Sunshine; her uncle spoke of a little present she had given him while she was still a tot and impecunious—a brown scapular, which he pulled out from beneath his striped shirt and dangled for all to see. Her father said she was one of the favorite members of the family, causing her sisters to snigger, because she was in fact *the* favorite. By now, she owned two yearlings, and her younger sister thought it would be funny if they galloped into the big room and made havoc of the dishes and the cut glass and the big three-tiered cake on its ridiculous frilled stand. Tess herself made a little speech, and from the far end of the table a young man began to hum "Lilli Marlene." As she had always predicted it would be, her going-away suit was Saxe blue—a box jacket and pleated skirt, with a pale-blue blouse that could be tied at the neck with a soft knot. Two of the waitresses who had got very drunk and had fallen under the table caught her by the ankle as she went by and mourned over what lay in store for her. Tess laughed it off.

TWO of her four births were quite difficult, but her husband was nearby to hold her hand; his cousin, a doctor, did the delivery; the nurses were all pie; and Tess was congratulated upon her real courage. She did not care for breast feeding and her husband fully understood. They had a nurse living in for the babies, and built on a small wing to their house so that the nursery life could be in one place and the grown-up life in another. In the market town where she and her husband lived, many people called, especially new people—doctors, priests, bank clerks, schoolteachers—who had come there to take up temporary jobs.

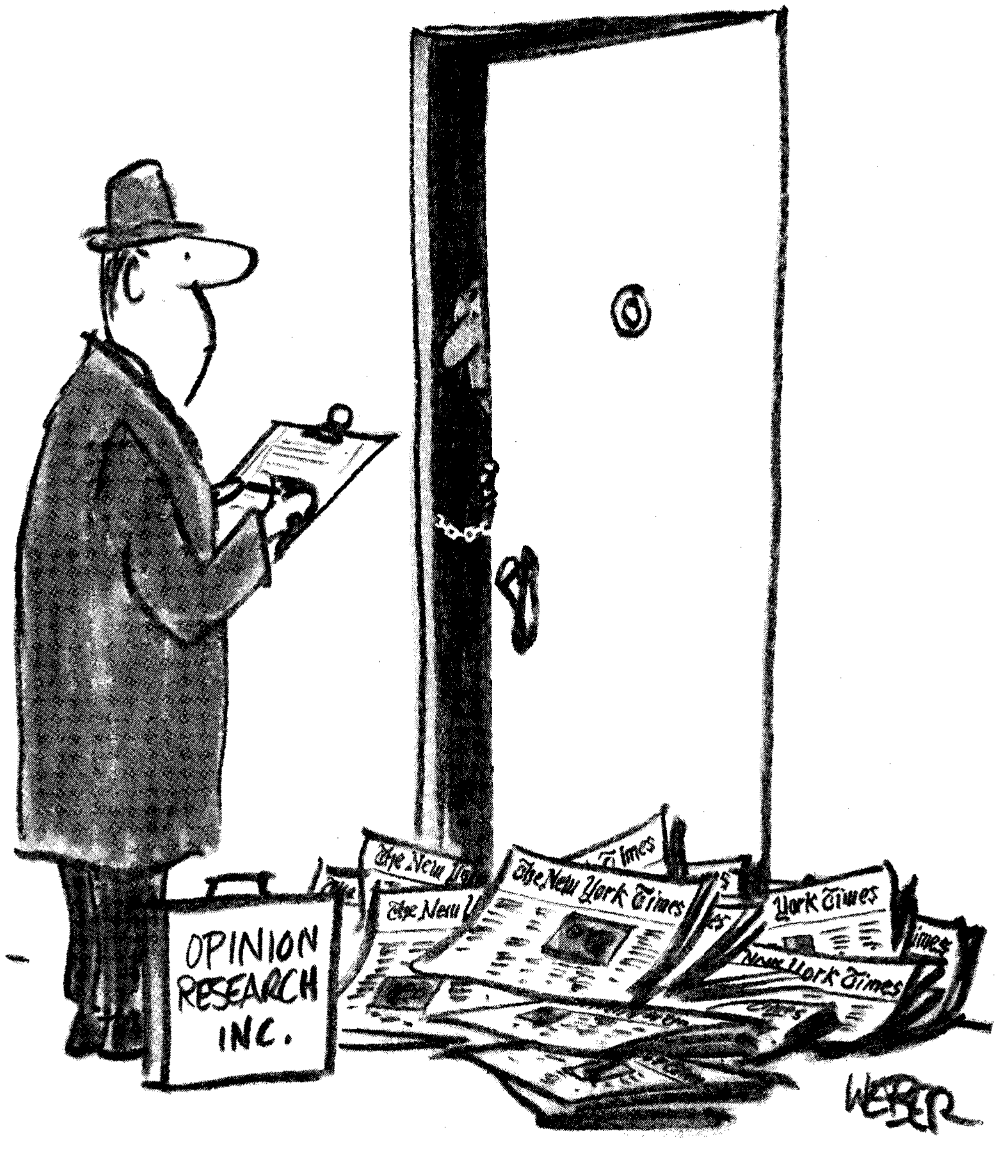
There was nothing Tess liked more than the times in the evening when, his work done and his bit of gardening completed, her husband would stretch in front of the fire, give her a beck, say "Come here," and put her sitting on his lap. Then they would admire the wallpaper, or the coal scuttle, or one of the many precious items in the china cabinet that had been wedding presents. Eventually he would coax her to get up and make him a sandwich. Her sandwiches were wonderful. If people called unexpectedly, she would disappear into the kitchen and come back with a salver of them. She said it must have had to do with her hands, because all she did was use up any bit of cold meat, add a pinch of salt and a tomato or something for moisture, and "Bob's your uncle."

Theirs was an old Georgian house overlooking the town, and it was called The Shutters because the previous owners had had jalousies put in. It was a big house, but they got it reasonably because the owners, two spinsters, had taken a shine to her husband and used to tease each other over him and write him little billets-doux. Tess had gone to auctions and was wizard at bidding and getting bargains: the rooms were soon filled with heavy dark-mahogany pieces and with overmantels and ornaments and jugs for artificial flowers. The spinsters had sent to France for all the bedroom wallpapers and there were borders to match. The house faced south and got the best aspect of the sun, and the garden was a model of construction and tillage. Flowers, fruits, and vegetables grew side by side; the back wall had a row of pear trees grafted along it, so that from her kitchen window as she was peeling or chopping or ironing Tess could see the blossom, then the fruit forming, then the big dun pears with irregular holes in them, where the wasps had been scooping the flesh out. She had a maid to help her, and a big tall boy, a bit soft in the head, to dig in the garden. They had loganberries, raspberries, several varieties of currant bushes; they made jam in season and bottled fruits in the autumn. Her parents came on a visit the first Sunday of every month. Her father used to say it was well worth the fiver that the hired car cost. When asked, Tess could honestly say "Can't complain" about any aspect of her life.

At Christmas, she and her husband threw card parties for their men friends, and though she never played, Tess went from table to table, looking at the players' hands and making obscure but meaningful remarks such as "Not bad, Nicko" or "That'll shake 'em." At midnight, she served supper—cold meats, stuffing, sausage rolls, along with pots of tea to liven them up. Her father would sing the song he had composed about the doctor, old and blind, who so loved cards that he put up his own Arab pony and lost and had to drag the trap home by the shafts, where his complaining wife, Dilly, met him at the top of the drive. The song brought to mind the old days and various card games—tense situations where men at the very last minute gambled their all, where tables were turned upside down because of people's cheating, and where the Irish-speaking teacher convinced everyone that he was the Holy Ghost because of the fine hand he always got: aces and kings and knaves.

After the tea and the singing, Tess would pass tumblers of hot punch around, and in no time they would be clearing the dishes from the arbutus table in order to start again; while dealing, her father might remark that the old doctor always carried a pack in his inside pocket, or that it was a pity youngsters didn't pursue the same kind of sport as their forebears. The children would come in in their pajamas to say good night, and sometimes they would sing a carol—usually "Silent Night"—and they might be asked by one of the men if Santa Claus was up the chimney. Then Tess would dismiss the children, stoke up the fire, and sit, happily surrounded by all the squabbling men. One of the younger players might say to her husband what a lucky man he was, and Tess would smile, smile, and appear not to be affected. The prizes for the winners were white turkeys that would be hanging by their feet in the pantry—white and fluffy and unblemished except for the spot of blood around the throat where their necks had been joyously wrung by the idiot. One year, her husband won, and Tess did the sporting thing—she raffled all the names but his.

The card games, the Bishop's visits, and the times their mammy went away

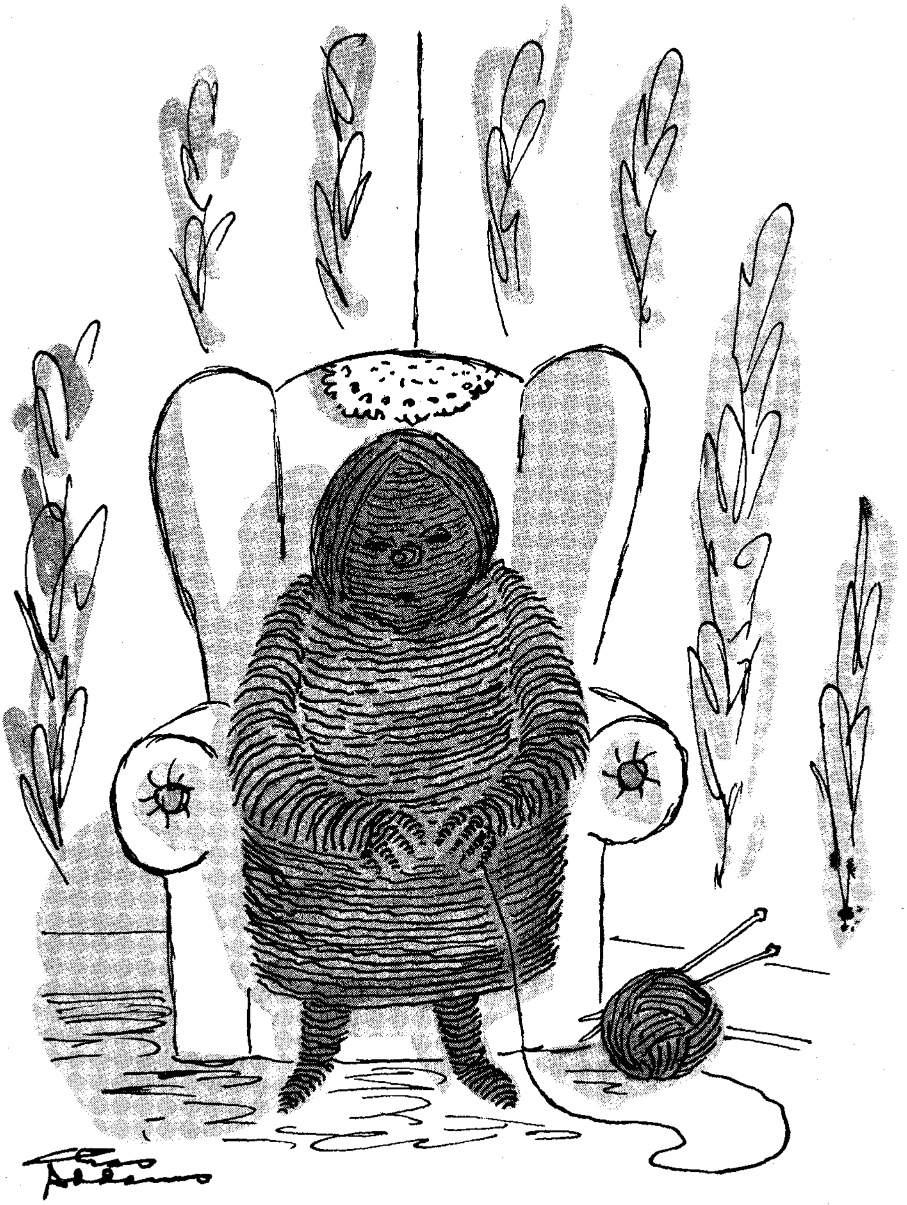


"Put me down as 'Don't know and don't want to know.'"

to have a new baby constituted the epochs of the children's lives. They were wild as hares—got lost for hours on end, fell off their bicycles, or were off up the country watching a cow calve or a cat having kittens. They would bring home the kittens in cardboard boxes and make pets of them—paint them and put bows in their hair—until the kittens would have to be drowned or put in a sack and left in the middle of nowhere. Tess was not an animal-lover. All the dogs they had—and they were all mongrels—were called Biddy regardless of their sex, and invariably died of the same thing, which was distemper.

When the family sat down at table, there were never fewer than six or seven—sometimes a visiting child, and sometimes one of theirs missing or on vacation. Tess had the habit of calling them by the wrong names, as if all their names were in her head jumbled together and it did not matter too much which was which. She always took an afternoon nap, and then the children would have to tiptoe about the house, or go down the garden, or play out in the street, and her favorite son would be appointed to wake her at four. He wrote poems for her and left them on her dressing table, and she would show them to her visitors and say weren't they "arch." She preferred her two sons. She was rarely alone with any of the children, because at night they read or did their homework or listened to the gramophone in their various dens. Naturally, she provided birthday parties, and as the years went on they received Holy Communion and were confirmed and the sitting room was full of framed—sometimes colored—photographs to commemorate the occasions. Her daughters did not resemble her; they were not nearly so pretty. Her sons had her coloring, so it was said. Not one of them was studious. Her daughters, especially her elder daughter, Maria, got moodier each year and refused to eat anything except steak and bananas. Tess said she would have them in the workhouse with her expensive tastes. Whenever they went to the city to shop, they grumbled because Maria chose dark, rather forlorn clothes and Tess would say it was no way for a young person to dress. Maria referred to her mother as the Duchess. It was a joke but not a welcome joke.

It seemed no length of time at all till the eldest was due to go away to school, and Tess was studying prospectuses, buying uniforms, sewing on name tapes, packing trunks. If a child cried or snivelled, she would say, "'Tis well for ye." In the same way, when a tinker or a horde of tinkers passed by the door she would say, "Sure, they're happier than you or I," and close the shutters in the front room to discourage them from rapping on the window—a thing they did when the doorbell was not immediately answered.

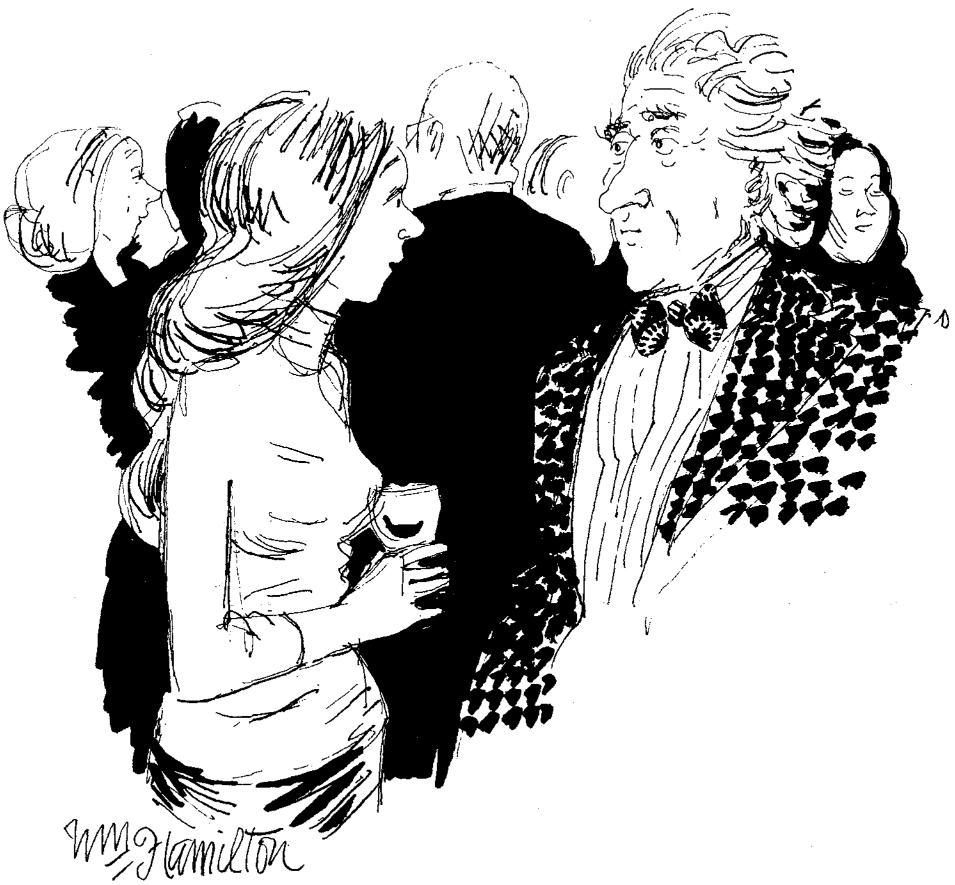


THE first little cloud to appear in Tess's life came when she turned forty and began to put on weight. She developed a roll of fat around her waist. She was soon having to have her dresses let out and took to wearing smocks about the house. Her husband said he had no objection. But had he? One night when he came home, she got a distinct smell of cheap carnation scent from his lapel. No, he said when she spoke of it, he had not been to the barber's, he had not been anywhere; he couldn't account for it, and neither could she. On another occasion when he was late, he couldn't say exactly what had detained him. She had rung the office to be told by the new, awkward secretary that she was having a whale of a time and that the boss had gone ages ago and was probably boozing. Yet an hour went by and he did not appear. His dinner was dried up—Tess had taken it in and out of the oven a number of times. He came in with a bit of grass between his teeth, chewing it. The pupils of his eyes were big and jet black. His deceit came to light when, the following Sunday, one of the two sisters from another area who had come to town to open a boutique ran up to him in the church ground and offered him a peppermint sweet. They were twins, man-mad. They wore red a lot, were conspicuous miles off, and, along with being identical in appearance, had the same ingratiating voices. One of them had the gall to ring Tess up and invite her husband to the Mass they were having offered in their new premises. Tess wrote the invitation down on the message pad and didn't refer to it when he came in.

He attended the Mass the next evening, and, as he admitted to Tess during their big reconciliation afterward, when he almost crushed her ribs, his heart felt cut in two as he stood up for the Gospel. He had never deceived her before and would never again. After the Gospel, he had made a show of himself by leaving; he came home with his head down and just sat in the front room smoking and staring at her and now and then asking to be forgiven.

His next gift was the biggest gift he had ever made her—a mink stole. Tess wore it to dress dances and used to say to the ladies who admired it that it was much warmer than wool. Then she would treat it in some careless way and eventually toss it on a chair, as much as to say that it meant nothing to her. But at home it was kept in a plastic bag on the top of the wardrobe, where no child could reach it when playing charades or improvising fancy dress. When her husband began to follow the hunt, she would drive him to the meet, get out of the car, wrap the stole around her, and accept a sherry or a hot bouillon and chat with one of the Lords or Ladies who never missed a chase.

They lost friends and made friends. The girls from the boutique tried to worm their way into her life by asking her to play badminton, but Tess declined and instead gave them a small donation toward their team's fund. She would say jokingly that their prices were diabolical or that they would be left on the shelf and find no husband.



"I had no idea you were a living composer."

ONE September after another, a child went off to boarding school, and the house began to grow quiet. There were no longer piles of dirty clothing in the big rush basket on the landing. Her husband would take his time about coming home in the evenings, and Tess would read a book—or try to read a book—and register the clock striking each quarter, and wish that people would call to tell her she was pretty, or to eat some of her legendary sandwiches, or to give her the tidbits of news. No such luck. People went to the houses of younger couples, as they had once flocked to hers; and her husband, though up to no monkey business with the twins, was no longer quite the same—did not surprise her with half-pound boxes of chocolates, did not whistle when she came down the stairs dressed to go out. He was busy with his various commitments, had meetings two or three evenings a week, and on Sundays followed the hunt.

She had time on her hands—time to pluck her eyebrows daily, time to brood. The children wrote letters, mostly about the food or the harsh conditions in their schools, or some little treat, like being given a toffee apple for a feast. She found her elder daughter's old diary and was shocked when she read "Mammy is as usual gallivanting, but Daddy does not see through her." She could not say that it was then, any more than it was the moment when she smelled the cheap perfume on his lapel or the nausea she felt when she read a disgusting magazine article about sex; it was none of these events, and yet they were foreshadowings.

One night, her husband was sound asleep, and for no reason she remembered a fit her favorite child had once taken because he had seen a man—a devil—in black, inside the windowpane. She herself had not seen him, but she remembered her son's fibulations and how she had not been able to comfort him. Motherliness was beyond her. Her husband was beside her—warm, his face almost beefy—and she had no idea what he thought anymore, sleeping or waking. Her children, her sisters, even her younger sister, who had grown odd and become attached to nature—all these people seemed to vibrate with more life, more urgency, more of an appetite for the things they did. She felt odd, lonely; she felt afraid. Perhaps the manes of her dear dead aunt was at last coming to disquiet her. Everything was in order—the same dinner each day of the week, the same night set aside for brief and overfamiliar intercourse, the same grocery order on Saturday, the same humoring of the maid on Monday morning after the dance: the same, the same, the same—and yet it was as if she had just stepped onto ice.

"Oh, Jesus," she said aloud. "Is this how it is when one begins to be unhappy?" And she closed her eyes tight, so that all of her sensibilities were like two hot points crammed in her head.

Her husband heard her laughing. She had just smashed a hand mirror and was gloating over the prospect of the seven years' bad luck in store. He did not know what to say. He had seen trouble coming. "What is it?" he asked softly.

"What is it!" she said, and her voice was like slivers as she went on laughing at what she had done. She stole out of bed, crept across the room, and, in the chill, lifting the fawn curtain, she stared ahead at the blankness within the windowpane.

—EDNA O'BRIEN

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On bare wood or bare metal, use primer sold on page 1185. If paint fails guarantee, you get extra pain or your money back.—*Sears, Roebuck catalogue.*

Better take the money and save the pain for something important.

A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

AUTUMN NOTES—I

HISTORIC events come at us now with a swiftness and in a profusion never before experienced in our national life. The close view we get of these events—in our newspapers, on our television screens, in our gossip—may seem to reduce their magnitude, but they remain the stuff of history. Our Constitutional system is being tested. Decisions are being made that may determine the future of our two-hundred-year democratic experiment. We keep learning new things about our government, and the uses of power. In following events here in Washington, one tries to see them on various levels, tries to understand the implications and hidden meanings of what people say and do. People here deal in power, and implications. They proceed out of a combination of ambition, concern, rivalry, patriotism, fear, and responsibility which is often hard to parse. Now the stakes are high. We watch as fallible human beings struggle over the office that has the ultimate power in this country, and over the ultimate compact in our political life—over the Presidency and the Constitution. This is a deadly struggle. Speeches, stories in the press, tactics, the musings of men as they decide how to proceed must be seen accordingly.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1973

TODAY, after a month's recess, Congress reconvened.

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PRESIDENT NIXON returned from a vacation in San Clemente a few days ago. It can't have been much of a vacation. The President held an outdoor press conference at the "Western White House"—the first press conference since the Watergate story broke wide open last spring. As he stood on the lawn, in the bright California sunshine, he answered questions on break-ins, on wiretaps, on investigations of his Administration. He appeared to be under great strain, and gave a number of answers that left him open to further questions, but his aides thought he had done so well that he should have another press conference soon. He is holding it today.

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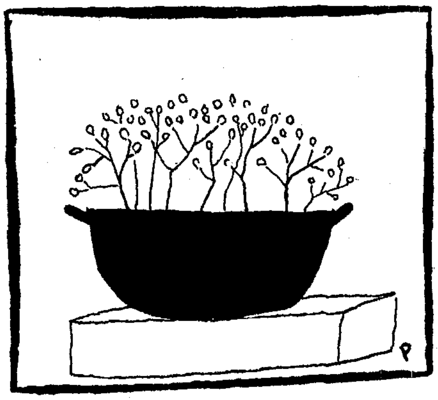
THE East Room of the White House was jammed for the President's press conference. It was at once a social and a political event. Many of the reporters had not seen each other in some time. Today, Nixon was on the attack, and he was trying, as he has tried since last spring, to change the subject. His subject today was the failure of the Congress to enact his legislative program. He began with substantive issues: inflation, defense, energy, domestic programs, taxes. Many of the questions followed the agenda that the President had set, but the uninvited guests, the other questions, were also there. Last week, Judge John J. Sirica ruled that the President must turn over to him nine tapes subpoenaed by Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. The Judge said that he would review the tapes to determine whether they were protected by executive privilege or should be given to the Special Prosecutor. The President is planning to appeal the ruling to the Court of Appeals and then, presumably, to the Supreme Court. The President's strategy, *Newsweek* reports this week, is to postpone a Supreme Court ruling until he has rebuilt his popular support. *Newsweek* also says that if the President decides to defy the courts, he might "purge both Attorney General Elliot Richardson and Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox" if they oppose him. The President has said only that he would obey a "definitive" decision of the Supreme Court. Today, as before, he refused to define "definitive."

The President also refused, as he had at San Clemente, to comment on the Justice Department's charges that Vice-President Agnew accepted bribes and kickbacks from building contractors while he was serving as county executive of Baltimore County, Maryland, and as governor of the state. The President expressed "confidence in the Vice-President's integrity during the period that he has served as Vice-President."

There were more questions about the President's homes at Key Biscayne and San Clemente. Today, the President was asked if he paid a capital-gains tax on that part of the San Clemente property he had sold to his friends Robert Abplanalp and Charles G. (Bebe) Rebozo. The President replied that while some think he should have, the Internal Revenue Service said he did not have to. "It's a matter of difference between accountants," he said. The President's demeanor changed when he dealt with the questions about Watergate and about his property. He became tense, and he breathed hard. If one stood far enough to his right, one could see that, behind the lectern, his hips swivelled in a circular motion, as if within an invisible Hula Hoop.



SEPTEMBER 6

EACH time the Congress reconvenes after a long recess, there's a ritual whereby the press asks the returning politicians about the mood of what is known in Washington as "the country." According to today's papers, most of the returning politicians are saying that in the minds of their constituents the economy is the most important issue. They are saying that "the country" is tired of Watergate. But according to a study conducted within the television industry—and to the surprise of the industry itself—daytime television viewing increased, by seven per cent, during the period in which the Watergate hearings were televised. This is contrary to the history of the televising of such events. It may be that it is the politicians who are tiring of Watergate, and want to get it behind them.

Some of the politicians feel that the President's position may grow stronger, and they do not want to be caught on the wrong side of the issue. The politicians also sense that Watergate is lowering still further the public's esteem for politics. There has been uneasiness on Capitol Hill as the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities—Sam Ervin, Democrat of North Carolina, chairman—has moved toward the conclusion of its hearings on the actual break-in at the Watergate, and toward the beginning of hearings on campaign practices and money. Other politicians did not break into their opposition's campaign headquarters, but many politicians did flout the spirit, and some even the letter, of the laws covering the raising and spending of campaign funds. Today's Washington *Post* reports that the Ervin committee will resume hearings in about two weeks and hopes to conclude them

"Hey, what goes on? Just a minute ago you told me you were all out of the Chef's Special!"

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by November 1st. Howard Baker, Republican of Tennessee, the vice-chairman of the committee, says that the committee will be "less meticulous" on the next subjects, because they are "less spectacular."

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YESTERDAY afternoon, in considering a bill appropriating money for the White House, the Senate rejected two amendments to bring expenditures for the White House under stricter congressional control. The amendments, offered by Senator Walter Mondale, Democrat of Minnesota, would have reduced the size of the staff of the Domestic Council and deleted an appropriation of one million dollars to the White House for what is called the "special-projects fund." (The Domestic Council, set up to "coördinate" the work of Cabinet Departments, had been headed by John Ehrlichman, formerly one of the President's two top aides, and at one point had a staff of about seventy.) The issue, said Mondale, was "the relationship between the executive and legislative branches of the government, and more fundamentally it is a question of whether we have learned from Watergate the essentiality of forcing executive decisions out into the open again."

The issue was also whether the Congress wished to assume responsibility for knowing what the White House was doing. If the Congress had insisted on knowing how public moneys were being spent by the White House, perhaps we would have known that there were, or perhaps there would not have been, the private investigators Anthony Ulasewicz and John Caulfield, hired in 1969, and the Special Investigations Unit, or "plumbers," set up in June, 1971. Congressional "oversight" of the executive is one of the few checks there are on that branch. One of the best ways for the Congress to exercise such oversight is to question how appropriated funds are spent. Mondale pointed out that two of the plumbers—Egil Krogh and G. Gordon Liddy—had been on the payroll of the Domestic Council. The White House had refused to account for how the "special-projects fund" was spent.

The debate was symptomatic of the Congress's aversion to confrontation, and of its disinclination to exercise oversight of the executive branch. Its habit of deferring to the White House—out of fear, and out of its own view of patriotism—bespeaks institutional confusion, a mixup over the roles of the two branches of government. It is difficult under any circumstances to mobilize the Congress for significant action. The Congress is composed of five hundred and thirty-five egos—not a situation conducive to collective work. The Congress is essentially a reactive branch. Fewer and fewer enterprises are initiated by the Congress. The Constitution says that the Congress should make the laws and that the President should "take care" that they are "faithfully executed." It stipulates that, in the oath of office, the President swear "to faithfully execute the office of President of the United States," and "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution." But increasingly the laws are written in the executive branch, then passed—perhaps in revised form—by the Congress. The Congress often pays little attention to how the laws are carried out by the executive, how the office of the President is executed, or whether the Constitution is being preserved. The Congress has a limited attention span. It wearies of issues. Its primary instinct is

"How would you like a household injury?"

to play it safe, and its primary motivation is to get reëlected. All this is not, of course, true of every senator or representative in the Congress, but it is true of the collective body.

President Nixon has understood these things about the Congress, and he has exploited its unheroic streak, its cumbersome ways, and its institutional confusion. There is much in the process of governing, as there is in human relations, that cannot be defined or codified; it depends on shared understandings of undefined limits. The Nixon Administration, in its dealings with the Congress, as in other behavior, did not recognize limits. It placed unprecedented power in the hands of White House assistants who were not accountable to the Congress. They were not confirmed by the Congress, and were protected by the doctrinal shield of "executive privilege" from testifying before the Congress. Earlier this year, Richard Kleindienst, then Attorney General, told the Congress that the President could extend the doctrine of executive privilege to all two and a half million members of the executive branch. The Nixon Administration's claim was unprecedented. There is no mention of executive privilege in the Constitution, and Presidents Truman and Eisenhower were the first to make any extensive use of it—against the onslaughts of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy. Earlier Presidents had impounded funds appropriated by the legislature, but President Nixon carried this practice, too, to new lengths. Other Presidents had gone to war without the approval of the Congress, but, at least in the view of some legislators, President Nixon continued to wage war in Southeast Asia after the Congress had specifically withdrawn its approval. These legislators believed that the Administration's continued bombing of Cambodia until this past summer was illegal, and so was its secret bombing of Cambodia in 1969 and 1970. The Congress's reaction to the policies of the President on impoundment, executive privilege, and the war was to try to write legislation to codify the limits. But these bills can be seen as conferring more power on the President to impound money and wage war and invoke executive privilege, since they specify conditions, subject to varying interpretations, under which he may do so. Senator Mondale's amendment to limit the number of members of the Domestic Council was not necessarily the best approach to the problem. Presidents need some flexibility. Such are the problems that spring from not respecting the guidelines and the ambiguities that the framers of the Constitution settled on. They knew that not everything could be codified.

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JAMES MADISON wrote in Federalist Paper No. 48 of his uneasiness over whether the separation of powers was a sufficient hedge against tyranny. "It will not be denied that power is of an encroaching nature, and that it ought to be effectually restrained from passing the limits assigned to it," he said. He continued, "A mere demarcation on parchment of the constitutional limits of the several departments is not a sufficient guard against those encroachments which lead to a tyrannical concentration of all the powers of government in the same hands."

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THE Washington *Post* reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, who did more than any other journalists to break the Watergate story, write in this morning's *Post* that the Secret Service, on the President's instructions, wiretapped F. Donald Nixon, the President's brother. Donald Nixon is a problem. In 1960, the revelation that Howard Hughes had loaned two hundred and five thousand dollars to Donald Nixon in 1956 to rescue his restaurant chain, Nixon, Inc., which specialized in "Nixonburgers," was an embarrassment to Richard Nixon, then running for President. Woodward and Bernstein say, "In the last five years, there have been periodic news reports referring to attempts to keep Donald Nixon out of trouble," and they note that John Ehrlichman and Bebe Rebozo were reported to have made such attempts. Woodward and Bernstein also cite a White House memorandum obtained by the *Post* which was written by Caulfield, the secret White House investigator, to John Dean, President Nixon's White House counsel. It said that Donald Nixon had visited the Dominican Republic in 1969 with "wheeler-dealers" who were believed to be connected with enterprises owned by Hughes. The wiretap on the President's brother may have been illegal. Today, the White House said that if the President's brother had been wiretapped, it would have been in order to protect him. Just how is unclear.

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TODAY, the President appealed Judge Sirica's ruling on the tapes to the Court of Appeals.

SEPTEMBER 8

IT is harder than ever to know where reality stops and fantasy begins. When, time after time, the incredible proves to be fact, it's quite an achievement for something to remain incredible. Today, there was a story in the Washington *Post* about the transcript of a taped telephone conversation between Charles Colson (former special counsel to the President) and E. Howard Hunt (formerly an agent for the Central Intelligence Agency and later a consultant to the White House). The conversation was included in a memorandum from Colson to H. R. Haldeman, the other of the President's two top aides. Colson wrote to Haldeman on July 2, 1971, "The more I think about Howard Hunt's background, politics, disposition, and experience, the more I think it would be worth your time to meet him. . . . If you want to get a feel of his attitude, I transcribed a conversation with him yesterday on it. Needless to say, I did not even approach what we had been talking about, but merely sounded out his own ideas."

Colson did talk to Hunt, about Daniel Ellsberg. "It could be another Alger Hiss case," Colson said. Colson and Hunt continued:

Colson: Let me ask you this, Howard, this question. Do you think with the right resources employed that this thing could be turned into a major public case against Ellsberg and co-conspirators?

Hunt: Yes, I do, but you've established a qualification here that I don't know whether it can be met.

Colson: What's that?

Hunt: Well, with the proper resources.

Colson: Well, I think the resources are there.

Hunt: Well, I would say so absolutely.

Colson: Then your answer would be we should go down the line to nail the guy cold?

Hunt: Go down the line to nail the guy cold, yes.

At another point in the conversation, Colson asked Hunt, "Weren't you the guy who told me . . . that if the truth ever came out about Kennedy and the Bay of Pigs, that it would just destroy them?"

"Yes," Hunt replied. "I've written my memoirs of that, but, of course, I never published them. . . ."

"Might want to talk to you about that, Howard," said Colson. "I'll be back to you."

In the current *Newsweek*, Stewart Alsop reminds us of some things about G. Gordon Liddy. Liddy, formerly a special assistant in the Treasury Department, worked at the White House on the staff of the Domestic Council, then was counsel to the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President. It was Liddy, we had been told, who presented plans to a supposedly dismayed John Mitchell for kidnapping members of radical groups at the Republican National Convention, providing prostitutes for Democrats at the Democratic National Convention, and bugging the offices of the Democratic National Committee and of key figures at the Democratic Convention. Alsop reminds us of some testimony last summer by Jeb Stuart Magruder, deputy director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, when he was questioned last summer by Samuel Dash, Democratic counsel to the Ervin committee:

Magruder: I simply put my hand on Mr. Liddy's shoulder and he asked me to remove it and indicated that if I did not, serious consequences would occur.

Dash: Was he more specific than serious consequences?

Magruder: Well, he indicated he would kill me.

In his testimony, Magruder later said, "I do not now regard that as a specific threat. It was simply Mr. Liddy's mannerism."

People "in the Nixon entourage," Alsop says, "were uneasily aware that Liddy often carried a gun and was quite capable of using it." One evening, Liddy, spying on the McGovern headquarters, shot out a light. "On another occasion," writes Alsop, "Magruder was complaining in Liddy's presence about some 'enemy' and muttered something about 'getting rid' of him. A few minutes later, a Magruder subordinate met a grim-faced Liddy, who mentioned the well-known name of the 'enemy' and remarked that 'I have been ordered to kill him.' A horrified Magruder finally persuaded Liddy that murder was not quite what he had in mind." These people make it very hard to be imaginative anymore.

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THE Nixon Administration boasted at the outset about its methodical and businesslike ways. Now it is having trouble because so many were so eager to record, and to protect, themselves on paper and on tape.

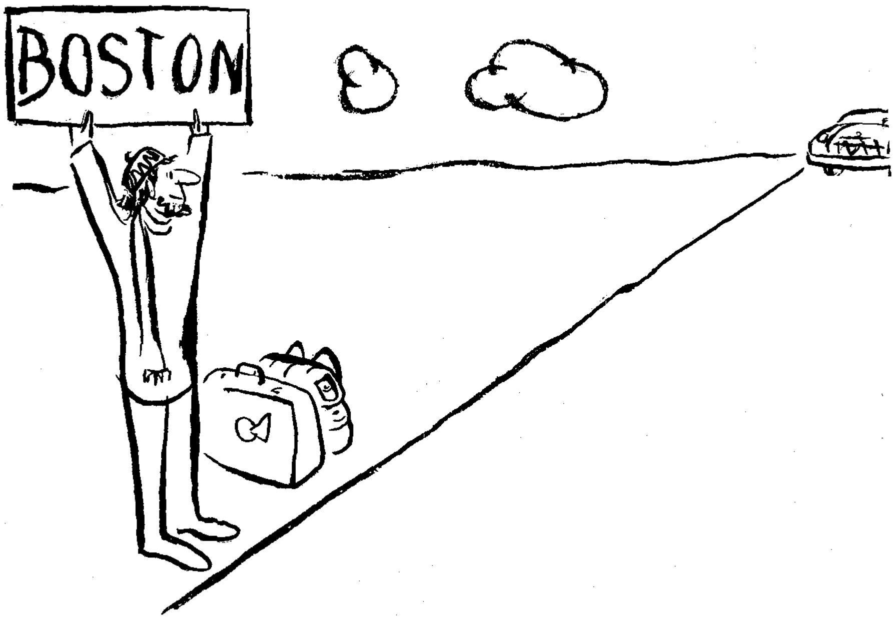
SEPTEMBER 9

SUNDAY. There is much speculation about where the President stands—about whether he can, as the current phrase goes, "tough it out." There are, as usual, two schools of thought. A more important question is what sort of precedent will have been set. Last spring, when the story was breaking, one friend of mine here said that the conclusion that those who come to power in the future might draw from Watergate is not that these things should not be done but that they should be done more skillfully.

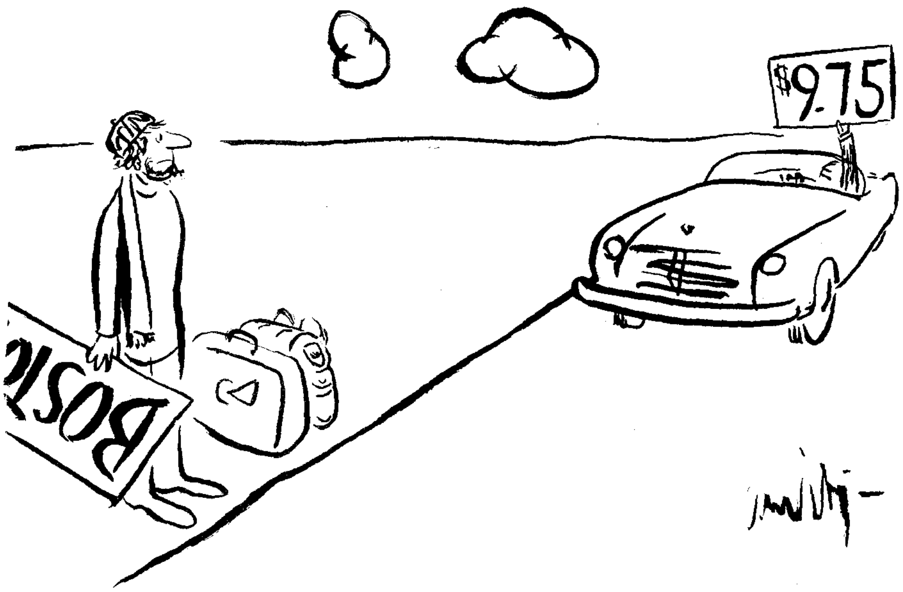
There is much about the recent period that we still do not know. We do not know all the ways that the power of government was used to further the Administration's ends, or even what its ends were. We have to learn everything we can, because we have to know what we are capable of. The framers of the Constitution understood a lot about human nature, and recognized its darker side. It is not ordained—except, perhaps, in our hopes—that America is

immune to the effects of mankind's darker impulses. But while the investigations into what happened continue, it is also important to consider what we already know: The President and his top assistants believed they could suspend the First and Fourth Amendments in the Bill of Rights when they perceived a threat to the national security. The White House attempted to use the instruments of government against political opponents and other citizens exercising their right of free speech.

We know now that in 1970 the President approved a "domestic intelligence-gathering" plan that included breaking and entering, electronic surveillance, and mail covers. The plan's author—Tom Charles Huston, then a White House aide—had said in a memorandum that the President's name should not be on the plan, because parts of it were "clearly illegal." J. Edgar Hoover objected to the plan, and the President has said that after five days it was "rescinded." Last summer, Huston told a House subcommittee that the plan was never formally cancelled. The President has said that the limits on "the inherent power in the Presidency to protect the national security" were "the limitation of public opinion and of course Congressional and other pressures that may arise." This assertion presupposes that the Congress and the public know what the executive is doing. The White House police, the wiretapping, the Huston plan, and the plumbers were established in secrecy. Last summer, before the Ervin committee, John Ehrlichman defended the President's right to suspend the Fourth Amendment guarantee against "unreasonable searches and seizures" in the interests of "national security." Senator Herman Talmadge, a member of the committee, asked him about the principle, derived from English law, that not even a king can enter a man's cottage without his consent. Ehrlichman replied, "I am afraid that has been considerably eroded over the years." Earlier this month, Ehrlichman was indicted in a California state court, in Los Angeles, for burglary, conspiracy, and perjury in connection with the break-in at Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. Ehrlichman approved a memorandum in which the plumbers proposed "a covert operation . . . to examine all the medical files still held by Ellsberg's psychoanalyst," and after initialling the memo he added the notation "if done under your assurance that it is not traceable." He told the Ervin committee, "Now, if you are asking me whether this means that I had in my contemplation that there was going to be a breaking and entering, I certainly did not." Ehrlichman argued before the Ervin committee that the break-in was "well within the President's inherent Constitutional powers." In May, the President took responsibility for the plumbers, but he said that he had not authorized, and had no knowledge of, any illegal actions they may have taken. Later, he said that he had not been aware of the Ellsberg break-in, and still later he said that it was "illegal." The government has admitted that it wiretapped its own employees—and that some of these taps continued after the employees left the government—and that it wiretapped newsmen. The government has admitted to seventeen taps. The President has said that the taps began in 1969 and were "legal at the time." The President defends his "inherent power" to take special actions "to protect the national security" by suggesting that in an opinion on wiretapping in 1972 the Supreme Court said some things that it did not say. In June, 1972, the Supreme Court, by a vote of eight to nothing, rejected the Administration's claim that the government had the right to wiretap, without obtaining a court order, those who constituted a domestic threat to the national security. A government practice, which has never been tested in the Supreme Court, permits such taps in cases of foreign threats to the national security. Attorney General John Mitchell had argued, in effect, that there was no longer any distinction between foreign and domestic threats. The Court said, "Fourth Amendment freedoms cannot properly be guaranteed if domestic surveillances may be conducted solely within the discretion of the executive branch." In San Clemente, in an answer to a question on the Ellsberg break-in, the President referred to "a recent decision of the Supreme Court or at least an opinion . . . which indicates inherent power in the Presidency to protect the national security in cases like this." The Supreme Court explicitly stated that it was not deciding the legality of warrantless wiretaps in cases involving "foreign powers or their agents," and gave no indication that it was considering break-ins. The President introduces the nonexistent Supreme Court approval of his actions when questions about the wiretapping or the break-ins start to close in on him. At the time the Fourth Amendment was adopted, the government of England was conducting searches against traitors to the Crown. If a President can suspend a guarantee in the Bill of Rights, is it still a guarantee?



In dealing with these issues, the President often cites precedents. He says that previous Presidents wiretapped, and that there have been break-ins before; he says that Abraham Lincoln suspended habeas corpus. The citations of precedents confuse the questions and do not answer them. The fact that these things, to some extent or other, may have gone on before is not particularly comforting. And at what point do differences of degree become qualitative differences? The question of the accountability of a President for the acts of his aides may be an instance in which differences of degree at some point become qualitative. It stands to reason that a President should not be held accountable for each act of each assistant secretary throughout the government, or for every act of every member of his own staff. But can it be argued that a Presi-



dent is never responsible for his subordinates' acts?

Watergate has forced us to reconsider old assumptions about what can and cannot happen here. We did not want to face the implications of the fact that the union leader whose workers beat up peace demonstrators on Wall Street in 1970 was thereupon invited to the White House to meet the President and present him with a hard hat, and is now the Secretary of Labor. Charles Colson was the White House aide who maintained liaison with that union leader. According to John Dean, Colson suggested to Caulfield in 1971 that to facilitate the retrieval of some documents belonging to a friend of Ellsberg's who worked in the Brookings Institution, a Washington research organization, the Institution's building be firebombed. Woodward and Bernstein have reported that Caulfield himself has told this to federal investigators. Colson denied making the suggestion. An "associate" of Colson's told reporters that if Colson did say such a thing, it might have been as a "joke."

It was also difficult to face the implications of the fact that there were attempts by the Administration to checkmate every institution that could check the executive—the Congress, the Supreme Court, the press, the bureaucracy, even the opposition party. We saw more clearly in some instances than in others that it was happening, and were uneasy, but it was difficult to face what it could mean. Many people take comfort from the thought that our institutions responded to the challenges. Perhaps they almost didn't. It is not clear that they did. We have learned something about how those in power can use power to retain power. We do not know what, ultimately, would have happened if it had not been for the fateful bungling. There may have been less purpose or pattern than hindsight sometimes suggests. The Nixon Administration may not have thought in terms of checkmating institutions. It may not have thought in terms of institutions at all.

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SOMETHING about the Nixon staff. Every President must have aides whom he can totally trust. Every President must have at least some aides who are willing to carry out, and accept the blame for, some unpleasant tasks. The price of having loyal people around one is not demanding things that are beyond ethical limits, but, of course, one must have a taste for people who recognize limits. Nixon seems to have had a taste for associates who did not recognize limits. Many of the Nixon White House men seemed to have no gyroscopes.

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IN Federalist Paper No. 51, James Madison wrote:

> But what is government itself but the greatest of all reflections on human nature? If men were angels, no government would be necessary. If angels were to govern men, neither external nor internal controls on government would be necessary. In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place, oblige it to control itself.

SEPTEMBER 16

LAST week, the President's lawyers and Archibald Cox submitted briefs to the Court of Appeals on the issue of the tapes. Charles Alan Wright, who has come to the White House from the University of Texas Law School to advise on the tapes issue, said that there were no circumstances under which the President could be forced to give up the tapes. He disputed Judge Sirica's view that if the interest served by executive privilege was abused, the privilege did not obtain. "The privilege is the President's," said Wright.

John Connally, the former Democratic governor of Texas and former Nixon Administration Secretary of the Treasury, who has been a Republican since early this year, defended the President's position on the tapes. (Until just recently, it had been widely believed that Connally and Agnew were the chief rivals for the Republican nomination in 1976.) Connally told the press, "We're leading ourselves into believing the Supreme Court is the ultimate arbiter of all disputes, and I don't believe it. I think there are times when the President of the United States would be right in not obeying a decision of the Supreme Court."

A couple of days later, Senator Edward Kennedy, who is widely believed to be the front-runner, if he runs, for the Democratic nomination in 1976, made a speech on the Senate floor about the tapes. Kennedy said, "If President Nixon defied a Supreme Court order to turn over the tapes, a responsible Congress would be left with no recourse but to exercise its power of impeachment. . . . The President has no argument from history for such defiance. The only argument he has is the law of the jungle, the law of raw and naked power."

SEPTEMBER 19

YESTERDAY, the Washington *Post* ran a banner story saying that Vice-President Agnew has been discussing the possibility of resigning. The way the Agnew story swept through Washington—the speculation about its truth, its sources, and their motives—is characteristic of the way things work here, especially in recent times. There is the quality of a nervous system about Washington, or, at least, about that part of Washington which professionally concerns itself with official events. Obviously, there are people here who sell shoes and insurance and fix teeth and automobiles and live as people do anywhere else. But there is a constantly growing, bipartisan collection of people here—journalists, politicians, politicians' aides, lawyers, lobbyists, government workers, hangers-on, and the geological strata of several Administrations' worth of former officials—who make up what is usually referred to as "Washington," as in "What does

Washington think?" or "What is the mood in Washington?" These people concern themselves with what is going on, whether or not what is going on concerns them. They talk about it over their meals and on their telephones. "Washington" not only does a great deal of talking about what's happening but also does a great deal of speculating about what might happen. It speculates on the question, say, "Is Teddy going to run?" even though no one—perhaps not even Senator Kennedy himself—really knows the answer.

The news here is more than just news—it is an event, which often affects the subsequent news. The flow of news is to "Washington" what the stock-market ticker tape is to "Wall Street." People here develop expertise in reading the news, in recognizing signals and spotting shifts in power, and in determining who is leaking what and who is doing what to whom. This, like the speculation, is not just a matter of curiosity. The careers and fortunes of many here rest on their capacity for knowing—or for convincing others that they know—what is what and who is up and who is down and who is on the rise. There are many here who are investors in power—people who aid or befriend a politician, or an important aide or friend of a politician, whose success could enhance their own. Some investors in power propel a Presidential candidate along, fuelling his ambitions and dreams, in the hope of thereby realizing something on their investment. Washingtonians read several newspapers. Washingtonians do not live like other people. On Sundays, when other people are hiking or sailing or doing nothing, many Washingtonians are earnestly going through the thick Sunday papers and watching "Meet the Press" and "Face the Nation." Washingtonians do this even when there is little going on. Someone once said, in a quieter era, "We are in the thick of thin things." Now we are in the thick of thick things, and at times we are very nearly overwhelmed.

Watergate has been hard on the Washington nervous system. The nervous system responds with some intensity to great, unexpected public events. They alter patterns and assumptions, and that can be disturbing. It is harder to escape the events in Washington, to turn the conversatio and the mind to other matters. Mo of the people here are here because the want to be; they came from othe places and decided to stay. They hav an odd combination of idealism an cynicism about the government the watch closely. They impute a certai majesty to the White House and th Capitol, and yet they know that insid those buildings fallible human being are fumbling their way through the complexities of running the country. They know how fallible those human beings can be, but they still address senators as "Senator" and Cabinet officers as "Mr. Secretary" and think it matters who is Attorney General, and stand up when they hear "Hail to the Chief." The creation of illusions is part of the process of clothing our government in some dignity. The predisposition to trust our leaders, despite some of the things we know about them, bespeaks an understanding that every free society has to proceed on trust. There is something healthy about our reluctance to shed that trust. We may derive some pleasure from shedding illusions imposed on us by others; there is little pleasure in shedding the illusions we have imposed on ourselves.

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AT lunch today, an assistant to the President told me that the worst of Watergate was over for the President. It had, he said, "bottomed out." The problem for the President now was to reëstablish his popularity. The aide said that perhaps the President needed a foreign-policy crisis to divert attention from Watergate and reassert his capacity for leadership in the foreign-policy field.

SEPTEMBER 30

SUNDAY. Things came unglued last week. On Tuesday, Vice-President Agnew asked the House of Representatives to conduct an inquiry into the charges against him. That same afternoon, Richardson released a statement to the effect that he and other officials had been meeting with Agnew's lawyers "to discuss procedural aspects of the case and options available to the Vice-President," that the negotiations had broken down, and that the evidence against the Vice-President would be presented to the grand jury. In his letter to the House, the Vice-President said that an investigation by the House provided the best means of "preserving the Constitutional stature of my office and accomplishing my personal vindication." On Wednesday, House Democratic leaders rejected Agnew's re-

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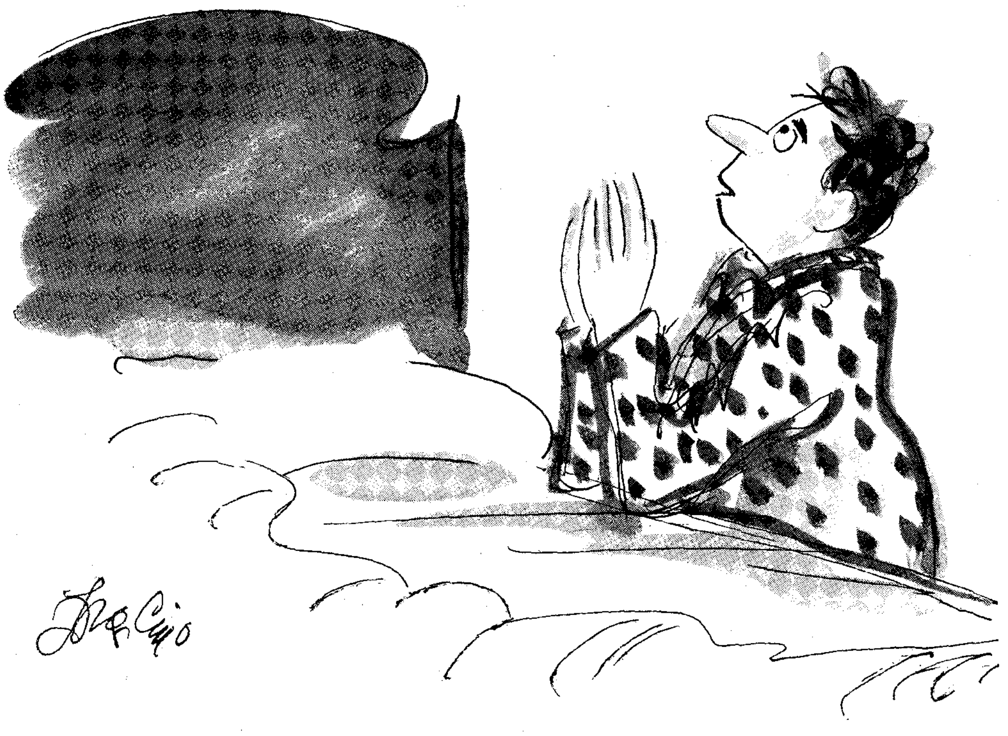

"Good morning. May I have a nice day, please?"

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quest, because, said Albert, it "relates to matters before the courts." Behind the high Constitutional principles evoked by both sides, there were other considerations: Agnew's hope that the Congress would extricate him from his legal troubles, and the Democrats' lack of interest in doing so.

On Friday, Agnew's lawyers moved in court to block the grand-jury proceedings, on the ground that a Vice-President cannot be investigated or indicted by a grand jury unless he is first impeached and removed from office by the Congress. The precedents cited on this question are confusing, and may not even be precedents. His lawyers also said that leaks to the press about the investigation had made it impossible for the Vice-President to receive a fair trial. They said that Justice Department officials were responsible for the leaks and were trying "to drive the Vice-President from the office." The Justice Department issued a statement calling the charges against Department officials "patently ridiculous."

The case is a skein of conflicting ambitions and exigencies. Richardson, who may have further political ambitions, must maintain a certain distance from both the White House and Agnew. The President is believed by some to want the Vice-President out, because his presence, and a long legal battle, would further scar an already damaged Presidency. Another way to look at it is that as long as there is a Vice-President under a cloud and in the office, the President's tenure is more secure. Agnew is fighting to save his skin, and he has a very powerful weapon—a following. Agnew has taken to the road to evoke that following.

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THE Ervin committee resumed its hearings last week. Hunt, released from prison in order to testify, and under pressure from Judge Sirica to coöperate with investigators, was pale and subdued, the disillusioned soldier-at-arms betrayed by friends and by his country. Hunt said, "I am crushed by the failure of my government to protect me and my family, as in the past it has always done for its clandestine agents."

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LAST summer, Woodward and Bernstein reported that Hunt had told Ervin-committee investigators that he had been ordered by Colson, within hours after Arthur Bremer shot George Wallace, on May 15, 1972, to break into Bremer's apartment in Milwaukee. Colson, Hunt said, wanted him to reach the apartment before the F.B.I. did. He said that Colson wanted him to look for evidence that Bremer was connected with left-wing political causes. Hunt, according to the reports, said that the risk of getting caught was too great, and he did not go. Colson denied the reports, calling them "utterly preposterous." Colson said that he had dined with the President that evening and could not have spoken with Hunt until later. Woodward and Bernstein wrote, "One White House source said that when President Nixon was informed of the shooting, he became deeply upset and voiced concern that the attempt on Governor Wallace's life might have been made by someone with ties to the Republican Party or the Nixon campaign. If such a tie existed, the source said, the President indicated it could cost him the election."

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HUNT told the Ervin committee of another break-in—one that he and Liddy had planned in 1972—that had not been carried out. The plan was to raid the office safe of Herman M. (Hank) Greenspun, the editor and publisher of the Las Vegas *Sun*. The plan was drawn up with the coöperation of a security aide to Howard Hughes, with whom, Hunt said, there was a "commonality of interest." The Washington *Post's* story about Hunt's testimony says that among the items that Jack Anderson wrote in 1971 and 1972 was one saying that the White House was unhappy about Donald Nixon's association with an associate of Hughes, and that Bebe Rebozo had once intervened to keep them apart; and that a payment of a hundred thousand dollars had passed from Richard Danner, a Hughes aide, to Bebe Rebozo.

Something else that Hunt said to the Ervin committee stays in one's mind. He said that he could not "say that the C.I.A. has ever stayed out of domestic activity." The revelations about the C.I.A., the F.B.I., and the White House police raise a number of questions concerning the uses of covert agencies in a democratic society.

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A MEMORANDUM of a telephone conversation in November, 1972, between Colson and Hunt, taped by Colson, was released by the committee today. It shows Colson telling Hunt, "The less specifics I know, the better off I am, we are, you are."

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PATRICK BUCHANAN, the first Ervin-committee witness on the subject of "dirty tricks," was self-assured and combative. Buchanan's memoranda about campaign strategy contained lines such as "We ought to go down to the kennels and turn all the dogs loose

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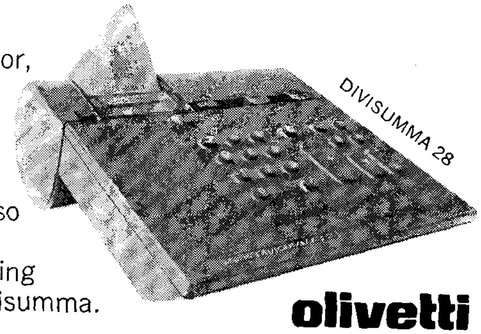

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OLIVETTI CORPORATION OF AMERICA, 500 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY 10022 on ecology Ed," and "Who should we get to poke the sharp stick into his cave to bring Muskie howling forth?" Said Buchanan to the committee, "The exaggerated metaphor is really the staple of American political language."

•

THE Washington *Post* reported this morning that Tom Charles Huston, author of the President's 1970 plan for admittedly illegal intelligence-gathering, who is now a lawyer in Indianapolis, has been serving for the past year on a Census Bureau advisory committee on privacy and confidentiality.

October 1

ON page 28 of this morning's New York *Times*, there is a story about testimony and other evidence gathered for the trial in Los Angeles of a suit against Howard Hughes by a former employee, Robert Maheu. Maheu has given more details of Richard Danner's delivery of a hundred thousand dollars in cash from Howard Hughes to Bebe Rebozo. He said that the money was delivered in two installments of fifty thousand dollars each. Danner was a former F.B.I. agent, an associate of former Florida Senator George Smathers, and a friend of Rebozo. It was Smathers who introduced Rebozo to Nixon. The *Times* story also says that Danner was sent by Hughes to Washington to see Attorney General John Mitchell. In 1968, the Justice Department blocked further acquisitions of casinos in Las Vegas by Hughes.

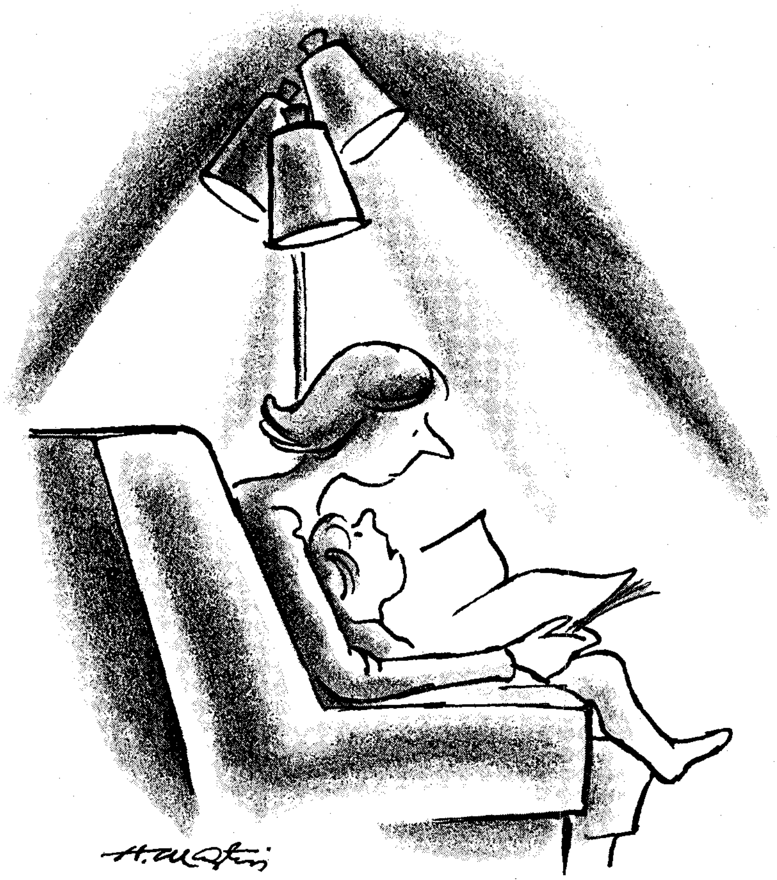
Over the weekend, there have been stories about campaign contributions to Mr. Nixon that were revealed as a result of a suit brought by Common Cause (John Gardner's citizens' lobby) to force the disclosure of secret contributions for the President's reëlection. A story in Saturday's Washington *Post* said that Calvin Kovens, a Miami Beach contractor who was convicted, with former Teamsters president James Hoffa, of mail fraud, contributed thirty thousand dollars in cash. It said that Kovens was pardoned eight days after former Senator Smathers called Charles Colson and argued for Kovens' release. In March, Colson left the White House and joined a law firm in Washington. A few months earlier, the Teamsters had transferred their business to Colson's firm from one headed by Edward Bennett Williams and Joseph Califano. In 1971, James Hoffa's sentence was commuted by the President, and Hoffa was released from prison after serving about one-third of his term. Jack Anderson reported in May of this year that the Teamsters raised large amounts of money, most of it in cash, for the President's 1968 and 1972 campaigns. Much of it, said Anderson, came via Las Vegas casinos financed by Teamster pension funds. Hoffa was released on terms that prohibited him from participating in Teamster politics until 1980. In July of this year, Hoffa was reported in the Washington *Post* to have said he believed that Colson received sizable contributions for the President's campaign in exchange for keeping him out of Teamster politics. Colson responded, "No money, not on any occasion, was ever paid to me regarding Mr. Hoffa. The charge would be funny if it was not so serious."

•

THE information on campaign contributions released last Friday in response to a federal-court order showed that the President's reëlection committees raised eleven million four hundred thousand dollars in the one-month period before April 7, 1972. In the fall of 1972, Common Cause brought its suit, which maintained that the law in effect before April 7th also required disclosure. We had read that lists of those who contributed before that date had been destroyed at the offices of the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President. Common Cause, in the course of its suit, discovered, almost by chance, that one list survived—in the desk drawer of the President's secretary, Rose Mary Woods. There is no way of knowing whether the information that has now been supplied as a result of the suit is complete, and Common Cause has been granted power by the court to continue legal action to discover other sources of campaign funds.

The newly released figures show that sixty million two hundred thousand dollars was raised to reëlect the President. This is almost twice as much as was reported to have been raised for his nomination and election in 1968, and the total of sixty million two hundred thousand dollars does not include funds raised by "Democrats for Nixon," headed by John Connally, and from certain Republican groups.

Common Cause released a preliminary breakdown of contributions made to Nixon between January 1, 1971, and April 6, 1972. The amounts were: the auto and tire industry, $307,000; chemicals, $950,000; construction, engineering, and architects, $370,000; dairy, $232,000; entertainment, $580,000; financial (banking, securities, and insurance), $4,470,000; food and food processing, $295,000; mining, $125,-



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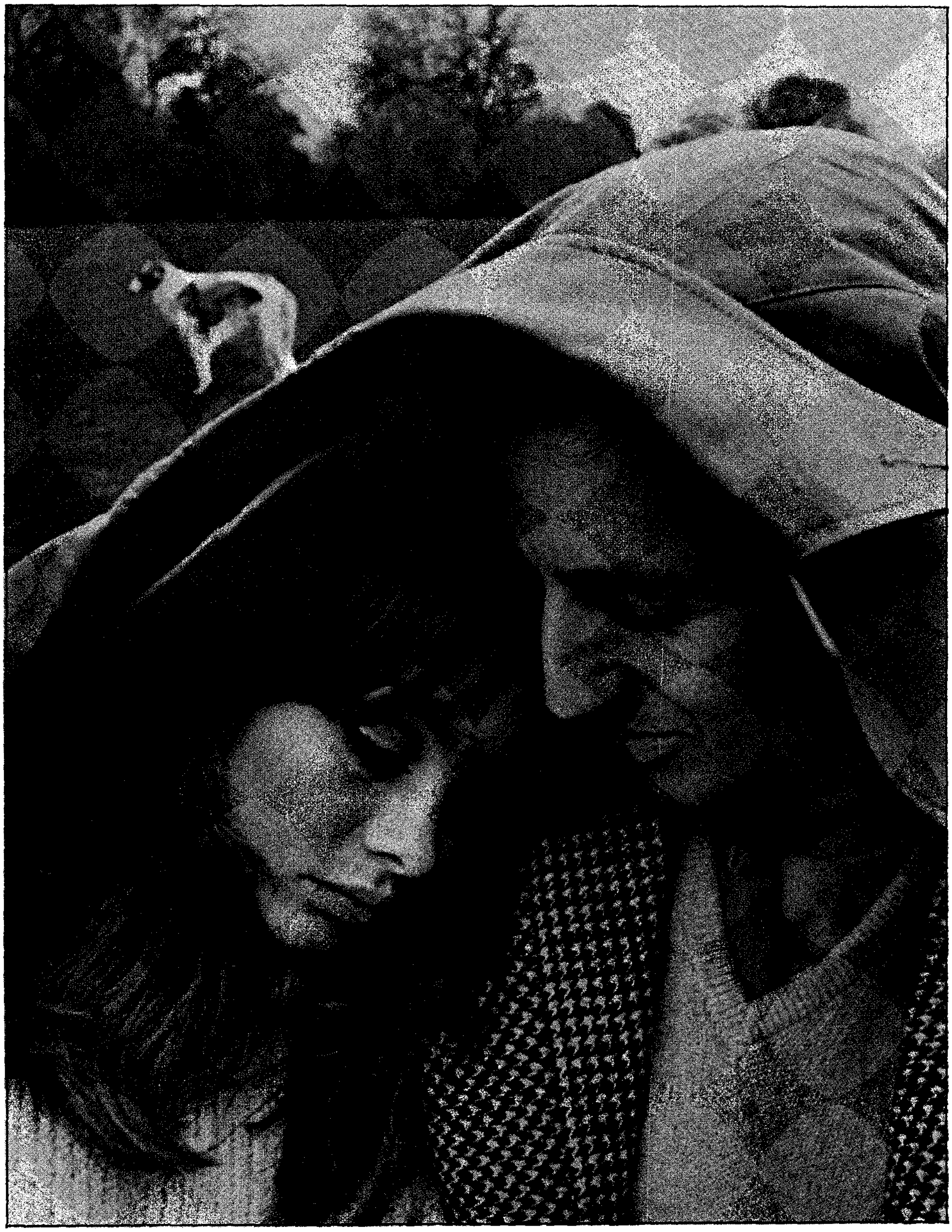

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000; oil and gas, $1,410,000; pharmaceutical and health, $1,120,000; real estate, $1,005,000; textiles, $312,000; transportation (airlines, railroads, and shipping), $425,000; government officials (including ambassadors), $1,011,000; defense and aerospace contractors, $501,000.

The Ervin-committee hearings showed how rivers of cash flowed from contributors to Maurice Stans, former Secretary of Commerce and chairman of the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President, and to Herbert Kalmbach, associate chairman of the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President; and to safes and secret funds; and to the "Gemstone" plan for espionage and sabotage of the Democrats; and to the "legal-defense fund" for the Watergate Seven. Stans and former Attorney General Mitchell, who later served as chairman of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, have been indicted, along with the financier Robert Vesco, for conspiracy to defraud the United States and to obstruct justice, and Mitchell and Stans have also been indicted for perjury, in connection with a contribution by Vesco of two hundred thousand dollars.

The material released last Friday shows that the President's reëlection committees spent almost five million dollars in the two days before the new law took effect. According to Common Cause, most of it went in prepayments for services that the committees would apparently rather have had remain undisclosed. Among the recipients of funds listed on Friday with the Clerk of the House were G. Gordon Liddy, Anthony Ulasewicz, Donald Segretti (retained to carry out "dirty tricks" against the Democrats), John Caulfield, Seymour Freidin (one of two journalists retained by Murray Chotiner to spy on the McGovern campaign), and Chotiner.

October 2

AT the White House, John Love, former governor of Colorado and now in charge of the Administration's energy program, and Rogers Morton, the Secretary of the Interior, explain to the press a new program of mandatory allocation of propane gas and a plan for federal supply-management of heating oil. This is the first energy allocation since the Second World War. The energy officials say that it will be "temporary."

•

THE President and Mrs. Nixon dined last night at Trader Vic's restaurant. Yesterday, the President went for an automobile drive with General Alexander Haig, now his top domestic adviser. Several of the reporters are edgy, and wonder what's going on. They also become edgy, and wonder what's going on, when the President stays secluded.

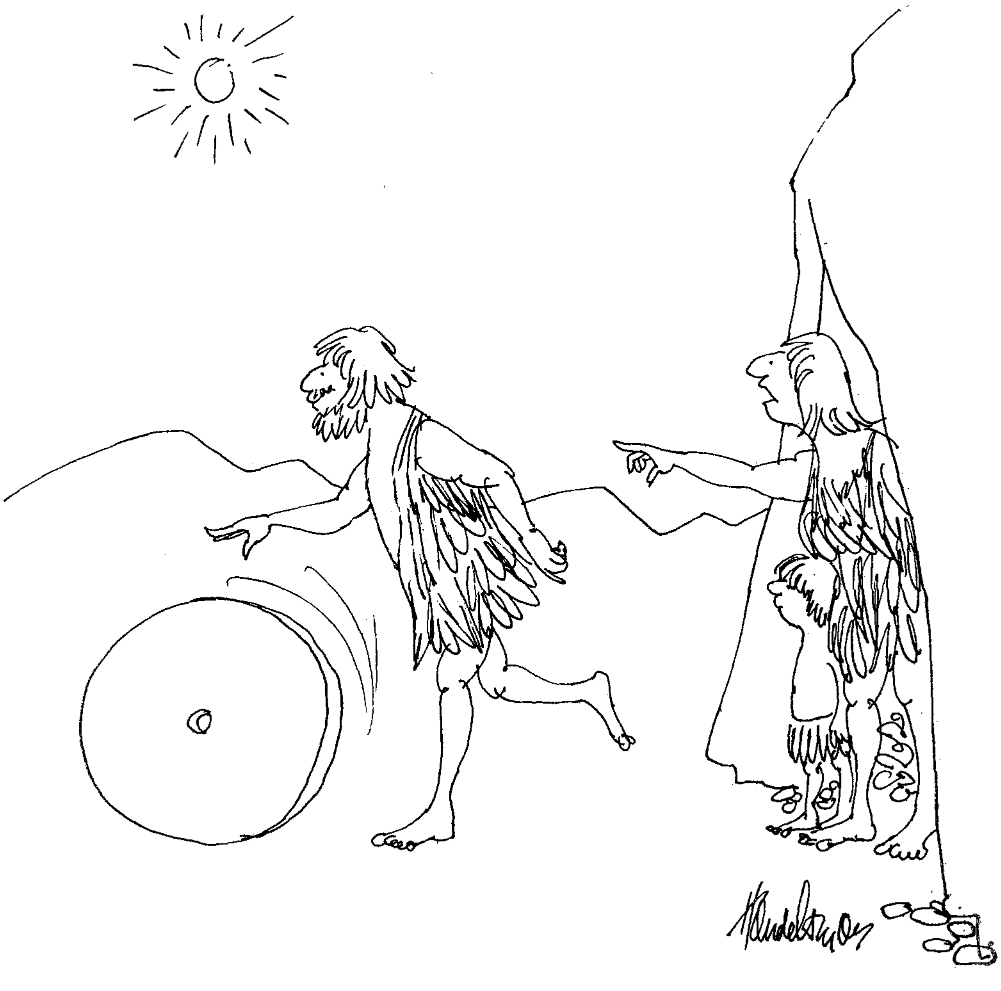
•

LAST weekend, a special Senate committee issued a report that says there are now over four hundred and seventy statutes in which the Congress has given the President special powers that he may use in a period of national emergency. The report also points out that we have been in a state of national emergency since 1933. Among the things that these statutes say the President may do in a period of national emergency are declare martial law, send troops anywhere in the world, call up the Reserves, seize and control all means of transportation, regulate all private enterprise, restrict travel, and seize property. Some of the emergency powers have been around for some time, and have been put to imaginative use. The Feed and Forage Act of 1861 was passed in order to permit the President to provide food and clothing to Civil War troops and forage for their horses without the specific approval of the Congress. In that period, the Congress met in short sessions; the law was passed, amid a general tightening of restrictions on the President's powers, to assure that the troops would be fed and clothed while the Congress was not in session. The Feed and Forage Act of 1861 has been used in recent years to circumvent congressional restrictions on paying for the war in Southeast Asia. It has been estimated that more than ten billion dollars was spent for the war by this circumvention alone.

The committee, headed by Senators Frank Church, Democrat of Idaho, and Charles Mathias, Republican of Maryland, is considering legislation to repeal the state of national emergency.

October 6

A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT memorandum printed in today's papers argues, by somewhat tortured reasoning, that the Vice-President can be indicted before he is impeached but the President cannot. The memorandum concedes that the Constitution makes no such distinction. The distinction is made, rather, it says, because of "the singular importance of the Presidency." It says that should a Vice-President who is under indictment succeed to the Presi-



"Hey! Come back here with my lazy Susan!"

dency, the criminal proceedings could stop and impeachment could begin.

•

THIS week, the Providence *Journal* reported that the President and Mrs. Nixon paid $792.81 in income taxes for 1970, and $878.03 for 1971. Other papers picked up the story. Gerald Warren, who now conducts the White House press briefings, said, responding to queries, "We consider that the President's tax returns are private, just like any other citizen's, and we're not going to comment further."

•

THE *Green Book*, Washington's social register, was published this week. The Haldemans, the Ehrlichmans, the Deans, the Magruders, and the Stanses have been dropped. A press release accompanying publication of the book said that the changes were the result of "an upheaval in Washington officialdom unprecedented without a change in Administration." In an interview, Mrs. Carolyn Hagner Shaw, who says that she compiles the book with an anonymous five-member board, observed that compiling it this year was "some job."

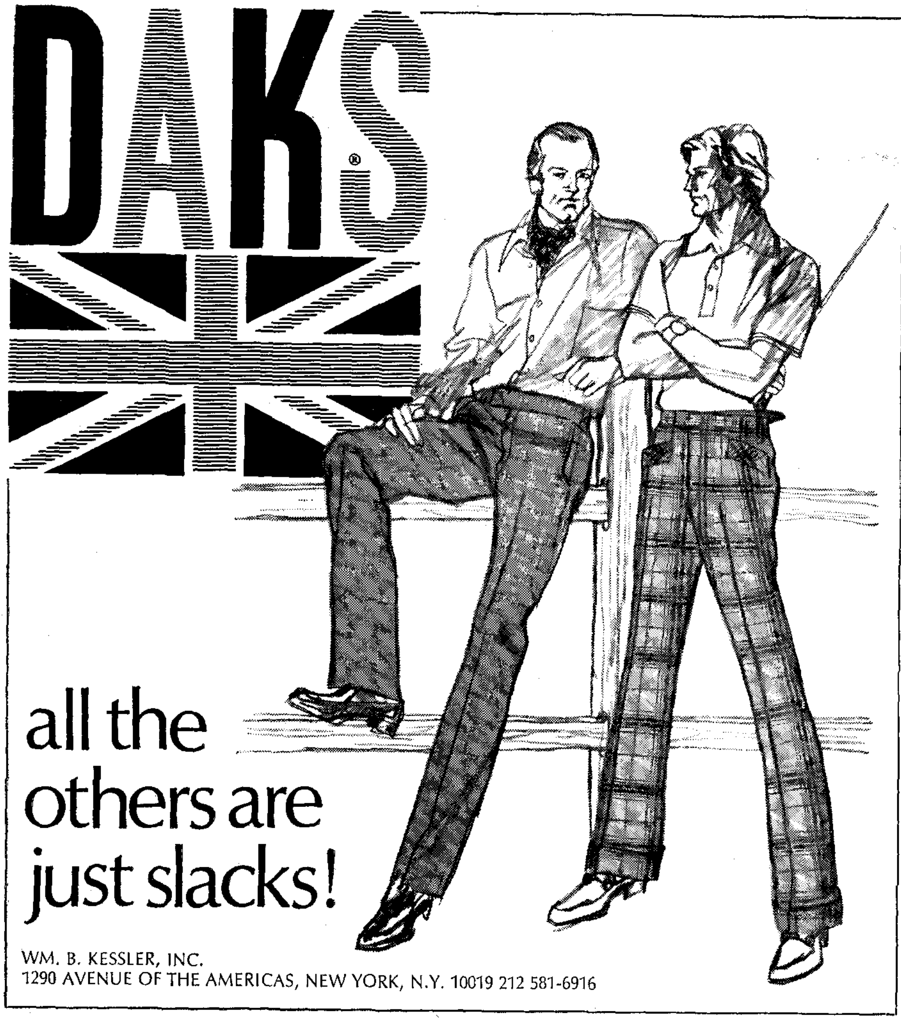
•

THIS morning, war broke out in the Middle East.

OCTOBER 10

THE phone call that comes in the early afternoon saying that the Vice-President has resigned is astonishing. I had thought about the event, even anticipated it. Now reality, as it has done in other instances, other contexts, has betrayed anticipation. We had been getting ready for this, and we hadn't.

Agnew is on television, coming out of the courthouse in Baltimore. His face is expressionless. He has pleaded nolo contendere to a single charge of federal-income-tax evasion. Moments earlier, he resigned as Vice-President. The judge called the no-contest plea "the full equivalent of a plea of guilty." Agnew has been sentenced to three years of unsupervised probation and a fine of ten thousand dollars. In exchange, the government has agreed not to press the other charges, of alleged acts of extortion and bribery, the details of which shall be made public. Agnew has told the court that he chose to resign, and not to fight the charges against him, because to do otherwise "would seriously prejudice the national interest." On television, Agnew is still defiant. He points out, "The principle witnesses of the government are not be-



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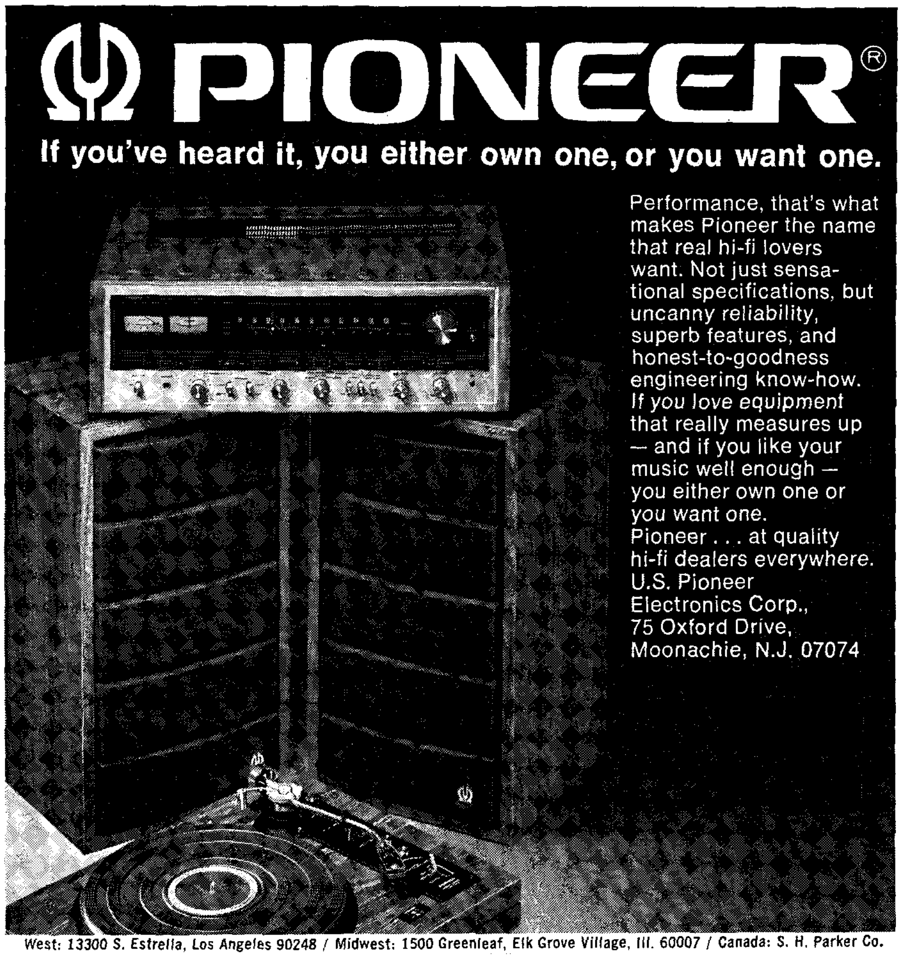

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ing fully prosecuted," and goes on to say, "I will make an address to the nation within a few days."

•

ON a C.B.S. Special this evening, we see the congressional leaders leaving the White House. Carl Albert, the Speaker of the House, is now first in line of succession for the Presidency. After Albert, the next in line is Senator James Eastland, Democrat of Mississippi. Eastland is now second in line for the Presidency by virtue of having served in the Senate longer than any other member of the majority party. He thereby holds the ceremonial post of president pro tempore of the Senate, who under normal circumstances is third in line of succession.

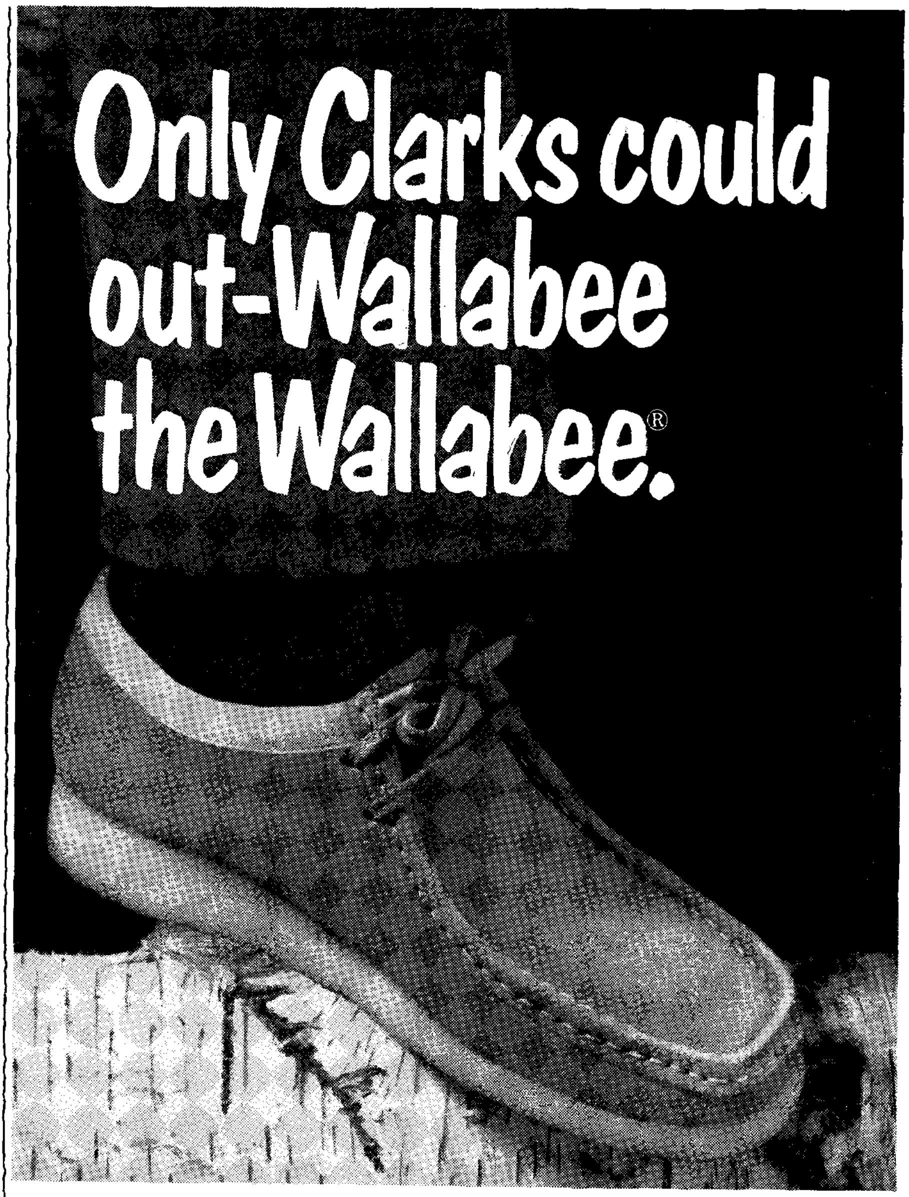
Walter Cronkite says that "the big question tonight" is who will succeed Agnew. Cronkite lists some names that are being mentioned: Governor Nelson Rockefeller, of New York; Governor Ronald Reagan, of California; John Connally; Representative Gerald Ford, Republican of Michigan, the Minority Leader of the House; Senator Hugh Scott, Republican of Pennsylvania, the Minority Leader of the Senate; William P. Rogers, the former Secretary of State; Elliot Richardson; Melvin Laird, former Secretary of Defense and now a White House adviser; George Bush, chairman of the Republican National Committee; William Scranton; Howard Baker.

•

NOW the procedure for selecting a new Vice-President will have to be invented. There is no precedent for this situation. The Twenty-fifth Amendment to the Constitution, which provides for filling the office of the Vice-President if it should become vacant, says simply, "Whenever there is a vacancy in the office of the Vice-President, the President shall nominate a Vice-President who shall take office upon confirmation by a majority vote of both Houses of Congress." The Amendment was approved by the Congress in 1965 and was ratified by the required three-fourths of the states by 1967. Now no one is sure how it should work.

•

WHEN the Congress enacted the Twenty-fifth Amendment, it had other concerns besides filling a Vice-Presidential vacancy. The Amendment also deals with the question of what to do in the case of the disability of the President. Some think that that section is unclear, too. The Twenty-fifth Amendment was enacted



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in part because the men who were next in line when Lyndon Johnson assumed the Presidency, after Kennedy's assassination, in 1963, were very old. Johnson had suffered a heart attack some years earlier. The Speaker of the House, John McCormack, was in his seventies; the president pro tempore of the Senate, Carl Hayden, was in his eighties. We watched them uneasily as they sat, slack-jawed, behind the President when he addressed the Congress.

•

THE Washington *Star-News* reports that, through a set of transactions arranged by Charles Colson, money contributed by the milk producers in 1971 was used to finance the break-in at Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office.

OCTOBER 11

TODAY will be a day of speculation and rumors and attempts to grasp the situation. We've never been here before.

Yesterday's "Dear Mr. President" and "Dear Ted" letters between the President and the former Vice-President are in this morning's papers. They are at once cordial and guarded, each man protecting his position. In his "Dear Ted" letter, Nixon tells Agnew, "Your strong patriotism and your profound dedication to the welfare of the nation have been an inspiration."

•

THE Agnew story dominates this morning's papers, but there are other items of interest. The war in the Middle East is growing worse. The United States government says it believes that the Soviet Union is airlifting supplies to Egyptian and Syrian forces. The State Department says that this would "put a new face on" the Middle East conflict. There are reports that the United States may increase its military supplies to Israel. The 1967 war lasted six days. It is now the sixth day since this war broke out, and there is no prospect of an end.

•

IT is a gray, chilly day. In Washington, the autumns are usually warm and lovely. It is often warm enough here to play tennis, and sail on Chesapeake Bay, through November. Along Pennsylvania Avenue today, there are flags with orange, green, and white stripes, marking the official visit to the United States of the President of the Ivory Coast, Félix Houphouet-Boigny. Some things don't change. For as long as I can remember, Félix Houphouet-Boigny has been President of the Ivory Coast and has been visiting Washington. As I approach the White House, cannons fire, and a helicopter rises from the South Lawn. The President has seen his official visitor off.

•

ON television, Elliot Richardson is holding a press conference at the Justice Department on the way in which the Agnew case was settled. The Department has released a document titled "Exposition of the Evidence Against Spiro T. Agnew Accumulated by the Investigation in the Office of the United States Attorney for the District of Maryland as of October 10, 1973," which covers forty pages. It tells of the arrangements by which Agnew allegedly arranged for cash payments from engineering firms and others with state business in exchange for state-awarded work. According to the charges, some of the payments were made while Agnew was Vice-President. Agnew has claimed that the evidence is false.

•

VICTOR GOLD, to my surprise, keeps a lunch date we made last week for today. Gold was Agnew's press secretary for a time, and has just begun to work as a newspaper columnist. His career has been closely tied to that of Agnew. During Agnew's recent troubles, Gold was an outspoken defender of the Vice-President, and suggested that the Vice-President was the victim of a White House plot—perhaps to replace Agnew with Connally, or, at least, to divert attention from Watergate. Gold has a rather famous temper, but he is popular with the press, because he understands its job and he has a sense of humor. Today, Gold, usually a voluble man, is subdued. He seems to be in shock. We eat at the Sans Souci. The Sans Souci, around the corner from the White House, is Washington's "see-and-be-seen" restaurant. Today, William Safire, former speechwriter for Nixon and now a columnist for the *Times*, is lunching with Patrick Buchanan; and Ken W. Clawson, deputy director of the White House Office of Communications, is here; and so is Charles Colson. One day last summer, I saw James McCord lunching at the Sans Souci.

"I should have been more cynical," says Vic Gold, shaking his head sorrowfully. "I grew up in Louisiana, and when I was twelve years old I saw my governor go to jail." A bit later, he says, "It's like Watergate. You don't know what you're in." Gold says that

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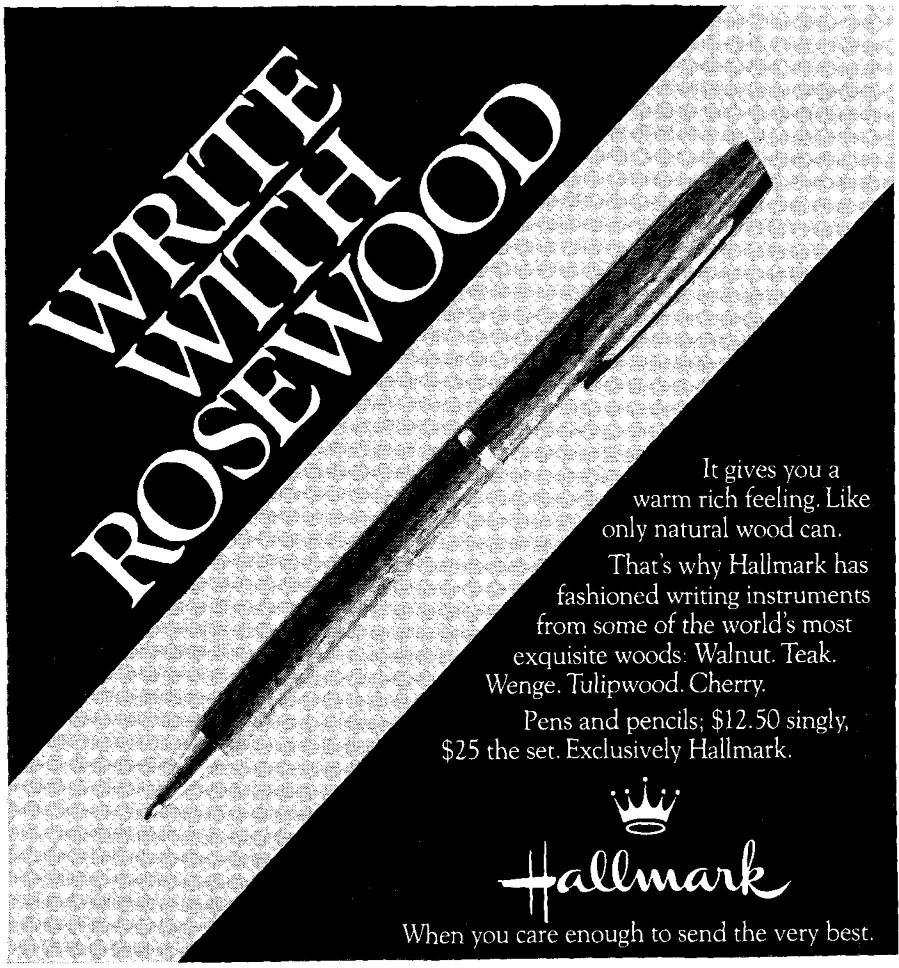

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conservatives are telephoning him, very upset. Not long ago, the former Vice-President said emphatically that he would not resign, and they believed him. Gold says that conservatives are also upset about what is going on at the White House. And some still suspect the President "dumped" Agnew. Gold himself is in a difficult position. After lunch, I walk back with him to his office, at 1701 Pennsylvania Avenue. There is a thick stack of slips noting phone calls that came in while he was at lunch. He is being besieged by requests for interviews, television appearances. "Frankly," he says, pacing the floor of his office, "I don't know what to do." On the walls of his office are large photographs of Agnew and Gold conferring, and of Agnew, waving and smiling, emerging from a plane that bears the seal of the Vice-President.

•

THE flags of the Ivory Coast have been removed from Pennsylvania Avenue. Supporters of Israel are demonstrating in front of the White House. Supporters of the Arabs are demonstrating across Pennsylvania Avenue, in Lafayette Park. Six years ago, it was the other way around: Arabs in front of the White House, Israelis in Lafayette Park.

•

THE town is dense with rumors and speculation. A reporter encountered after lunch on Connecticut Avenue says, "It'll be Warren Burger on Tuesday." John Connally is believed to be out of the running for the Vice-Presidency, because he would meet strong opposition from the Congress. There is something about Connally that stirs dislike in politicians. He is big, noisy, and unpredictable. He not only opposes—he rubs it in.

A new word has been given currency—"caretaker." In the present context, a "caretaker" would be a Vice-President without further ambitions. If he became President, he would not run again. Some politicians want a "caretaker" for what they see as statesmanlike reasons—to provide stability. Others, of course, have less detached reasons, but few will talk about them out loud. Everyone wants to appear statesmanlike now. The removal of a Vice-President on a relatively "minor" charge is seen by some as making it more possible that a President might be removed on less than grand grounds. If the President selects someone who attracts wide support, a figure of "national unity," he might have more trouble remaining President. These thoughts must have occurred to Mr. Nixon.

•

JUST before six this evening, the President took off in his helicopter for Camp David, his Maryland retreat. A few minutes earlier, House Minority Leader Gerald Ford and Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott drove up to the White House. Ford told reporters he had come to deliver the House members' proposals for the Vice-Presidency—a hundred and sixty-three of them.

OCTOBER 12

ON the evening news, it is announced that the President made his decision about the next Vice-President at dawn today at Camp David. It is reported that he has chosen from among five men who were under final consideration. He will disclose his decision at the White House this evening. This is earlier than had been expected. Presumably, the information that the choice was made at dawn is included to add drama, but dawn has bad connotations. The President chose Agnew at dawn. At dawn, in 1970, the President went to the Lincoln Memorial to talk about football with the peace demonstrators.

It is also announced on tonight's news that the Court of Appeals has ruled that the President must turn the tapes over to the court. The court said that for the President to be able to decide what information he must surrender would be "an invitation to refashion the Constitution." The court said that it had hoped the President and the Special Prosecutor could work out a compromise on the tapes.

•

YESTERDAY, Egil Krogh was indicted for lying to the grand jury about the work of the plumbers. This was the first in what is expected to be a series of indictments obtained by the Special Prosecutor, Archibald Cox.

•

IT is hard to know what to call the television spectacle that is broadcast from the East Room of the White House tonight. The Cabinet is present. Many members of Congress are also present, including some Democrats—by and large, Southern senators and senior members of the House. The President has played on their institutional confusion. The Supreme Court declined to come. Members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff are there. The President says, as he has said before, that it is "vital that we turn away from the

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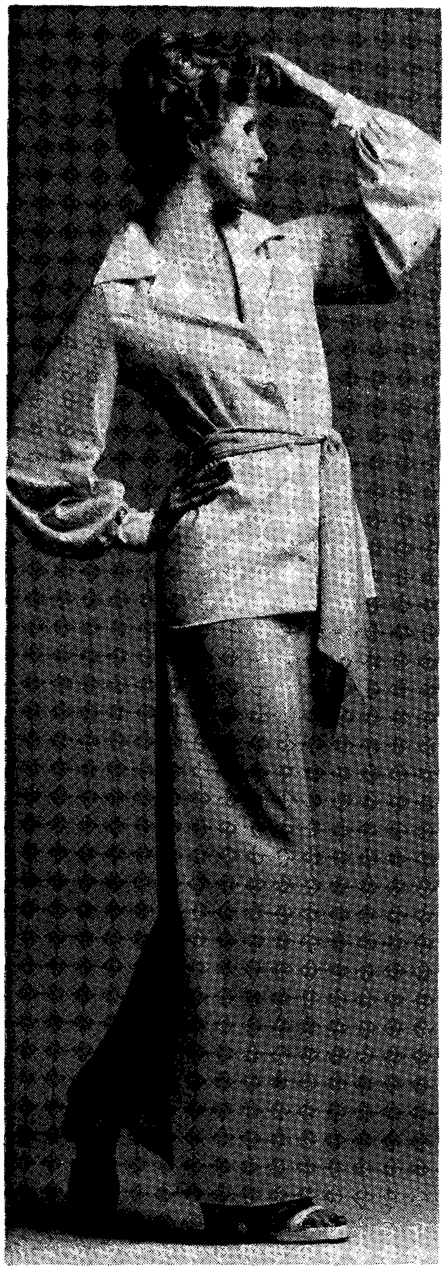

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obsessions of the past." He says, "This is a time for a new beginning." He succeeds, maddeningly, in drawing us into his guessing game about his choice. It will be someone who agrees with him on foreign policy and defense matters, he says. It will be someone with executive ability. Someone who can work with the Congress. (Maybe Senator Henry Jackson, Democrat of Washington? That would be a stroke, neutralizing the Democrats.) He says that his choice has served in the Congress for twenty-five years. That still leaves a number of possibilities. But the congressional leaders, and then the others in the room, are standing and clapping and cheering. I am embarrassed for Gerald Ford when he does not stand up. There must be some mistake. Can it be Ford? Ford has the reputation of being a somewhat limited spear-carrier for the Republicans. Ford is a clubman, steady, courteous, and well liked on Capitol Hill. There are no sharp edges on him—of brilliance or of meanness. His name was not taken very seriously when it came up in the speculation. But now it is clear that Nixon's choice is Ford.

The President congratulates his nominee, and the crowd in the East Room is jubilant. "They like you," the President says to Ford. They do; Ford is one of them. The President and the Vice-President-designate, arm in arm, smile at the crowd in the East Room.

October 15

Behind the statements of several members of Congress today about how deliberate the consideration of Ford must be, there is some embarrassment over the scene in the East Room on Friday night, and also the idea that Ford's confirmation should be delayed until the President's situation becomes clearer. There is the issue of the tapes. The Ervin-committee staff is reported to have been told four conflicting stories about the circumstances of the payment of a hundred thousand dollars by Howard Hughes to Bebe Rebozo. Some people are questioning why a President in so much trouble should be able to choose his successor. But who else could do it? The Twenty-fifth Amendment did not foresee this situation. Who could?

•

Today, I asked a Senate aide why the issue of the tapes was the focus of the impeachment talk. "Because it provides a high-minded reason for impeachment," he replied. "If the President defies the Supreme Court, that would overturn the concept of how America works which has held since Marbury vs. Madison." In Marbury vs. Madison, in 1803, the Supreme Court ruled that the Supreme Court did not have to enforce an act of the Congress which it found un-Constitutional. The aide also said that defiance of the Supreme Court was "something clear-cut that the members of Congress could seize on, as opposed to corruption, break-ins, or the Fourth Amendment."

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At lunch, a Republican member of the House said that Ford had been more a "White House man" than a leader of the House Republicans. He also said, "Jerry is popular because he is not a leader. If he were a leader, he would not be popular."

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A Democratic senator said today that he did not think Ford was Presidential material, and that a lot of his colleagues shared his view. I asked him why others did not say so publicly. "Because if they say something nice about him, he'll be nice to them," the senator said. "A lot of those people spend their time currying favor. He might be President, you know."

•

Agnew, in his television address tonight, suddenly looks like an old man. He seems shrunken, his face more creased. Perhaps it is the gray suit that makes his face appear ashen despite the makeup. The former Vice-President is sitting in a mock office in a television studio. It is painful to watch the former Vice-President speak tonight, but this seems to be something he needs to do. Mr. Agnew says that his plea last week was "not an admission of guilt but a plea of no contest, done to still the raging storm." He has some bitter words for the Maryland contractors who allegedly participated with him in the kickback scheme, and then did him in. "They know where the questionable propositions originate," he says. "They know how many shoddy schemes a political man must reject in the course of carrying out his office." Then the Vice-President gives, in effect, a little chalk talk about the process of corruption of politicians. He explains the "pressures for favoritism" under systems of noncompetitive contract bidding—pressures that exist "at every level of government in this country." He also explains that public officials "face the unpleasant but unavoidable necessity of raising substantial sums of money to pay their campaign and election expenses." Then he explains, "In

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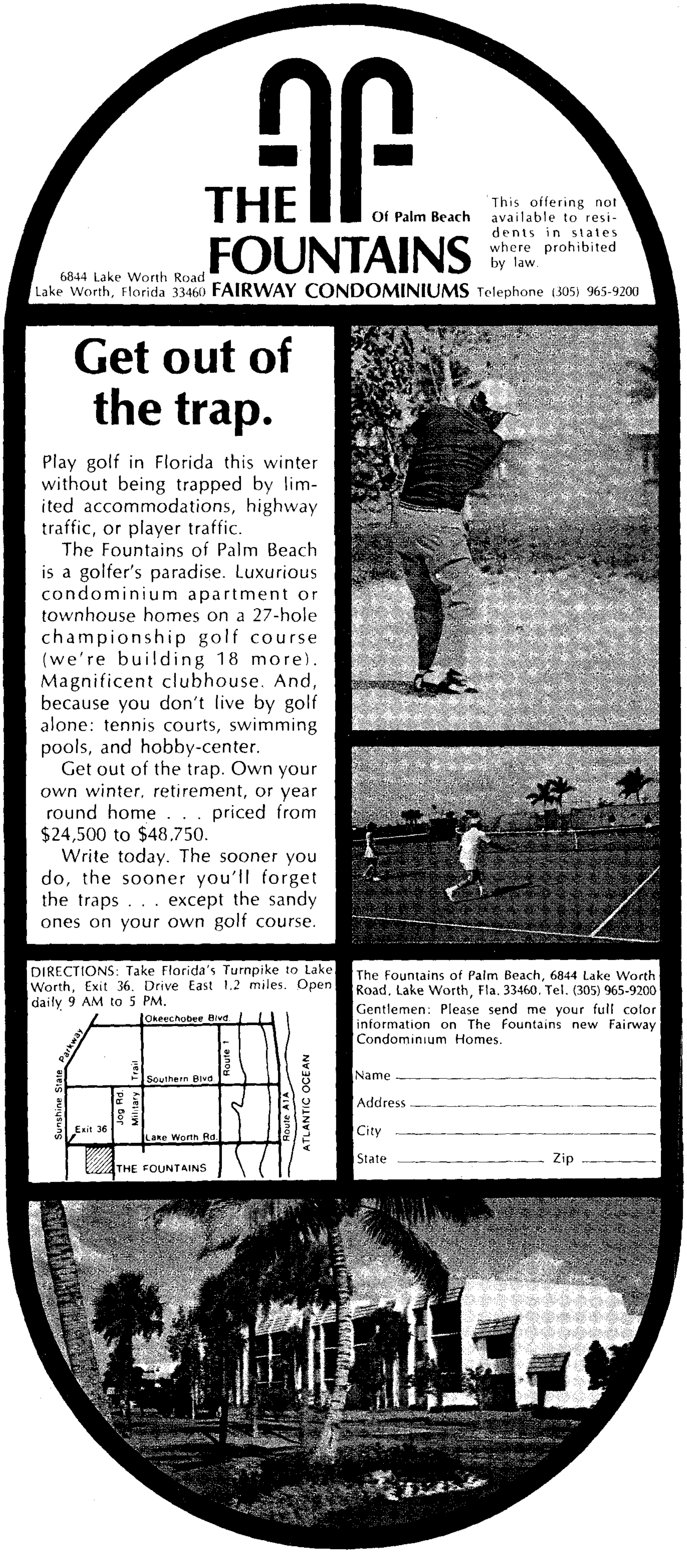

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the forefront of those eager to contribute always have been the contractors seeking non-bid state awards." He says that the series of charges against him "boils down to the accusation that I permitted my fund-raising activities and my contract-dispensing activities to overlap in an unethical and unlawful manner." Then the former Vice-President says, in a bitter tone, "Perhaps, judged by the new, post-Watergate political morality, I did." And he calls for "public financing for every political candidate." This is a more radical reform than almost anyone else has suggested.

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AFTER the former Vice-President finishes speaking, Victor Gold, appearing on C.B.S., is asked what the point is of Agnew's speaking at this stage. Gold replies, slowly, "I have no idea."

OCTOBER 16

JUST before lunchtime, the news came over the tickers that Marines were boarding an aircraft carrier headed for the Mediterranean. Nobody knows what it means.

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AT a restaurant, some aides of former Vice-President Agnew are being taken to lunch by reporters. It may be the last time.

•

THE city seems to be reeling around amidst the events and the breaking stories. In the restaurants, the noise level is higher. At the end of the day, someone says, "It's like being drunk."

OCTOBER 17

THIS morning's papers report that Melvin Laird told reporters yesterday that he had warned the President to expect an impeachment move by the Congress if he rejected an order by the Supreme Court to surrender the tapes. The President could have known that if he defied the Supreme Court he would provoke a Constitutional crisis. The President, of course, could have known this if he read the newspapers, but it has never been clear to what extent the President reads the newspapers, or to what extent the news summaries prepared under the supervision of Patrick Buchanan give him the bad news. Laird is proficient at playing the press, and he is shrewd, and he is enmeshed in Republican politics, and from long habit we read stories about

Laird to try to figure out why he is saying what he is saying. We even read stories that do not mention Laird—such as columns by the team of Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, who are close to Laird—to try to figure out why Laird is saying what he is saying. Laird usually has a reason. It is fair to guess that two purposes of yesterday's comment by Laird were (1) to send a message to the President, to whom Laird is said not to have much access, and (2) to keep Laird's public record on the issue of the tapes clear. Laird also said that "several weeks ago" he discussed with Gerald Ford the possibility of Agnew's resignation and of Ford's replacing Agnew.

•

A House subcommittee has just completed hearings on federal spending on the President's private homes. Among the disclosures during the hearings were that two thousand dollars in government funds was spent for a black-and-white terrazzo shuffleboard court and that eleven thousand five hundred dollars was spent for a redwood, rather than a wire-mesh, fence. The hearings showed that on a number of occasions the improvements were ordered by Herbert Kalmbach or by others handling the President's private affairs, who later billed the government. We have also read that the government supplied the President's home at San Clemente with Mexican lanterns designed by the President's architect.

In the October issue of *Fortune*, Dan Cordtz writes of the "monarchical life style to which U.S. Presidents have grown accustomed." He says that "only the budget of the Central Intelligence Agency is harder to calculate than that of the Presidency." He says that the thirteen-million-dollar White House budget "ludicrously understates" the cost of maintaining the Presidency, and says that the cost may be as high as a hundred million dollars a year. He says that the air fleet now at the disposal of the President, his family, and his staff includes five specially fitted Boeing 707 jetliners (President Johnson had three), sixteen specially soundproofed helicopters, and Lockheed Jetstars that often serve as courier planes to carry mail and staff assistants when the President is away from Washington. The Presidential air-conditioning bill, he says, is increased by Mr. Nixon's habit, copied by some of his aides, of keeping a fire burning in his fireplace even in summer. Cordtz reports that an official car has been used to provide private transportation to Camp David for the President's Irish setter, King Timahoe. He also reports that a group of Californians have given the President a golf course at San Clemente.

Early in the Nixon Administration, the Nixons began the custom of having, at social occasions, smartly uniformed trumpeters, their medieval horns draped with heraldic banners, trumpet the imminent approach of the President of the United States.

•

At dinner, a House Democrat of some influence says that he would like Vice-Presidential nominee Gerald Ford to become President soon. He says he would not mind if Ford were to be the Republican candidate for President in 1976. "It'll be easy to knock him off," he says.

OCTOBER 18

YESTERDAY, officers of three corporations—American Airlines, the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, and the Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company—pleaded guilty to making illegal corporate contributions to the President's reëlection campaign. Archibald Cox said that some other corporate indictments could be expected.

•

On the evening news, Senator Kennedy says that Congress should reject Ford's nomination "if Mr. Ford refuses to acknowledge the obligation of the President to obey the Supreme Court" in the matter of the tapes.

OCTOBER 19

TODAY is the last day on which the President can appeal the Court of Appeals ruling that he must comply with Judge Sirica's order to give the subpoenaed tapes to the court. The assumption is that he will appeal. The President might gamble that the Supreme Court would not hand down a "definitive" judgment. Moreover, there are a number of ways in which the issue of the tapes could sputter along for a considerable time, with compromises, challenges over the meaning of "national security," and so on. The matter could end ambiguously. This morning's Washington *Post* reports that Attorney General Richardson and Special Prosecutor Cox have been meeting during the week in an effort to avoid a Supreme Court showdown over the tapes.

•

MOST of today's stories are about the Middle East. Israeli tanks are on the west bank of the Suez. Saudi

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Arabia has announced that it has cut its oil production by ten per cent, and has threatened to cut off all supplies of oil to the United States unless the United States ceases its military aid to Israel.

•

THERE are further stories about the President's problems. In Washington, Egil Krogh has pleaded not guilty to charges that he lied to the grand jury about the plumbers' raid of Ellsberg's psychiatrist's file. Krogh contends that in ordering the break-in he was acting as "an officer of the United States" in defense of national security.

•

IN his opening speech at the biennial A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention today, George Meany said, "Never in history has a great nation been governed so corruptly."

•

GERALD WARREN told White House reporters yesterday that the hundred thousand dollars given by Howard Hughes to Bebe Rebozo was a "potential campaign contribution." Warren would not specify which campaign.

•

ON the evening news, it is reported that John Dean pleaded guilty today to conspiracy to obstruct justice and defraud the United States. In return for being permitted to plead guilty to this single charge, carrying a maximum sentence of five years in prison and a ten-thousand-dollar fine, Dean has promised "complete coöperation" with the Watergate prosecutors. He must have more to tell, and Cox must feel that what Dean has to tell is of sufficient value to warrant this arrangement.

•

RICHARDSON is reported to be still trying to work out a compromise on the tapes. Reporters spent the day at the Supreme Court awaiting the President's appeal, but nothing happened, and now the Court is closed. It is possible that the appeal might still be sent this evening (the Court would probably not turn it away)—too late for the event to be seen on tonight's news. Another "normal" day, as days, these days, go.

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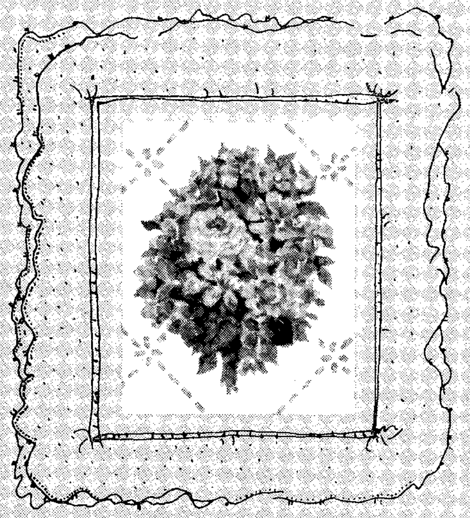
THE tailspin begins with the late-evening television news programs. It is announced that the President will



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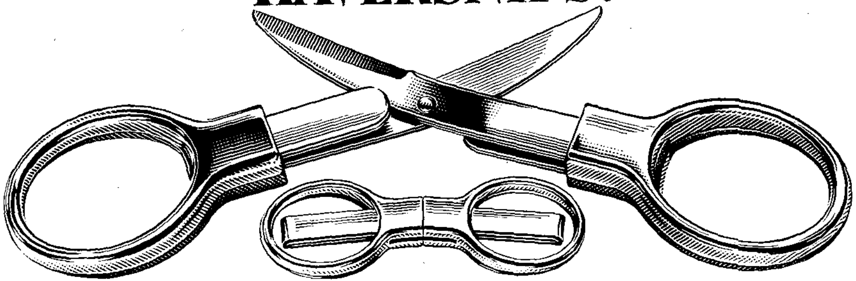

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not give up the tapes and will not appeal to the Supreme Court on the tapes. Instead, he will make summaries of the tapes available to the courts and the Ervin committee. Senator John Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi, will verify the authenticity of the summaries. Senators Ervin and Baker have met with the President and agreed to the arrangement. The President has also ordered Archibald Cox to cease his efforts to obtain, through the courts, other evidence from the White House. Cox has replied that to obey the order would be a violation of his duties, and that he will not obey. Fred Graham, of C.B.S., announces the story dressed in black tie. He has rushed from a dinner at the National Press Club, where the first annual Fourth Estate Award was presented to Walter Cronkite.

The news is stunning and makes little sense. On what authority could Ervin and Baker agree to such an arrangement? What on earth is Stennis doing in the picture? Stennis is chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee—one of the most powerful men in the Senate. Stennis, one quickly recalls, had kept the secret of the secret bombing. Stennis had presided over a subcommittee to oversee the C.I.A., but it had rarely met. Stennis is one of the Senate's barons. When he returned to the Senate recently, after recovering from being shot by a holdup man outside his Washington home early this year, he received a hero's welcome. Stennis was unlikely to be challenged by his fellow-senators. And Ervin and Baker are now getting at least some access to the tapes, which they have been denied by Judge Sirica. Apparently, the President has played to both senators' institutional pride, and to their confusion. He has brought them into an agreement that deals out the courts and Cox. Now the issue is drawn over the role of the courts and the Special Prosecutor. Tomorrow, Cox will hold a press conference.

The radio is kept on, as if war had broken out. At twelve-forty-five A.M., C.B.S. radio announces a "net alert," meaning an alert to the network stations. It sounds very ominous when a network announcer says "net alert"—as if, perhaps, war had in fact broken out. The announcement that follows is that Henry Kissinger has left, in secrecy, for Moscow.

OCTOBER 20

IT is a spectacularly beautiful day, warm and springlike. It's unfair to have to give it up for a Constitutional crisis. Besides, it is Saturday, and Washington is supposed to stop on Sat-

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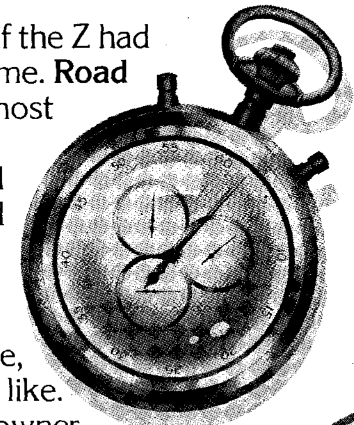
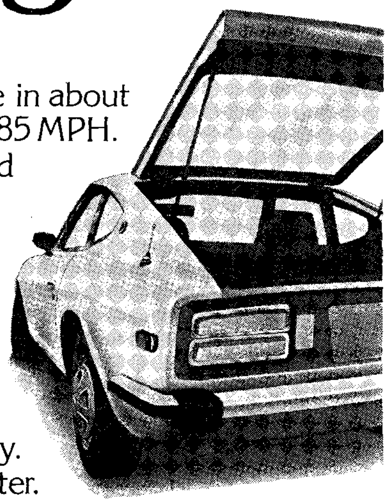


Indeed, it looked as if the Z had found a new happy home. **Road & Track** called it "the most exciting GT car of the decade." In '72, **Car and Driver** readers selected the 240-Z as "Car of the Year." And in '71 and '73 they voted it "Best GT" over Porsche, Lotus Europa, and the like. Later a **Road & Track** owner survey published in 1972, showed that "91% of all Z-Car owners polled said they would buy another one."

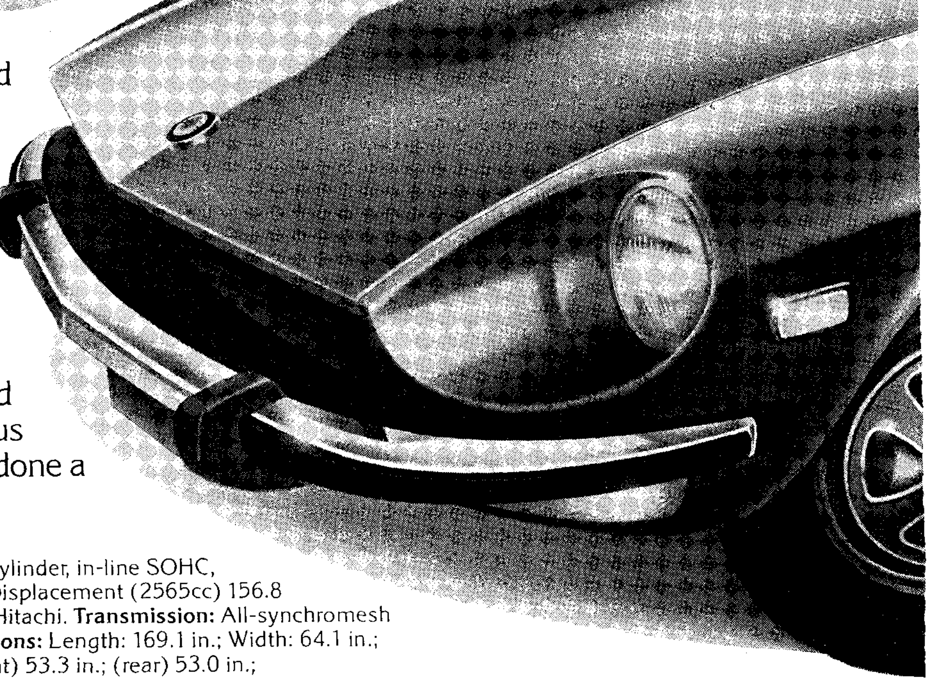
The driver's machine.

Whatever else the Z-Car is, it's a driver's machine. One that has taken the measure of its peers on the track as three-time SCCA C-Production National Champion, and three-time winner of the treacherous East African Safari. A car that has done a standing quarter mile in about 17 seconds, at nearly 85 MPH. A car that has moved from 0-60 in about 9 seconds. A car that can transport two people from point A to point B with a minimum of fuss, a maximum of fun, and do it economically. But now it's even better. Now there's 260-Z.



The picking of nits.

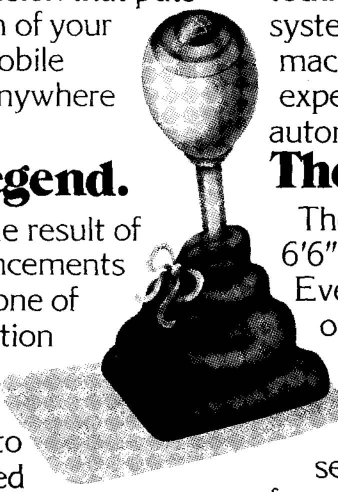
Up front the six-cylinder overhead cam engine has gone from 2.4 liters to 2.6 liters, to prevent loss of power as a result of complying with 1974 emission regulations. Heat dissipation and fuel delivery have been improved by a new transistorized fuel pump, larger fuel lines, a larger radiator and fan, and better carburetor cooling. To the rear there's a redesigned taillight panel. And a new stabilizer for even better cornering ability. Spring rates have been altered and the frame,



DATSUN 260-Z SPECIFICATIONS: **Engine:** 6-cylinder, in-line SOHC, water cooled. Bore & stroke: 3.27 in. x 3.11 in.; Displacement (2565cc) 156.8 cu. in.; Compression ratio: 8.8:1; Carburetion: 2 Hitachi. **Transmission:** All-synchromesh 4-speed or optional 3-speed automatic. **Dimensions:** Length: 169.1 in.; Width: 64.1 in.; Height: 50.6 in.; Wheelbase: 90.7 in.; Tread,(front) 53.3 in.; (rear) 53.0 in.;

new Datsun 260-Z.

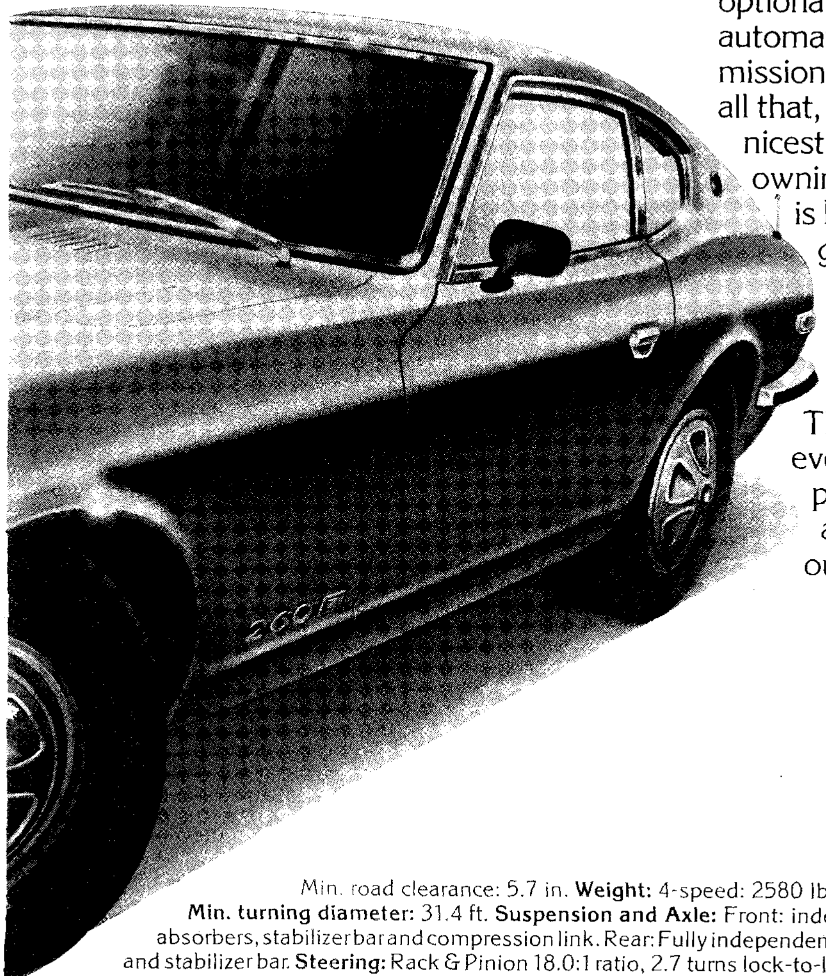
engine mounts and suspension all have been beefed up. Add those refinements to an all-synchromesh 4-speed transmission that puts crisp, positive shifts in the palm of your hand—and you have an automobile the likes of which could sell anywhere from $9,000 to $25,000.



The affordable legend.

The 260-Z is the affordable result of Datsun-pioneered advancements in computer design and one of the most modern mass production facilities in the world.

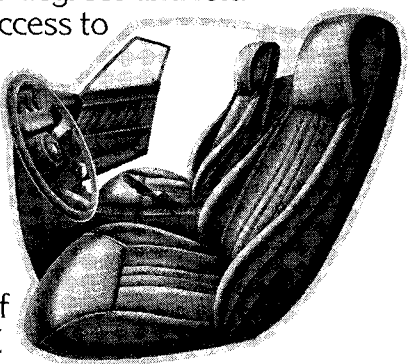
Space-age technology also makes it economically feasible to power the Z with a sophisticated overhead cam engine. Fewer moving parts, lower inertia and less friction produce higher revs, more efficient use of fuel, and longer engine life than a cheaper pushrod engine.



The 260-Z's superb cornering and remarkable ride are also products of superior technology. Its strut type fully independent system is usually found only on exotic racing machines, and is normally considered far too expensive to be practical on a production automobile.

The luxury of it all.

The spacious interior accommodates two 6′6″ adults in unadulterated comfort. Everything is at your fingertips. Map light, overhead light, heater/defroster, standard AM/FM radio, and optional factory-installed air conditioning. Deep cushioned high-back bucket seats recline 20 degrees and fold forward for easy access to the spacious rear deck. Non-purists can even order an optional 3-speed automatic transmission. But for all that, one of the nicest luxuries of owning a 260-Z is being able to get the same parts and service you'd get if you owned a Datsun economy sedan—from nearly 1000 Datsun dealers, nationwide.



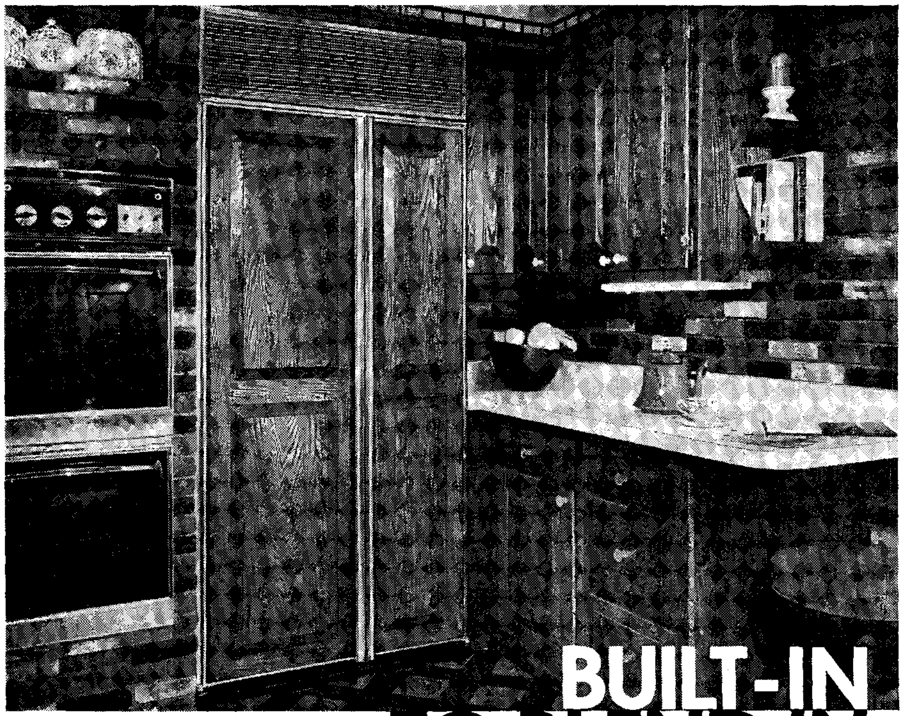
What it all comes down to is this: The Datsun 260-Z for 1974 epitomizes everything pride and technology can provide. These are the makings of an automotive legend. But don't just take our word, drive a Datsun...then decide.

Datsun
Saves

Min. road clearance: 5.7 in. **Weight:** 4-speed: 2580 lbs.; Automatic: 2590 lbs. **Seating capacity:** 2 persons. **Min. turning diameter:** 31.4 ft. **Suspension and Axle:** Front: independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers, stabilizer bar and compression link. Rear: Fully independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers and stabilizer bar. **Steering:** Rack & Pinion 18.0:1 ratio, 2.7 turns lock-to-lock. **Brakes:** Power assisted, all 4 wheels, hydraulically operated. Front: Disc brake 10.7 in.; Rear: 9 in. drum brake (leading and trailing shoes).

urdays. The term "Constitutional crisis" has been overused in the course of the year. It has been applied to situations better described as Constitutional challenges or congressional failures or institutional confusions. But now this may be the real thing. The President has sought to define and limit the investigation of the executive branch. The President's offer of summaries of the tapes does not seem to comply with the court order that he turn over the tapes themselves. So there is no choice today but to submit to the events, to watch and listen as men struggle over the meaning of the Constitution. This crisis is ahead of schedule.

The Washington *Post* has a story by David Broder entitled "Stennis Is Logical Choice." The story reminds us that last April, as the Watergate dam was cracking, "Stennis left his hospital bed to fly with Mr. Nixon to the dedication of the Stennis Center at a naval air station outside Meridian, Miss.," and that "in a clear reference to the scandal then emerging in the President's official family, Stennis said: 'Mr. President, we admire you for the worker you are. You worked your way up against adversity and you do not panic when things go the wrong way or when the going gets rough.' " Stennis is what a friend of mine who works in the Senate calls a "king's-party" man. The concept goes back to the debates of the Constitutional Convention over the proper powers of the executive—over whether, in the President, the framers of the Constitution were establishing a king by another name. They solved this, or thought they did, by stipulating that the power of the executive derives from the people. The "king's party," according to my friend's definition, is represented by those in the Congress who impute to the President extraordinary powers and duties, which only he is capable of discharging. "King's-party" men pay particular obeisance to the concept of the President as Commander-in-Chief. "King's-party" men add to legislative directives the qualifying phrase "as the President may determine." "King's-party" men accord a majestic aura to the Presidency, and equate it with whoever is President. They are men close to power, accustomed to power, who in a crisis feel a special bond with the President as the ultimate symbol of power. To John Stennis, the higher duty was to keep the Administration's secret bombing, and secret C.I.A. operations in Laos, from becoming known to his fellow-senators or to the people. In Washington, this way of proceeding is regarded as a mark of "integrity." Stennis has played



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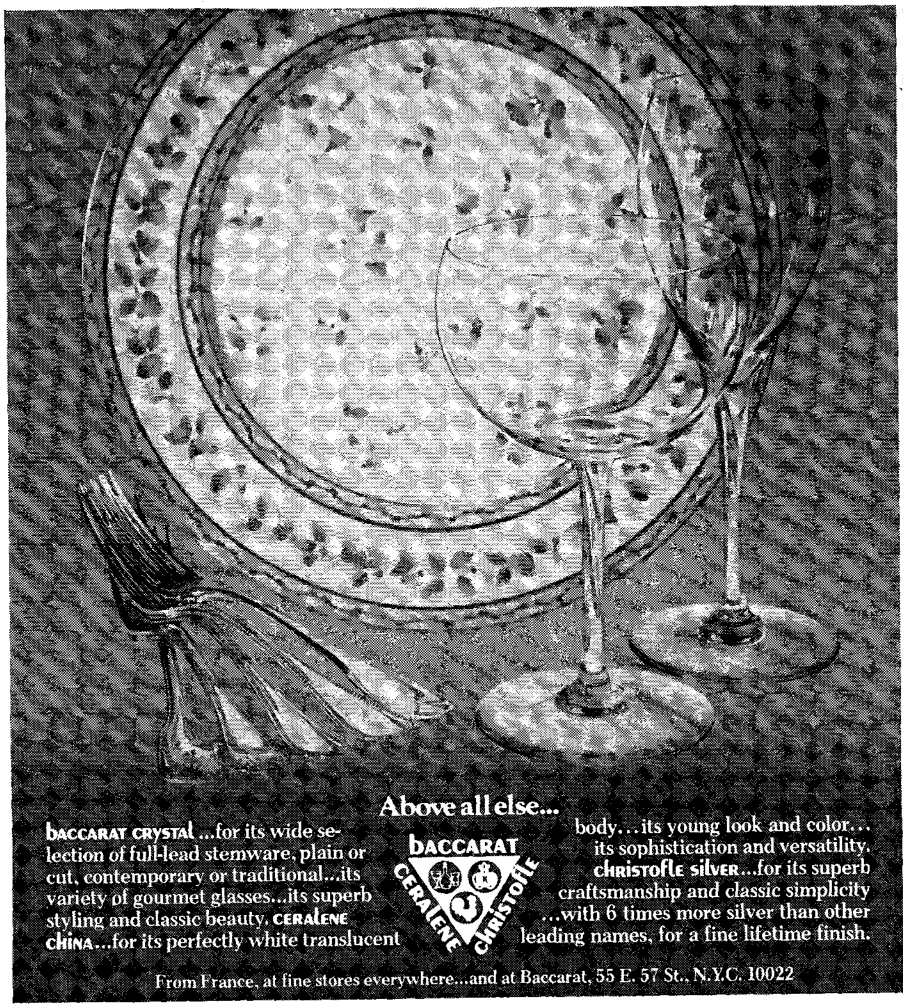

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a major role on those rare occasions when the Senate has sat in judgment on one of its own: Joseph McCarthy, Thomas Dodd. In the wake of the Bobby Baker scandal, Stennis headed a Senate ethics committee, which faded from view after making a few recommendations. These exercises relieved the Senate of major embarrassment without disturbing basic arrangements. And they contributed to John Stennis's reputation for "integrity." Stennis has said that he is "honored" by this new assignment.

There is a great deal of confusion this morning. It is not at all clear where we are. Will the President fire Cox? What, then, will Richardson do? Richardson keeps ending up in the middle of it. Beneath the suspense is the disturbing sense that people are not proceeding according to the processes. The President is circumventing the courts, and the senators are a party to his action. If the President succeeds in ridding himself of the Special Prosecutor, how can he, or any President, be held accountable? This is a time for the "definers"—those who by speaking out shape the debate on public questions. Who the definers are can change from issue to issue. Sometimes there are no definers. The reaction of other members of Congress will be very important. Senator Lowell Weicker, Republican of Connecticut, has already called the arrangement a "hollow deal." Mike Mansfield, the Majority Leader of the Senate, has said that he thought Cox had independent authority. This is important; Mansfield does not often speak out. Carl Albert has said that the arrangement is "interesting."

The idea of a Special Prosecutor presents a Constitutional dilemma. The problem is how to empower someone to investigate the executive branch who is not also beholden to it. There are but three branches of the government, and the Prosecutor has to be accountable

Judith Shahn

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to one of them. If he should be accountable to the Congress, he would not, without further legislation, have sufficient prosecutorial powers. There is no precedent for establishing a Special Prosecutor under the authority of the courts. Last May, the idea just seemed to catch on that the investigation of Watergate could no longer be entrusted to the Justice Department. But there remained problems of executing the idea. Liberal Democrats on the Senate Judiciary Committee were holding up Richardson's nomination to be Attorney General until institutional safeguards for an independent Special Prosecutor could be arranged. Richardson at one point tried to make it an issue of his own personal honor, but the senators insisted that the issue was an institutional one. When Richardson reached for Archibald Cox, it seemed a neat stroke. Cox, a Harvard Law School professor, had been Solicitor General in the Justice Department under Robert Kennedy in the Administration of John F. Kennedy. Edward Kennedy and his allies applauded the appointment and eased up on their demands for institutional arrangements. Archibald Cox was one of theirs. Richardson and the committee worked out a set of guidelines covering the office of the Special Prosecutor. They included the following: "The Attorney General will not countermand or interfere with the Special Prosecutor's decisions or actions," and "The Special Prosecutor will not be removed from his duties except for extraordinary improprieties." The President said last night that he was issuing his orders to Cox "as an employee of the executive branch."

Word comes that Ervin and Baker are saying they did not know that Cox was to be forbidden to proceed. Ervin is said to have thought that he would receive the full transcript of the tapes. One keeps wondering what they thought they were doing yesterday. Why did they even go to the White House without consulting their colleagues? Even now, perhaps an invitation to the White House has a majesty that is irresistible. They may have been acting out of a sense of patriotism. Ervin and Baker are among those who are reluctant to tear at things too much.

The President's statement, printed in today's papers, suggests the strategy he used with the two senators—and will be using with the public in the next days—and something of what is on his mind. He speaks of "the strain imposed on the American people by the aftermath of Watergate." "What matters most, in this critical hour," he says, "is our ability to act—and to act in a way that enables us to control events, not to be paralyzed and overwhelmed by them." (This sentence is reminiscent of "Six Crises.") The President says, "There are those in the international community who may be tempted by our Watergate-related difficulties at home to misread America's unity and resolve in meeting the challenges we confront abroad." Patriotism, then, is to be equated with putting aside the issue of the tapes. The war in the Middle East is dangerous. Kissinger has gone to Moscow.

•

IT is odd how natural it seems that the networks are televising a press conference by the Special Prosecutor. This folksy, tentative, Jimmy Stewart-like character I see on my television screen is not the cool, starchy Professor Cox I remember from attending his classes in labor law with frightened Harvard Law students. His casual manner now is disarming—and devastating. Fiddling with his jacket pocket, he says, "I'm certainly not out to get the President of the United States." He says he worries that "I'm getting too big for my britches." And then Cox gets to the point, speaking of "what seems to me to be non-compliance with the court's order." He slices up the President's arrangement with the senators, stating that it is "not a question of Senator Stennis's integrity." It is important, he says, "to adhere to the established institutions." The President's instruction not to pursue the evidence is unacceptable not "because it interferes with Archie Cox" but because it represents "a basic change in the institutional arrangement that was established." It is, he says, "inconsistent with pledges that were made to the United States Senate and through the Senate to the American people."

Cox refers to the "slippery term . . . national security." He makes it clear that the issue was not just the tapes but the "repeated frustration" of his attempts to obtain several papers, some of which were "put into a special category called 'Presidential files.' " He emphasizes his "respect and affection" for Attorney General Richardson. Of his conversations with Charles Alan Wright on Thursday evening, he says, "It was my impression that I was being presented with things that were drawn in such a way that I could not accept them." He has slipped a hook into Richardson and the Senate. If he goes, he intends to take their honor with him. He says he does not believe that the President can fire him; only the

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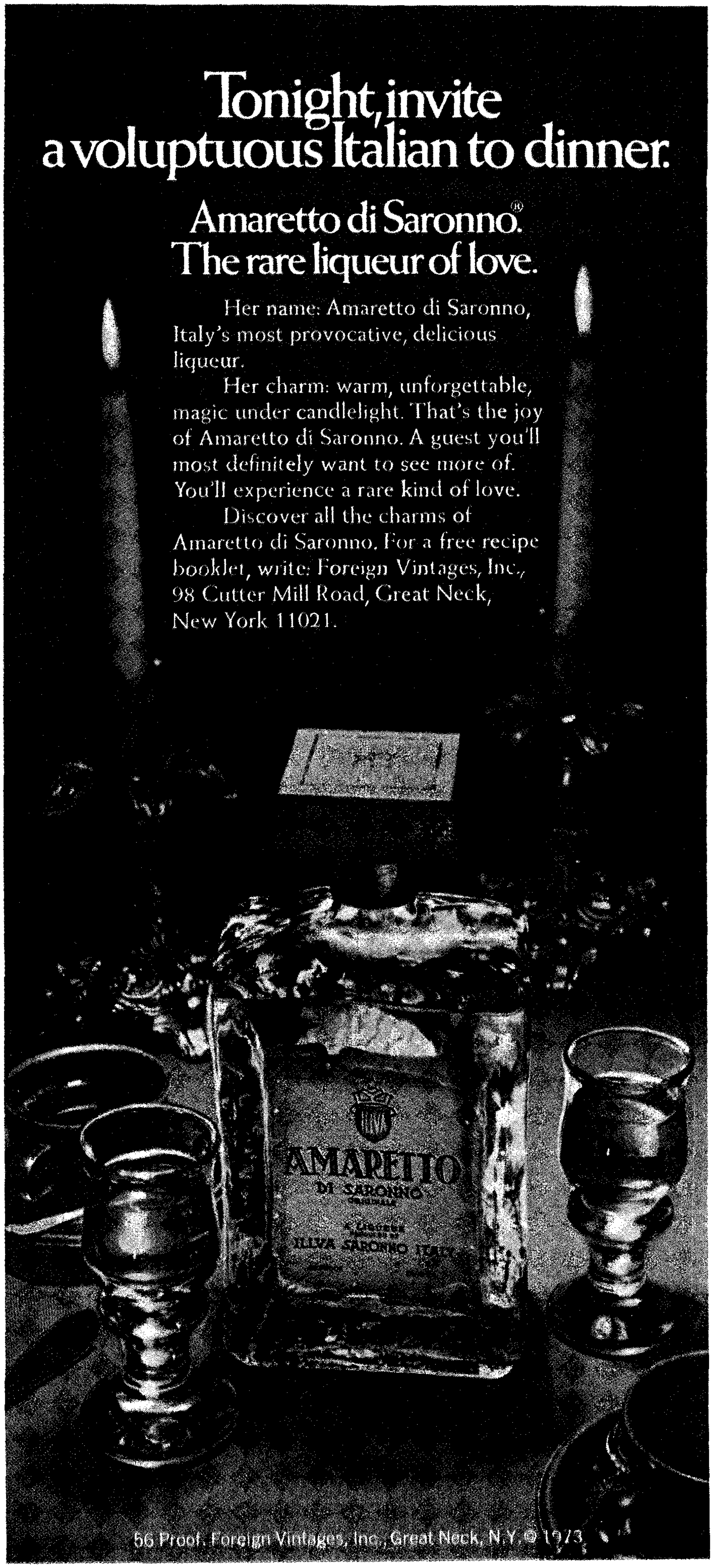

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Attorney General can. Otherwise, he will go to court and challenge the President.

•

Elliot Richardson is caught in the ultimate conflict in the role of Attorney General—of being both the President's lawyer and the people's lawyer. That's what the establishment of a Special Prosecutor was supposed to resolve. It seems that we have been thinking about Richardson's conscience, and crises thereof, for years now. His complaisance, when he was Under-Secretary of State, in the Administration's policy of continuing the war in Vietnam and extending it into Cambodia. His support, when he was Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, of the Administration's position against busing. His defense, when he was Secretary of Defense, of the bombing of Cambodia. How many crises of conscience can Richardson stand? How many can we?

•

The afternoon is one of rumors and speculation. No one knows what the President will do. Since Cox's press conference, reporters have speculated—and speculation has developed into assumption—that the President would not, as they put it, "let this go" for twenty-four hours. If he did, the theory runs, there would be too much time for support for Cox to develop. So if the President is to rid himself of his Special Prosecutor he should do it soon, and fast. The speculation has been fed by the fact that the President's helicopter, to take Mr. Nixon to Camp David, has been delayed on the South Lawn of the White House. There are rumors that a statement will be forthcoming from the White House by nightfall. Reporters are deployed at the White House, at the Justice Department, and at Cox's office, waiting.

Senators Kennedy, Birch Bayh, Philip Hart, and John Tunney have issued a joint statement saying that the compromise may be acceptable to the Ervin committee but that it may "cripple the role" of the Special Prosecutor, and that the President's instructions to Cox are an "unjustified challenge" to his authority. The ostensible purpose of the statement is to bring pressure on the President to proceed with caution in the matter of firing Cox—to warn him that such an action would bring trouble. But the senators seem to have something other than the President's interests in mind. Their preferred ground for a showdown with the President would be over a Supreme Court ruling on the tapes.

•

AS the evening news programs go on the air at six-thirty, there is still only rumor and speculation. Nothing has actually happened since Cox's press conference. At a news bureau in Washington shortly after six-thirty, bulletins begin to cascade from the wire-service machines:

6:48. BULLETIN. WASHINGTON (UPI)—KNOWLEDGEABLE SOURCES CLOSE TO THE WHITE HOUSE SAID SATURDAY NIGHT THAT PRESIDENT NIXON WOULD FIRE SPECIAL PROSECUTOR ARCHIBALD COX FOR "BLATANT AND OPEN DEFIANCE" OF THE PRESIDENT.

6:53. BULLETIN. WASHINGTON (UPI)—PRESIDENT NIXON'S COMPROMISE OVER RELEASE OF THE WATERGATE TAPES BLEW UP SATURDAY NIGHT WITH REPORTS THAT ATTORNEY GENERAL ELLIOT L. RICHARDSON MIGHT BE RESIGNING.

6:56. BULLETIN. (AP) (WASHINGTON)—ATTORNEY GENERAL ELLIOT RICHARDSON APPEARS READY TO RESIGN. THIS IS IN THE WAKE OF PRESIDENT NIXON'S ORDER BARRING FURTHER COURT ACTION TO GET THE WATERGATE TAPES. DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL WILLIAM RUCKELSHAUS GAVE THE IMPRESSION AS HE TALKED WITH NEWSMEN AFTER A DAY OF MEETINGS WITH RICHARDSON AND OTHERS. . . . RUCKELSHAUS . . . REFERRED REPORTERS TO A WHITE HOUSE STATEMENT TO BE MADE LATER TONIGHT.

Cox's office is at work. At 7:03 P.M., the Associated Press reports, "Phone calls and telegrams poured Saturday afternoon into the office of Watergate Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox supporting his opposition to President Nixon's proposed compromise in the Watergate tapes case. 'Only two out of a hundred calls that we've gotten have been against Mr. Cox,' a spokesman said."

At 7:31 P.M., the Associated Press reports: "Newsmen at the White House were expecting an announcement there relating to the controversy, but the White House would not comment. After returning to the Justice Department from a brief trip to the White House, Richardson remained unavailable for comment."

7:32. (UPI) ADVISORY. EDITORS: THE WHITE HOUSE HAS NOT PROMISED AN ANNOUNCEMENT TONIGHT, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE MANY INDICATIONS THAT A STATEMENT WILL BE ISSUED BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OUT.

8:31. WASHINGTON (UPI)—PRESIDENT NIXON THREW OPEN THE DOORS OF HIS OVAL OFFICE AND THE CABINET ROOM SATURDAY TO THOUSANDS OF VISITORS ON THE FALL GARDEN TOUR OF THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS. THE TOUR FOLLOWED A BEAUTIFICATION AWARD CEREMONY IN WHICH PAT NIXON AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA MAYOR WALTER E. WASHINGTON PRESENTED AWARDS FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENHANCE THE BEAUTY OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

8:31. BULLETIN. WASHINGTON (UPI)—PRESIDENT NIXON ACCEPTED ATTORNEY GENERAL ELLIOT L. RICHARDSON'S RESIGNATION SATURDAY NIGHT AND FIRED SPECIAL WATERGATE PROSECUTOR ARCHIBALD COX.

At 8:31 P.M., on C.B.S., Nelson Benton is on the White House lawn, breathless and seemingly shaken. He delivers his report in much the same manner that war correspondents did from battlefronts in Vietnam. The President has ordered that Cox be fired. Richardson refused to fire Cox, and has resigned. William Ruckelshaus, Richardson's deputy, refused to fire Cox, and was fired. Robert Bork, formerly Solicitor General, has fired Cox and is now the Acting Attorney General. The office of Special Prosecutor has been abolished.

At this time, in this verbose city, no one seems to know what to say.

The journalists, at least, have something to do. Tomorrow's papers must be published. There will be television specials later this evening. There is research to be done on Robert Bork. Nobody knows very much about the Acting Attorney General. All the telephone lines at the White House are busy. Word comes that the F.B.I. has sealed off the offices of Cox, Richardson, and Ruckelshaus. Thoughts turn to the President's emergency powers. We had given little thought to Clarence Kelley, the new director of the F.B.I.—to what manner of man he is.

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THE news is coming too fast. Faster and harder than anyone expected. It is almost impossible to absorb. Summary firings are not our style. Something about Saturday night—a private time, the dark. Too much disarrangement at once. The speed of the events has become part of their substance. One journalist says that it's like being in a banana republic. Another, ordinarily an outspoken defender of the Administration, says it's like downtown Santiago. Their statements bespeak anxieties that are beyond matters of atmospherics. An enigmatic President has summarily fired three men—men who had built some public trust. What seemed logical, and even inexorable, this afternoon has taken on unpredictable and disturbing proportions. There is no way of telling what the President was thinking. Did he consider the impact that these events would have? Could he know? Did he care? There

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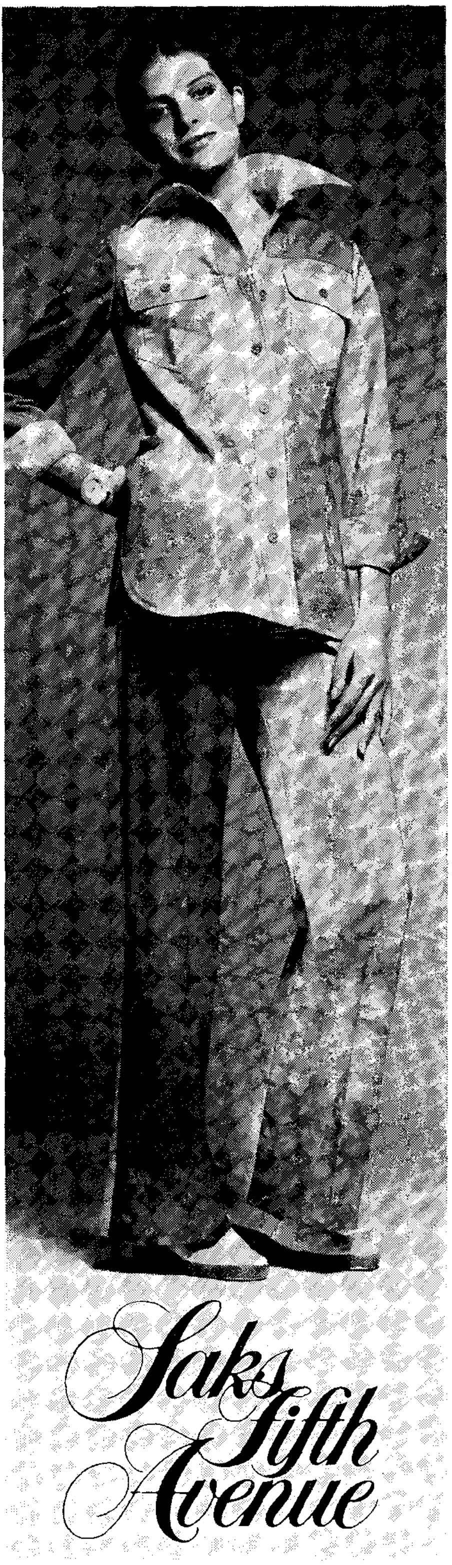

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is another question people are asking. It's whether the President has acted in a burst of temper. It is clear that the President will go to some lengths to assert his independence of the courts and of prosecution. Will he succeed in this? Is there to be any check on him—or any President—ever again? Do we have a system of laws?

•

WHERE are we? The United States had three Attorneys General today. Carl Albert is still first in line of succession for the Presidency. Then James Eastland. We have had our first public resignations over policy. The Special Prosecutor's office has been abolished, and the investigation of Watergate returned to the Justice Department, by Presidential fiat.

The reactions of the politicians begin to come over the wires. What the definers will say is important.

10:03. (AP). URGENT. WASHINGTON. SEN. EDWARD M. KENNEDY, D-MASS., CALLED COX'S FIRING "A RECKLESS ACT OF DESPERATION BY A PRESIDENT WHO IS AFRAID OF THE SUPREME COURT, WHO HAS NO RESPECT FOR LAW AND NO REGARD FOR A MAN OF CONSCIENCE. . . . THE BURDEN IS NOW ON CONGRESS AND THE COURTS TO NULLIFY THIS HISTORIC INSULT TO THE RULE OF LAW AND TO THE NATION'S SYSTEM OF JUSTICE."

Gerald Ford: "The President had no other choice" than to fire Cox.

Senator Edmund Muskie (Democrat of Maine): The President's action "threatens to destroy our system of laws. It smacks of dictatorship." Muskie suggests holding hearings on impeachment.

Senator Edward Brooke (Republican of Massachusetts): "This act on the part of the President, under the circumstances, is sufficient evidence which the House of Representatives should consider to begin impeachment proceedings." The subject of impeachment is now in the open. It is here.

Senator Charles Percy (Republican of Illinois): "We have a tremendous quandary . . . tragic war in the Middle East. . . . Thank heavens we have Dr. Kissinger in Moscow."

Archibald Cox: "Whether ours shall continue to be a government of laws and not of men is now for Congress and ultimately the American people."

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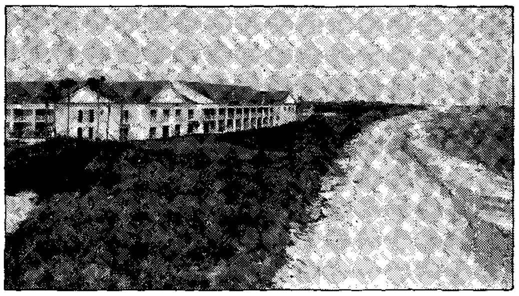
LATE in the evening, I caught up with more of the details of Ron Ziegler's announcement at the White House a few hours ago. He said that the President's compromise was accepted by responsible leaders of Con-



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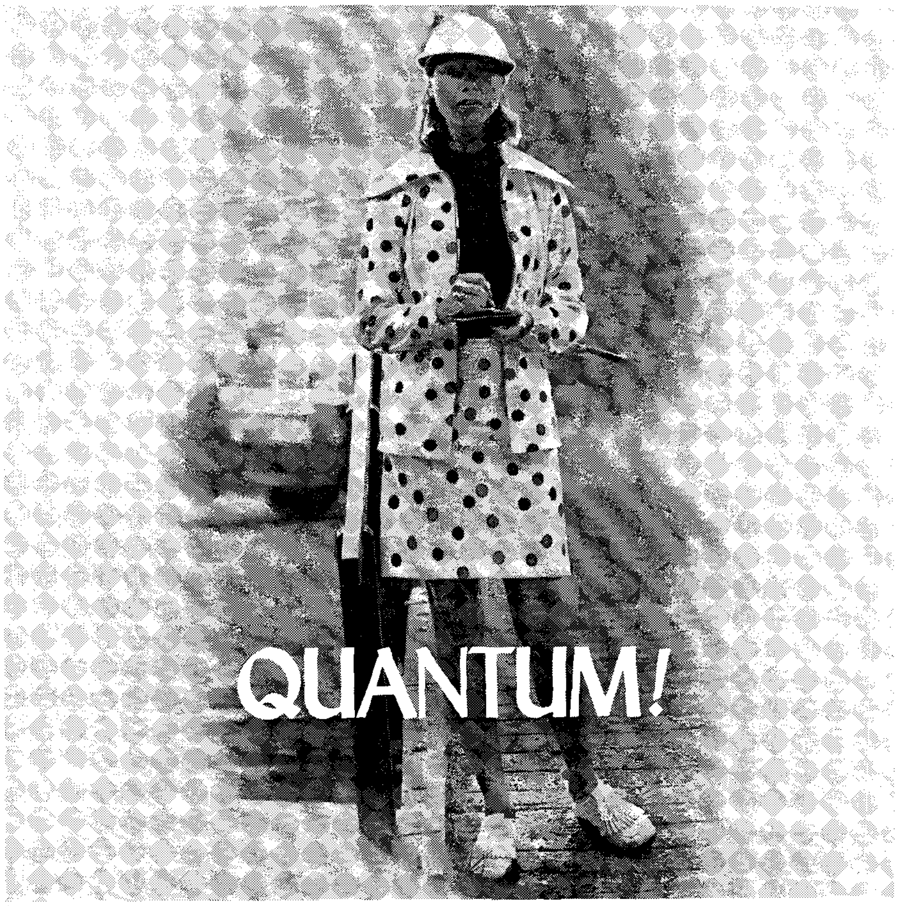

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gress and the country. Ron Ziegler said that the Watergate prosecution will continue "with thoroughness and vigor."

•

IT is announced on the radio that Saudi Arabia has cut off its oil supplies to the United States. Can't think about that now.

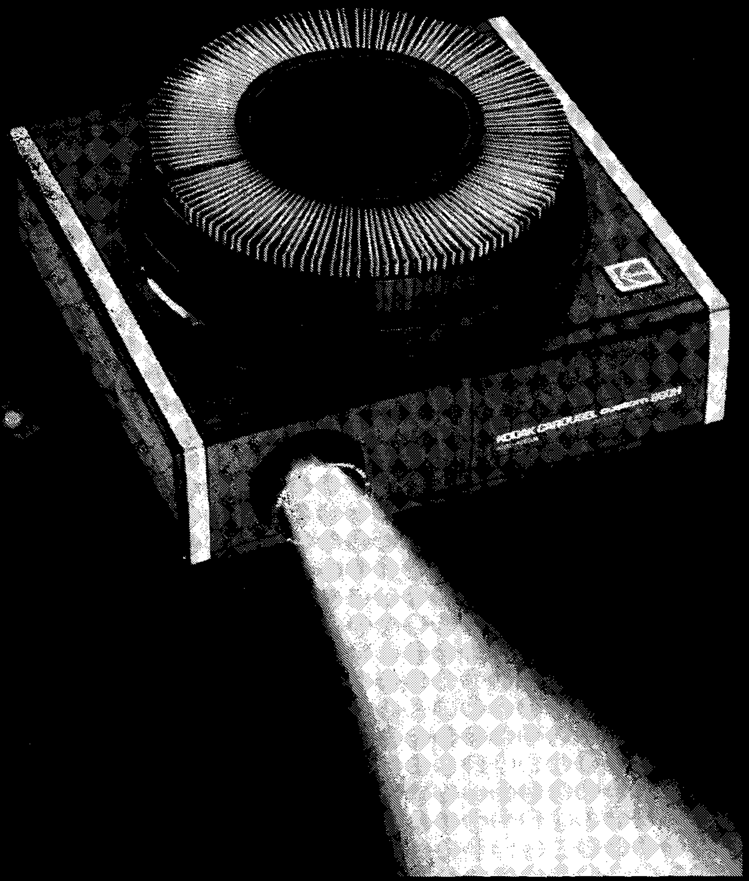
OCTOBER 21

SUNDAY. The newspaper stories reconstructing the events of the last week have begun. There will be many of them before we are through, told from the perspective, and to the advantage, of various figures in the drama. We are in for another "Rashomon," and we shall read the many versions and may never know the truth. An important part of the truth lies in what was going through the mind of the President.

The Washington *Post* has a story that seems to reflect the view of Richardson, Ruckelshaus, and their aides. Busy as they must have been last night, these people understood the importance of getting their versions to reporters in time for the morning papers. From the *Post* we learn that Richardson was directed last Monday "by a high-ranking Presidential aide to dismiss Cox." The *Post* says that "Richardson agreed to try the negotiating route, according to Justice Department associates, in an effort to forestall the outright firing of Cox—a course that he knew would require his own resignation." The *Post* adds, "At no point, these sources insisted, did Richardson give his final blessing to the various compromise proposals." Ruckelshaus says that he was not fired but had resigned. When Ruckelshaus declined to fire Cox, the story says, General Haig told him, "Your Commander-in-Chief has given you an order."

There are confusing reports as to whether Senator Ervin still agrees to the compromise plan. Melvin Laird is on "Meet the Press." He had arranged more than a week ago to make the appearance. Laird had, through well-planted leaks, kept his distance from the President on the matter of the tapes. Now, amidst the wreckage, Laird, on national television, must defend the President's actions.

Laird talks calmly about the President's compromise plan on the tapes. It is as if we should wonder what all the excitement was about. "It's just a question of trusting Senator Stennis," he says. In a novel turn, he refers to him at times as Judge Stennis. (Stennis was



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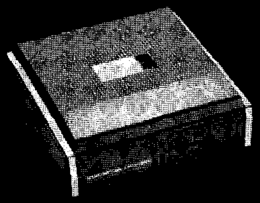

a circuit judge in Mississippi before he was first elected to the Senate, in 1947.) Laird says, "It's a question of whether you would rather have Senator Stennis make this review and produce this product, or whether you would rather have a federal judge." At one point last summer—when the Ervin committee appeared to be the greater threat—the President argued that "the time has come to turn Watergate over to the courts, where the questions of guilt or innocence belong."

•

THE Washington *Post* has a story that, according to a memorandum written to Haldeman by Gordon Strachan (staff assistant to Haldeman), the White House expected to receive two million dollars from dairy groups.

Dairy groups. Dean's guilty plea. The increasing questions about Bebe Rebozo and Howard Hughes. The Krogh case. Cox getting into the milk case. Cox's revelations about the scope of the issue between himself and the White House—over whether the President must surrender other documents besides the tapes. The indications, for weeks, that the White House wished to rid itself of Cox. It appears that the issue of the tapes was one of many, and provided a means for a showdown with Cox in which important senators appeared to be on the side of the White House. Perhaps the White House hoped that Cox would quit. But Cox was uncoöperative to the end. And perhaps the White House underestimated the reaction.

•

THE radio says that four more Arab countries have cut off supplies of oil to the United States.

•

SOME people are trying to proceed as if this were an ordinary Sunday, but many cannot. Some have even given up the opportunity to attend the football game. There are few ways in which Washington behaves like a city, few connecting threads that give it community, few features of civic pride. It may have been this vacuum, this need, that led to Washington's fanaticism about its football team. The Redskins provide the one bond among Washingtonians, government and non-government, Democratic and Republican—Richard Nixon and Earl Warren and Edward Bennett Williams. Today, someone tried to reach Earl Warren to talk with him about what

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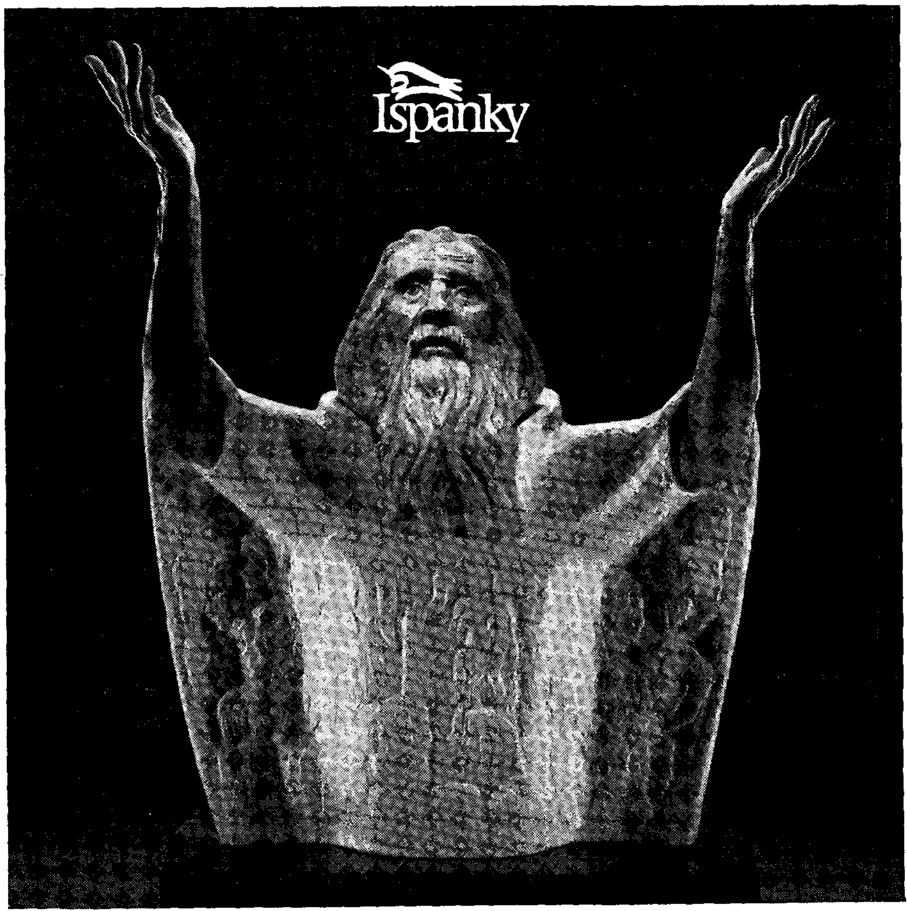

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was to be done. Earl Warren was at the football game. Many people are receiving calls from friends around the country expressing a sense of helplessness. The worry that there does not seem to be any means, any machinery, by which to do anything. It is not yet clear what sort of national reaction, if any, there will be. Despite some strong statements last night, it is not yet clear what the politicians will do, or whether they will do anything. A number of meetings are being held today: at the White House, on Capitol Hill, in some downtown offices. Nerves are frayed, and tension is deep. Imaginations have been set loose by events. A friend of mine went out to her front lawn to collect the newspaper this morning and, not seeing it, said to herself, "They've stopped the presses."

•

JAMES DOYLE, press assistant to the Watergate Special Prosecution Force, formerly headed by Archibald Cox, has called a press conference for four o'clock this afternoon at the Prosecution Force's offices, at 1425 K Street. Doyle, of medium height and in his late thirties, is an experienced former reporter for the Washington *Star-News* and the Boston *Globe*. He has a large number of friends in the press corps, and knows how to help them and knows what, to them, is good copy. The Special Prosecutor's office was a scene of some drama last evening. To the press, Doyle said, "I think I'll go and read about the Reichstag fire." A member of the Cox staff has told me that when the F.B.I. arrived last night, a young member of the staff was surprised to see a young F.B.I. agent who had been working with the staff in its investigations. "What are you doing here?" the young lawyer asked. Both the young F.B.I. agent and the young lawyer burst into tears.

Today's papers carried stories of how staff members, learning by radio and by word of mouth last evening that they had been fired, had gone to their office, as much to draw together as to take any action. They were forbidden by the F.B.I. to remove either papers or personal effects. Some staff members, sensing the storm coming, had already taken some papers home. And what they know can't be shredded.

•

THIS afternoon, reporters and television cameras are jammed into the small, hot law-library room of the Special Prosecution Force offices. It is someplace to go, something to cover. A

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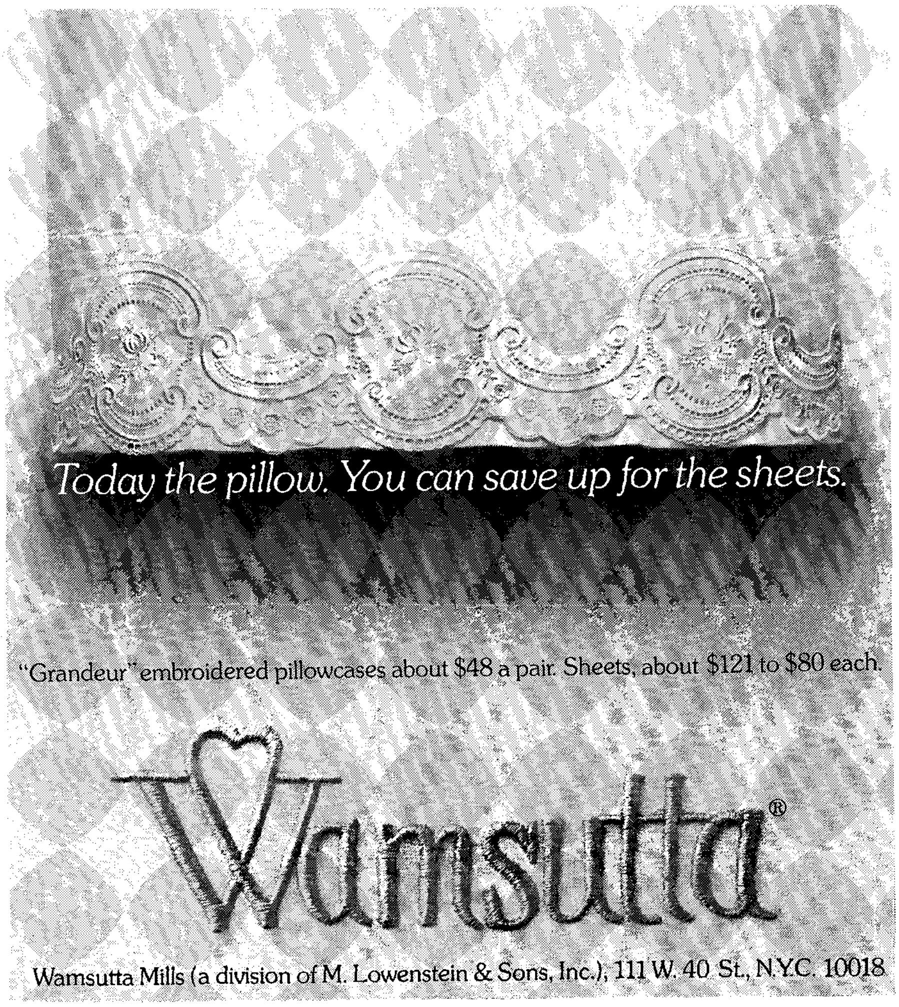
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press aide hands out some releases. “Each one has been checked by a federal marshal,” he says dryly. A few hours ago, the F.B.I. was replaced by federal marshals. Doyle says that “the mood of the staff is that we’re going to continue.” He is asked about the fact that the White House has announced that the Special Prosecutor’s office was abolished. “The White House announced we were abolished,” he replies, “but, you know, if they announce the sky is green and you look up and see the sky is blue . . .”

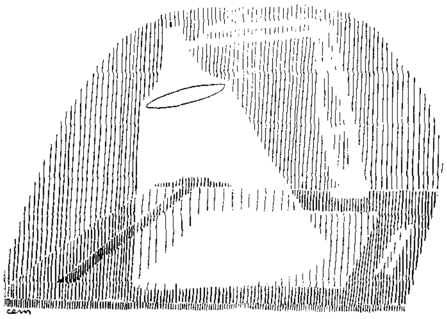
OCTOBER 22

MONDAY. Veterans Day. It is a government holiday, and it should be a day of quiet, but that is not possible. The Congress is in recess, and many offices are closed. But around the city people are examining the situation, holding meetings, getting their bearings.

According to the papers, there were discussions yesterday within the White House on when the President should make a televised statement about the Stennis compromise. “Conservative White House advisers, who applauded the showdown move,” says a Washington *Post* story, “predicted yesterday that [the President] will achieve a political vindication comparable to the one that Harry S Truman eventually won for his firing of Gen. Douglas MacArthur.” It quotes Patrick Buchanan as saying, “And you don’t go after a President for making an unpopular decision, especially in a period of international crisis like this.” Senators Ervin and Baker say that their committee may now broaden its inquiry.

I went to see someone who works on the White House staff, to get his version of the events—to find out the way he was thinking, or wanted me to think he was thinking. This person stipulated that I could quote him, as long as I did not use his name but referred to him as a “White House source.” “Think back to February or March,” he said. “Ninety-nine per cent of the people here did not know things that we now know from the hearings, and from all that’s transpired. When two things became apparent—that there was more than we thought, and that the Democrats were going to take our, you should pardon the expression, blank off—some of us said, ‘There’s going to be one hell of a fight and we should gear up.’ There were others who were not looking so much at the fact that the Democrats would capitalize on this as that there were these truths that would come out. They were saying, ‘Let them come out and let the Democrats capitalize on them and then it will pass.’ They were saying, ‘Since these things were true, take the damage.’ They asked, ‘How can you justify battling it?’ My argument was that the President is the only lion in the forest and when there has been a cut in him the ants will grow in number, and by the time he gets back on his feet, only his carcass will be there. As I saw it, and some others saw it, we should have waged a political battle. Had our argument won, we might not be where we are today. The appointment of the Special Prosecutor was the result of a negative decision that was permitted to go forward because of inaction, not because of action. The deal over which Richardson resigned was between Richardson and the committee. No one here said ‘Make it,’ but no one said ‘Don’t do it.’ Richardson reported to the White House that a Special Prosecutor should be picked. The pistol was pointed at the old man’s [the President’s] head, and there wasn’t much else we could do. So we’re coming out of six or seven months where we kind of rolled over and let anyone have at us who wanted to. How many times have you seen the White House strike back? It just hasn’t occurred. But now we’ve put it on the line, for the first time since this thing began. The thing that is different now is that it has now shifted to our initiative. What makes me very happy now is that we know how to fight this kind of battle. We know how to cope with it. What we didn’t know how to cope with was the *mea-culpa* attitude that we have had for the last several months. That is foreign to us and our nature.”

He then spoke of the events of the weekend. “Let’s take this weekend,” he said. “Every action that the President took was completely within his legal right and prerogative, and yet what’s the talk? The talk is of impeachment. What crime or misdemeanor did he commit this weekend? And as for bringing Baker and Ervin along—you watch it. That agreement won’t fall apart. The Kennedys and



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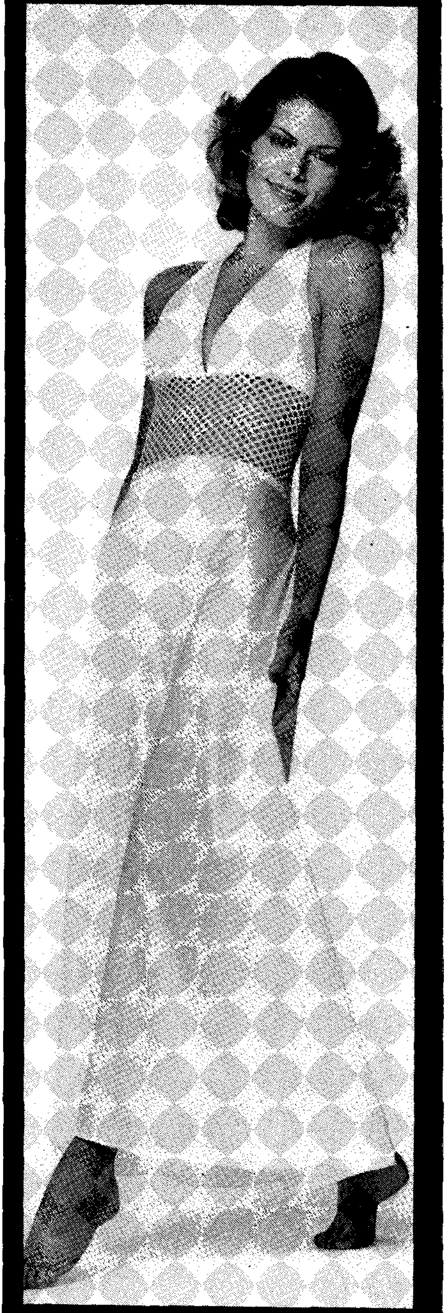

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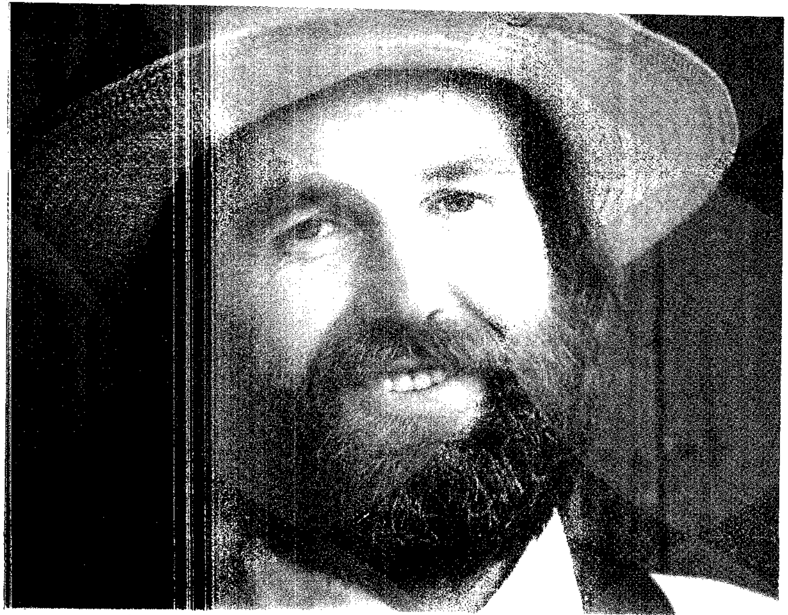

UNCLE REUER. A former cattle [illegible] for the past eight years. The cheese [illegible] hat he wears is the cheese carrier's going to [illegible] a dance [illegible]

UNCLE BOBO. He's the VVV guide outside the 17th century Gouda cheese weigh [illegible] translated, VVV stands for Velcome Velcome Velcome. And VVV guides will do e [illegible] can to make you feel Velcome in Holland. In case Bobo isn't smiling, just ask him [illegible]

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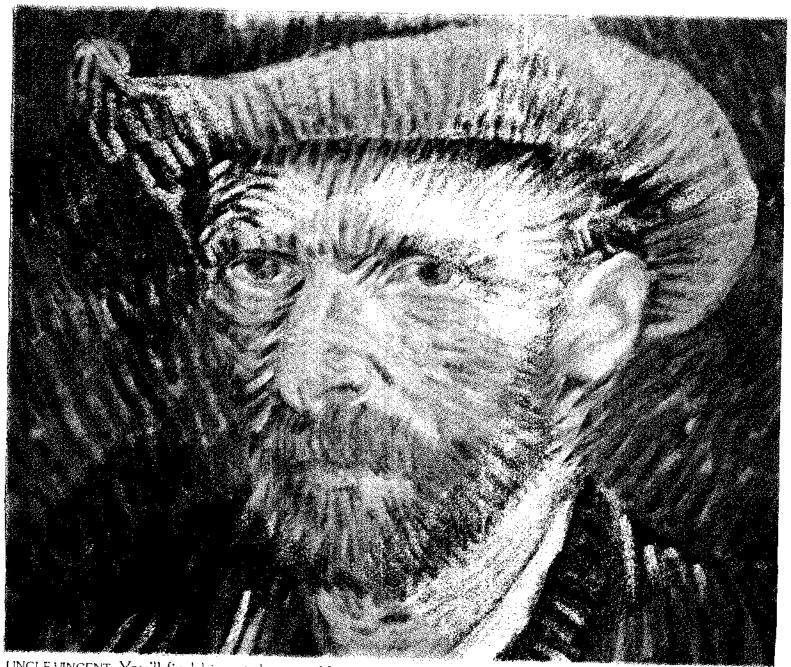
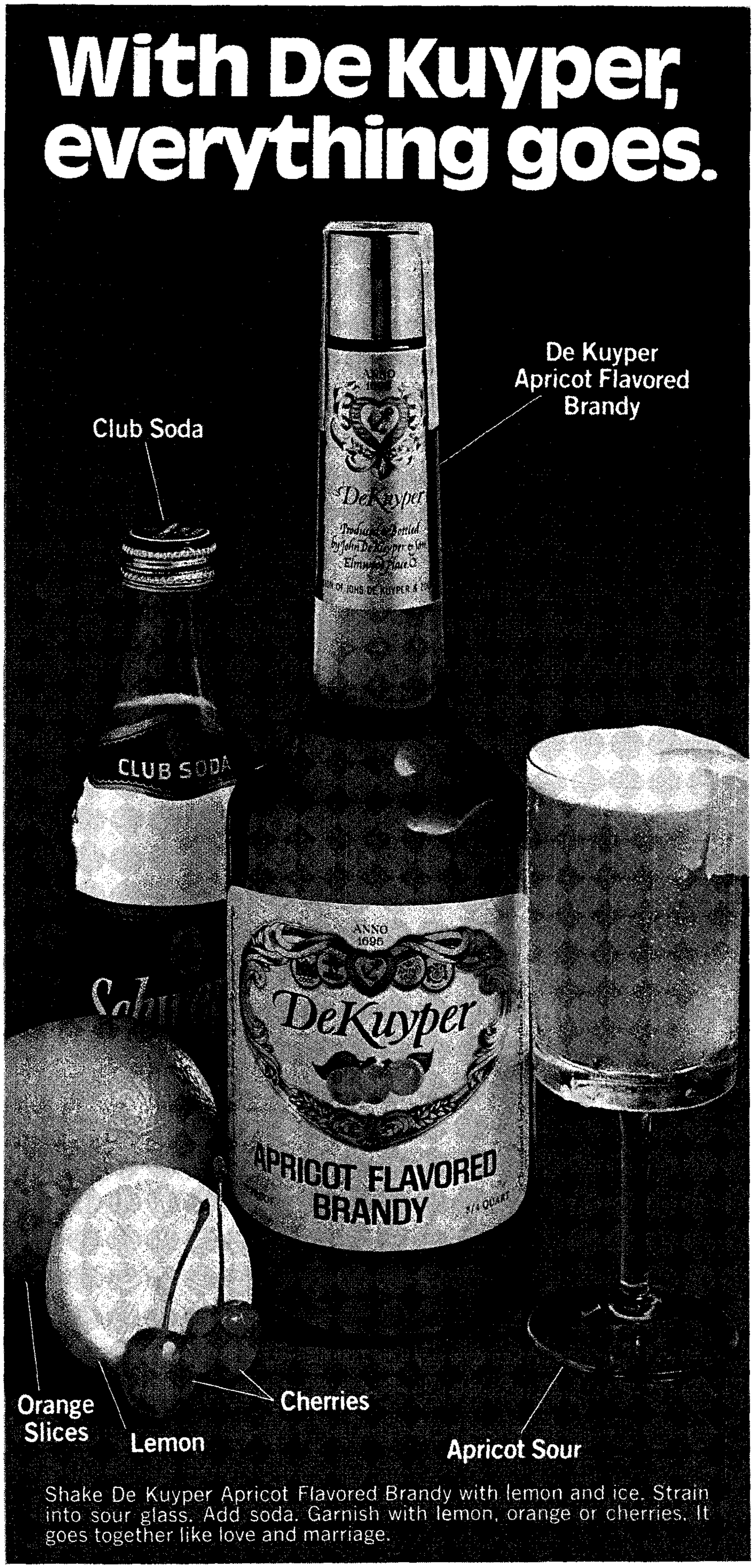


UNCLE VINCENT. You'll find him at the new Vincent Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam and at the Kroller-Muller Museum near Otterlo. You've read about Van Gogh. You've seen movies about Van Gogh. Now see how Van Gogh saw Holland. Then compare it to the original.



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the Tunneys are simply carrying on a P.R. fight. There are no grounds for impeachment on the basis of what the President did this weekend. Now we have the mechanism for hitting back at Ted Kennedy when he hits us. We haven't done it yet, but we might, and we can. When a nothing, jerk Democratic politician issues a press release saying that the President should be impeached, it ends up on page 1. We've found out that if we roll out George Shultz to say the jerk has his face on backward, that ends up on page 36, unless we get it in the same news cycle. The liberal wing of the Democratic Party appears to be coalescing around this issue. So what are our choices? To turn to the Republican senators and congressmen who are with us, the Republican National Committee, the President's Cabinet, the White House staff."

The first problem, he indicated, was to get the White House point of view across in the press. "Have you read anywhere," he asked, "that what the President did this weekend is legal and lawful?" And then he made an argument that Nixon White House staff members had been making for some time. "Decisions and public opinion are molded outside of New York and Washington and Boston," he said. "We know that and we've always known that. We have a proper duty to articulate the President's positions, to engage in political debate with our opponents. We have talked to about a hundred editors and about fifty publishers. We have three lawyers who can speak for us—Charles Wright, Fred Buzhardt, Leonard Garment. We can maximize the President's own participation in this—a very potent weapon. We'll take what you'd have to call 'the spiritual lead.' When those groups that are our natural allies see us not doing anything, as they saw us over the last few months, they do nothing. If it gets as tough as I think it's going to get, we'll call them up and say, 'God damn it, make our case.' "

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WHITE HOUSE aides had prepared a chronology of the past week's events, to give to inquiring reporters. According to the chronology, the President made up his mind the Saturday before last (the day after he selected Ford) that he wanted to reach an accommodation on the tapes. Otherwise, the issue would go to the Supreme Court and would be a major issue for months. The President thought that the issue was causing an erosion of

America's position in the world. The Middle East was explosive. The choice of Mr. Stennis was the President's; the lawyers had discussed, in general terms, letting someone of impeccable integrity listen to the tapes. Contact was made with Stennis on Monday, and he asked that, because of his age, the White House prepare a draft of what the tapes said. The arrangement was that the Senator would work with the draft, would listen to all the tapes, and could expand or alter the draft in any way he wished.

There was, as the "White House source" put it, "the language factor." (For months, word had circulated in Washington that the President was disposed to use some strong, off-color language. This was said to be one reason it would be embarrassing to make tapes public.) The "source" said that while any President would be sensitive to being discovered to use off-color language, Richard Nixon was especially so. When Lyndon Johnson reached the White House, said the "source," everyone knew how he talked. But Nixon, he went on, "makes Lyndon Johnson look like a piker." However, the "source" said, Richard Nixon reached the White House without this being known.

According to the White House version, everybody, including Richardson, was "on board" until Friday. Then Richardson began to hedge, citing his pledges to the Senate. The White House did not know whether Richardson would resign if Cox was fired. What Ruckelshaus would do had apparently not been considered.

One of my colleagues was told, in a briefing by another White House assistant, that the final problems with Cox were that Cox objected to having only one person hear the tapes, that he wanted access to other materials, and that he wanted to be able to determine whether the tapes had been altered. The White House objected not to the final request, my colleague was told, but to the fact that Cox made it in "an insulting and offending way."

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IT is another beautiful day, and a colleague and I eat a sandwich lunch in Lafayette Park. Lafayette Park is the closest thing we Americans have to Hyde Park. But—perhaps because we are more scattered and diverse than the English, perhaps because we do not put the same value on language and debate, perhaps because our differences are deeper and angrier—we do not really have a Hyde Park. Lafayette Park has drawn an occasional demonstration, or someone who was fasting for peace. For some time, it was boarded off, ostensibly for a beautification project begun in the Johnson Administration. A friend who worked in the White House at the time has told me that while the boards were up, some highly sophisticated electronic equipment was laid underneath the park. Someone who served in the Nixon White House in the early years has told me that the boards were kept up around Lafayette Park to prevent demonstrations there. There comes to mind John Dean's testimony before the Ervin committee about how the President was distressed by a solitary demonstrator outside the White House and wanted him removed from the scene. The park covers one square block. In it there are ten statues—of, among others, Lafayette, Kosciusko, the Comte d'Estaing, and Chevalier Duportail—and four fountains. Pigeons circle the statues, and the benches, where there might be food. Across the way is the front lawn of the White House. A large fountain plays there, surrounded now by bright-yellow chrysanthemums. It is a lovely picture—reminiscent of the ones on the jigsaw puzzles of our nation's capital that, as a child, I used to try to piece together.

Today, there are some demonstrators in Lafayette Park. Several carry signs saying "Honk for Impeachment," and the horns of some cars on Pennsylvania Avenue are honking. A sound truck advertising a lecture by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, of Seoul, Korea, on "Christianity in Crisis" circles the park. Over its loudspeaker comes a voice saying, "President Nixon, we offer our support to you." A couple passes the bench where we are sitting. The man is, with one hand, pushing a stroller holding a baby and, with the other hand, carrying a sign that says "Impeach Now." A derelict sitting on the next bench says to the couple, "I don't agree with you, but I admire your spirit."

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THE early edition of the Washington *Star-News* has Judge Sirica pondering his next move, Democrats pondering their next moves, Kissinger flying to Tel Aviv, and the White House spreading the word that people should remember all the heat that Truman took for firing MacArthur. There are, around town, discussions of various strategies. Some people want to push for impeachment. Some fear that that is exactly what the President wants—an impeachment move that ends in failure. He could interpret that as a vindication. The fact that there is no Vice-President complicates the de-

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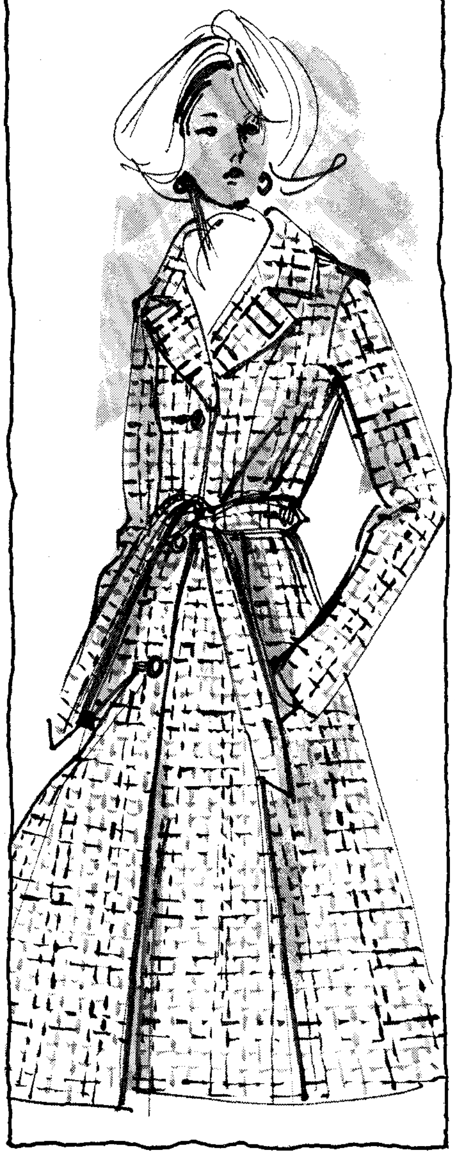

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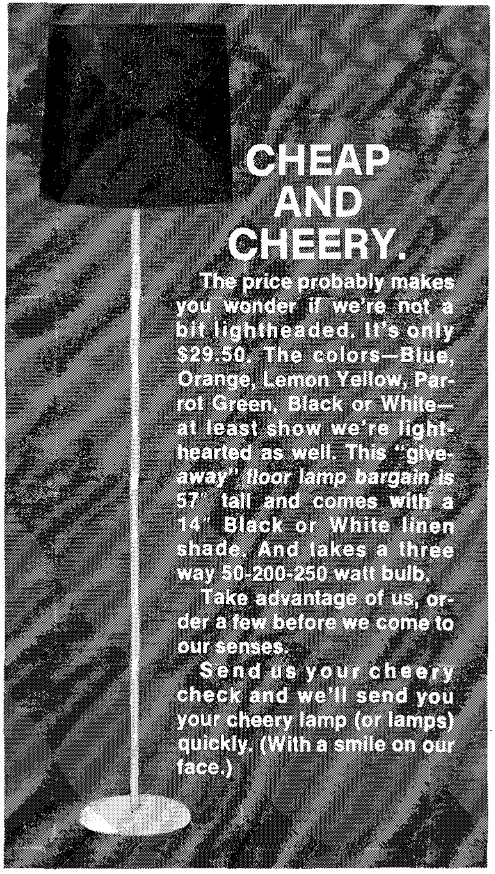

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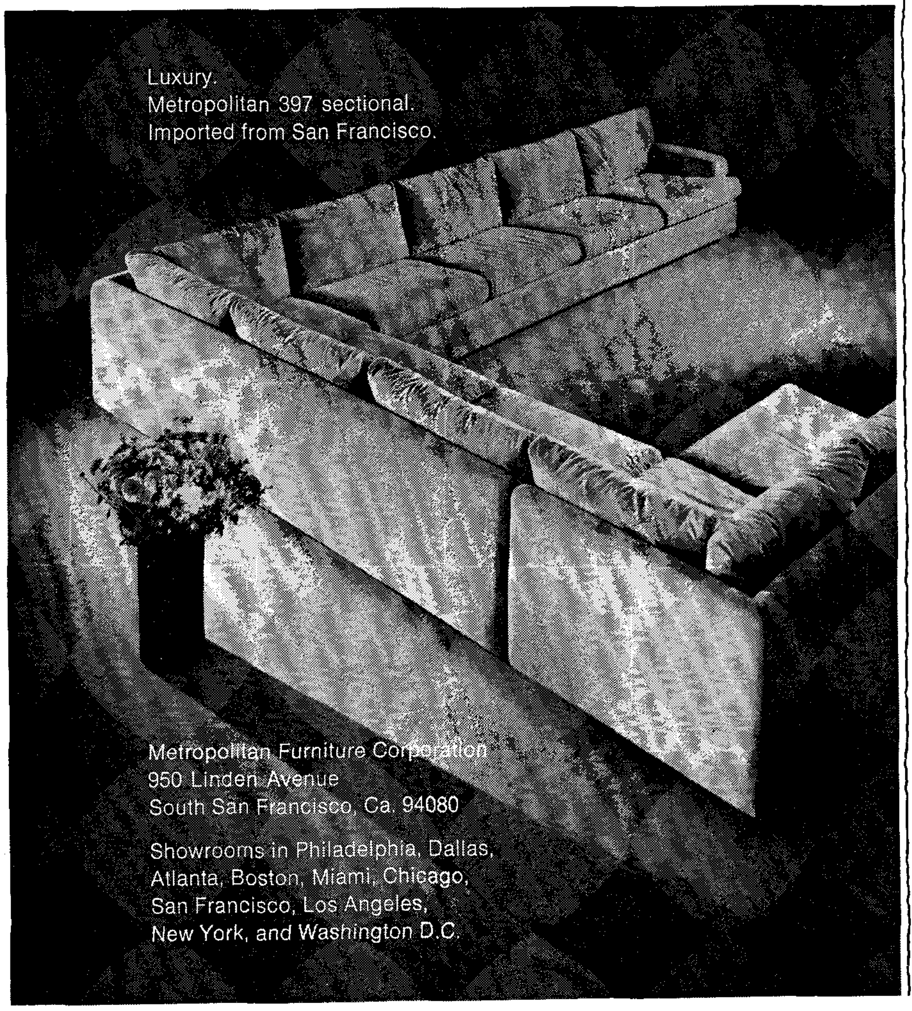

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cisions. There is some talk about repealing the Twenty-fifth Amendment and calling a special election, but this is no time for special elections. There appears to be substantial sentiment among congressmen and their staffs—those who have been in touch with each other—for pushing for legislation to establish a new Special Prosecutor. Some think that there is enough support for the idea to override a Presidential veto of such a bill. Pushing for Special Prosecutor legislation will give the politicians something to do—a vehicle for an indirect confrontation—without their having to face the difficult issue of impeachment. Everyone is in new territory.

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FOR all its talk about public opinion's being formed "out there," the Nixon White House obviously believes that public opinion is manufactured here—either by the "Eastern press" and the networks or by the White House. In part it is right, and in part it is quite wrong. There are other ways, some of them almost mysterious, in which public opinion is formed. There have been many times when "the public" (sometimes called "the country") perceived things before "Washington" did. "Washington" can become accustomed to the way things are, its thinking imprisoned by insiders' knowledge. It can find a certain amusement in the Congress's more outrageous characters and quaint rituals. "Washington" knew that the campaign-contribution laws had been flouted since, it seemed, the beginning. "Washington" knew that the regulatory agencies tended to serve the industries they were to regulate. It knew that public officials lied. It knew these things. It just didn't talk about them much. That was the way things worked. "Washington" is often surprised when questions are first raised about these things. The deep uneasiness about Lyndon Johnson took form in "the country" before it was felt in Washington, where we were used to him, and where many of us were on friendly terms with his assistants.

"The public" has a more complex set of views and reactions than many politicians think—or, at least, appear to think. "Realistic" politicians learn the lore of their trade: that "the public" dislikes taxes and welfare and Communism, that it can be militaristic. This is probably all true, but so are other things about "the public"—feelings about human justice and fair play and peace. That accounts for some of the wild swings in the polls. "Realistic" politicians can mistake a public impulse to rally around the President in a time of crisis for a lasting belief that what the President is doing is right. "Realistic" politicians operate under certain delusions. But so do many of those who oppose them. The "realists" are not the only ones who oversimplify human nature. "Realistic" politicians set themselves apart from "élitists." It is true that liberal intellectuals often proceed on the assumption that they know what is best for America. But Lyndon Johnson and Richard Daley and Richard Nixon also proceeded on the assumption that they knew what was best for the people. What is more "élitist" than saying, as Richard Nixon did after his 1972 reëlection, "The average American is just like the child in the family." "Realistic" politicians see the public as manipulable. They act on their belief that they can reach it by speaking to its lower motives, its baser instincts, and often they are right. But at the same time another part of human nature is there and alive. That other part can gather force silently, and then suddenly lash out and bowl the "realists" over. The important thing is not the number of people who think what at any given moment but the relative power, and momentum, of ideas. As the peace marchers went by the White House, President Johnson asked how many troops they had.

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THE White House is offering spokesmen to appear on the "Today" show and the "C.B.S. Morning News."

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AT the bookstores, there has been a run on Raoul Berger's "Impeachment: The Constitutional Problems."

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THE evening news programs give the first real picture of the intensity, and the dimensions, of the coming struggle. It is announced that Carl Albert and other House Democratic leaders will ask the House Judiciary Committee to take up the question of impeachment. George Meany, speaking for the A.F.L.-C.I.O. at its biennial meeting, calls on the President to resign, "in the interest of national security." If he does not, Meany says, the labor federation will call for his impeachment. N.B.C. says that an Oliver Quayle poll shows that seventy-five per cent of the people interviewed disapprove of the firing of Cox and fifteen per cent approve. It reports forty-four per cent in favor of impeachment, forty-two per cent opposed. More than

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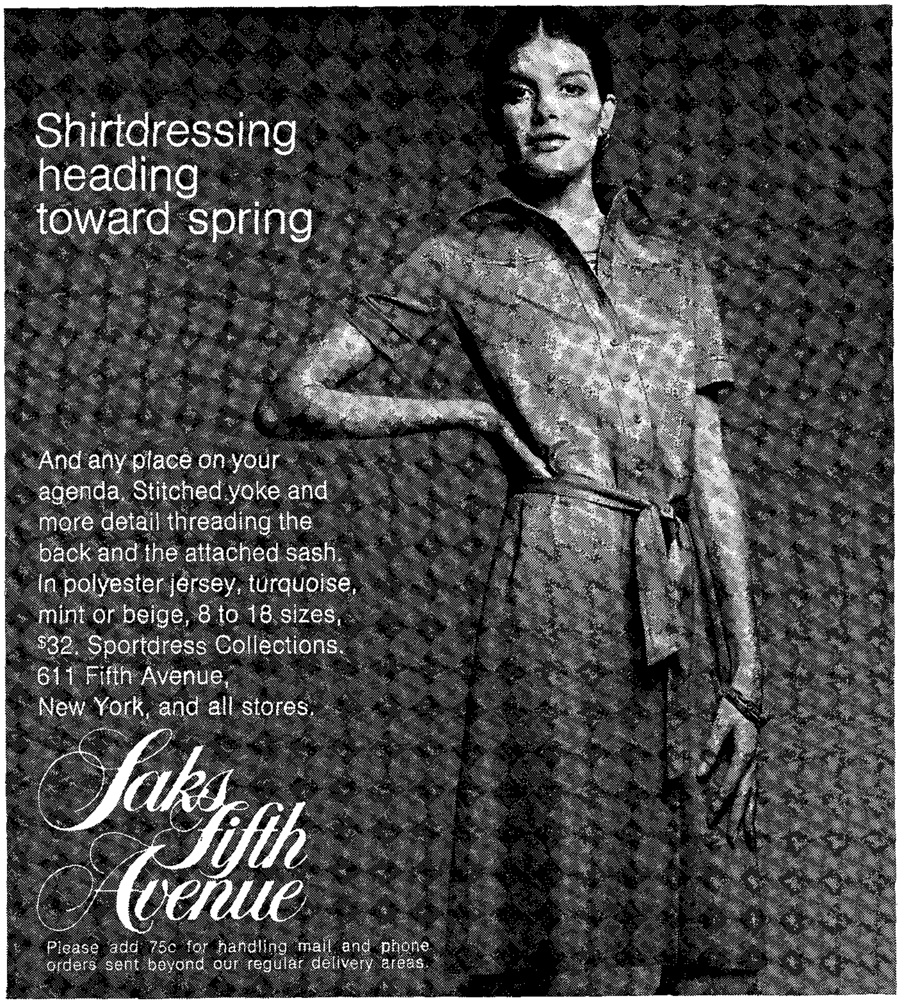

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seventy thousand telegrams have been sent to Washington in the thirty-six hours since Cox was fired. Western Union is swamped. Bork says the Watergate prosecution will be continued and Petersen will be in charge. The President has left for Camp David.

OCTOBER 23

CHARLES ALAN WRIGHT, on the "Today" show, defends the President's actions.

Senator Edward Gurney, Republican of Florida, says, on the radio, that the President was "forced" by Democrats to hire Cox. He says the President "had a gun to his head."

Carl Albert is reported to want the House to hurry its approval of Gerald Ford as Vice-President.

Morris Udall, an independent liberal Democrat in the House, suggests, in a news story, that Congress hasten confirmation of Ford as part of an agreement that Nixon resign in Ford's favor. The idea had been bruited about in the past few days, but this is the first time I have seen it in print. There have been proposals that various people—Rockefeller, Richardson—be made Speaker of the House, and then President. (The Speaker of the House does not have to be a member.) It is perhaps a reflection of the times that in the minds of intelligent men Constitutional procedures should give way to improvisational fantasies.

Two Cabinet officers—James Lynn, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, and Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare—have made speeches defending the President's action.

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THE name the Great Hall of the Justice Department has always had an Arthurian ring. Other Cabinet departments make do with an "auditorium." The Great Hall is two stories high. On its platform are two giant aluminum statues, of a semi-nude man and woman. A Justice Department spokesman says that the man represents the majesty of justice and the woman the spirit of justice. Behind the section reserved for reporters, and in the balcony that rings the second story of the Great Hall, hundreds of Justice Department employees are gathered for Elliot Richardson's televised press conference. One wonders about their state of mind. The Justice Department lawyers had traditionally been considered a select group. Justice was seen as a good place for law-school graduates to spend a few years, before moving on; its career lawyers were highly respected. But recent times have been hard on them. Their morale has been sapped, and many of them feel that their reputations are in question.

Before the press conference begins, the correspondence between the President and Richardson on the Friday and Saturday of last weekend is released. There, in cold type, are two powerful men politely, cold-bloodedly staking out positions that were to lead to a confrontation with profound consequences both for them and for the nation. A Constitutional crisis, the issue of Presidential accountability, drawn in an exchange of letters. Letters such as these are for the record, intended for public release if necessary. They state positions as the writers want them to be read; otherwise they would not have been written. These people know how to deliver messages by telephone.

In his "Dear Elliot" letter of Friday, Nixon says he has "reluctantly agreed to a limited breach of Presidential confidentiality" to spare the country further "agony." He says the "very limited" intrusion on the "independence that I promised you" would not have been necessary "if the Special Prosecutor had agreed to the very reasonable proposal you made to him this week." Richardson, in his "Dear Mr. President" letter, says he found the Stennis proposal "reasonable and constructive" but did not agree that the "price" to the Special Prosecutor should be "renunciation" of further judicial proceedings. Richardson also points out that the compromise he submitted to Cox "did not purport to deal with other tapes, notes, or memoranda." He suggests in his letter that the Stennis solution be a precedent for other tapes and documents.

A television technician calls out "Thirty seconds!" This is a television show as well as a press conference. As Richardson and his wife, together with Ruckelshaus, step through the blue velvet curtain, the Justice Department workers burst into prolonged applause. It is the sort of emotional applause that, once started, feeds on itself—the applauders' way of making a statement. The ovation also expresses the Justice Department workers' desire for a hero—a moral standard to which they can repair.

Richardson looks different today. He is tired; his eyes are bleary. His voice is tremulous. His delivery lacks the customary crispness. He is apparently struggling for control of his emotions; it seems to be the fatigue—a reaction to the ovation the Justice Department workers have given him and to what he has been through. It is all the more noticeable in Richardson, who always seemed to be in such control. The ex-

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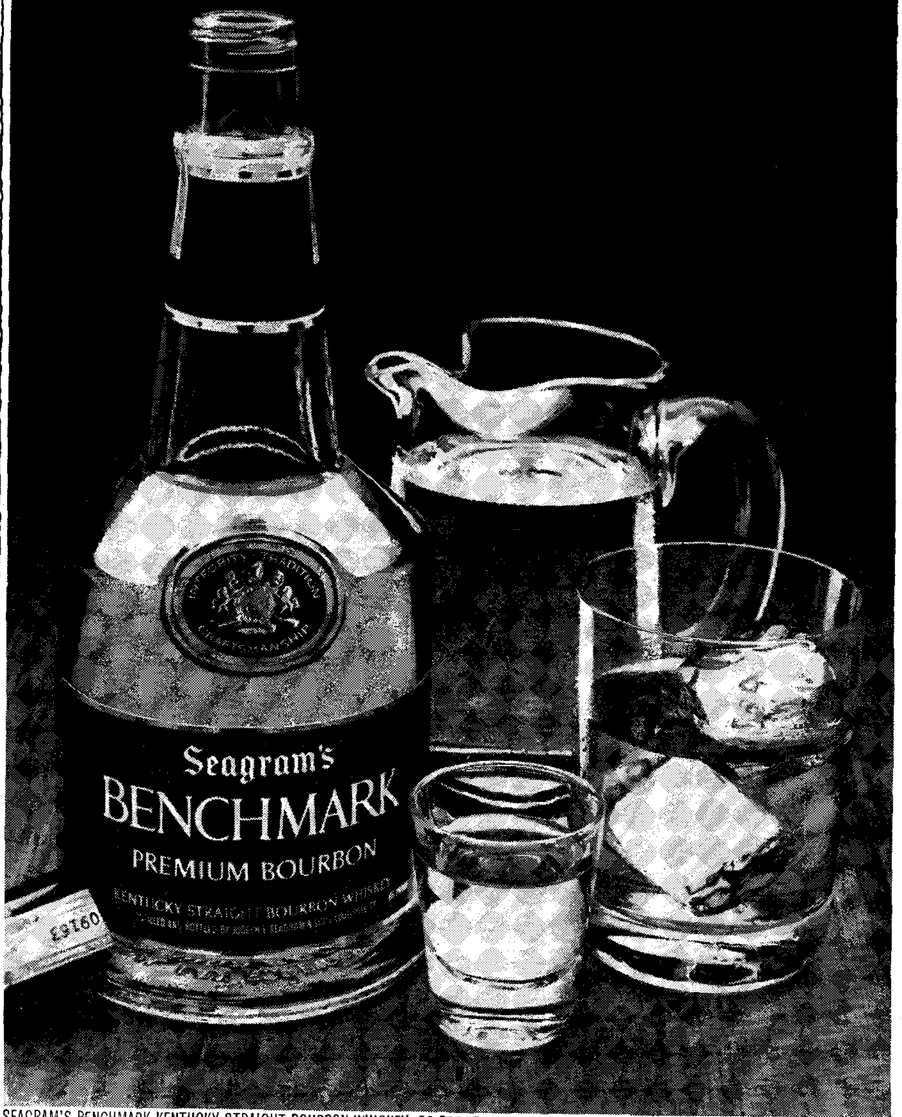

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tent of the control, the fact that it came across as control, suggested that there was something else there. And he has a certain fame in Washington as an uninhibited dancer. It is hard to imagine George Shultz or Earl Butz as an uninhibited dancer. Before the press conference, a friend of Richardson's described him as "sad, tired," and without any "sense of exultation." "That's good," said the friend, "but it makes him vulnerable to entreaties from all sides—and he's getting them."

In his prepared statement, Richardson says, "At stake, in the final analysis, is the very integrity of the governmental processes I came to the Department of Justice to help restore." But his statement leaves an impression of ambiguity. He professes his loyalty to "the general purposes and priorities" of the Nixon Administration. He says he does not believe "that Mr. Cox was guilty of anything approaching an 'extraordinary impropriety.' " He says he does not share the feeling among some congressional Republicans and in the White House that the Cox staff might "be tipped by partisanship," or believe that Mr. Cox was out "to get Mr. Richard Nixon." He says, "I believe that he was exercising a very difficult responsibility with conscientiousness, with a real effort to be fair."

Asked if the President had reason to expect him to resign, Richardson says, "The question of what I would do, I think, was unclear from his perspective up to the point on Saturday afternoon when I came to see him. There had been issues drawn earlier in the week in which I had made clear that if certain action were taken I would be forced to resign."

On the question of impeachment—one for which he is clearly prepared—Richardson answers carefully, saying that it is "a question for the American people." But he avoids saying whether there can be an independent investigation run by the Justice Department. He suggests that there will be no real problem over obtaining other documents for the investigation. It is hard to see how he can say this now.

•

AFTER lunch, it was a pleasure to walk for a while in the sunshine, along Connecticut Avenue, accompanying a friend as he did the mundane errands I take some pains to avoid—getting shoes fixed, cashing a check at the bank.

•

THE news came over the radio in the early afternoon that the President, after all, has agreed to turn the tapes over to the court. Another startling turn. From the news reports, it seems that there will still be issues over which material is to be withheld on the ground of "national security." And this move does not resolve other key issues. The move indicates that the President did believe himself to be in some trouble. Politicians and their aides are probably scrambling again. Statements made this morning, positions taken, may now be outdated. On the radio, it is announced that the House inquiry into impeachment will go on. By 4 P.M., Richardson, who was to have been today's big story, seems a footnote.

In the late afternoon, Haig, Wright, and Ziegler brief the press on the President's decision. It is crowded and hot in the White House pressroom. The reporters are tired and snappish. They are wearying of the twists and turns, of being told things today that render what they were told yesterday "inoperative." Haig says that the President is making this "single exception" to his stand on the importance of the confidentiality of the President's documents. He refers to "the firestorm of this weekend." He says that the White House position was "subject to a great deal of misunderstanding, a great deal of misinformation over the past weekend." He says that there were problems of "semantics" over the weekend. As for the compromise, he says that Senator Baker "was a catalyst in the thing, and a very important one." In response to a question, Haig says that now the Senate committee will not get the tapes or summaries of them. For one thing, the committee is continuing its suit for the tapes, and, for another, he says, the White House is concerned for Senator Stennis's health. "As you know," says Haig, "Senator Stennis has experienced a very grievous wound recently." The President, he says, did not want to "presume to impose on Senator Stennis."

Haig reënacts his conversation with Ruckelshaus, in which his "Commander-in-Chief" comment now sounds very casual; and he makes a little joke about himself. "Anybody who knows me knows what a militarist I am," he says.

Alexander Haig was an affable, able major in the Pentagon when he was discovered, during the Johnson Administration, by Joseph Califano, then special assistant to Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Haig had proved a competent aide to McNamara and then to Kissinger—the organizer, the expediter, the one who saw that orders were carried out. Now he is in charge

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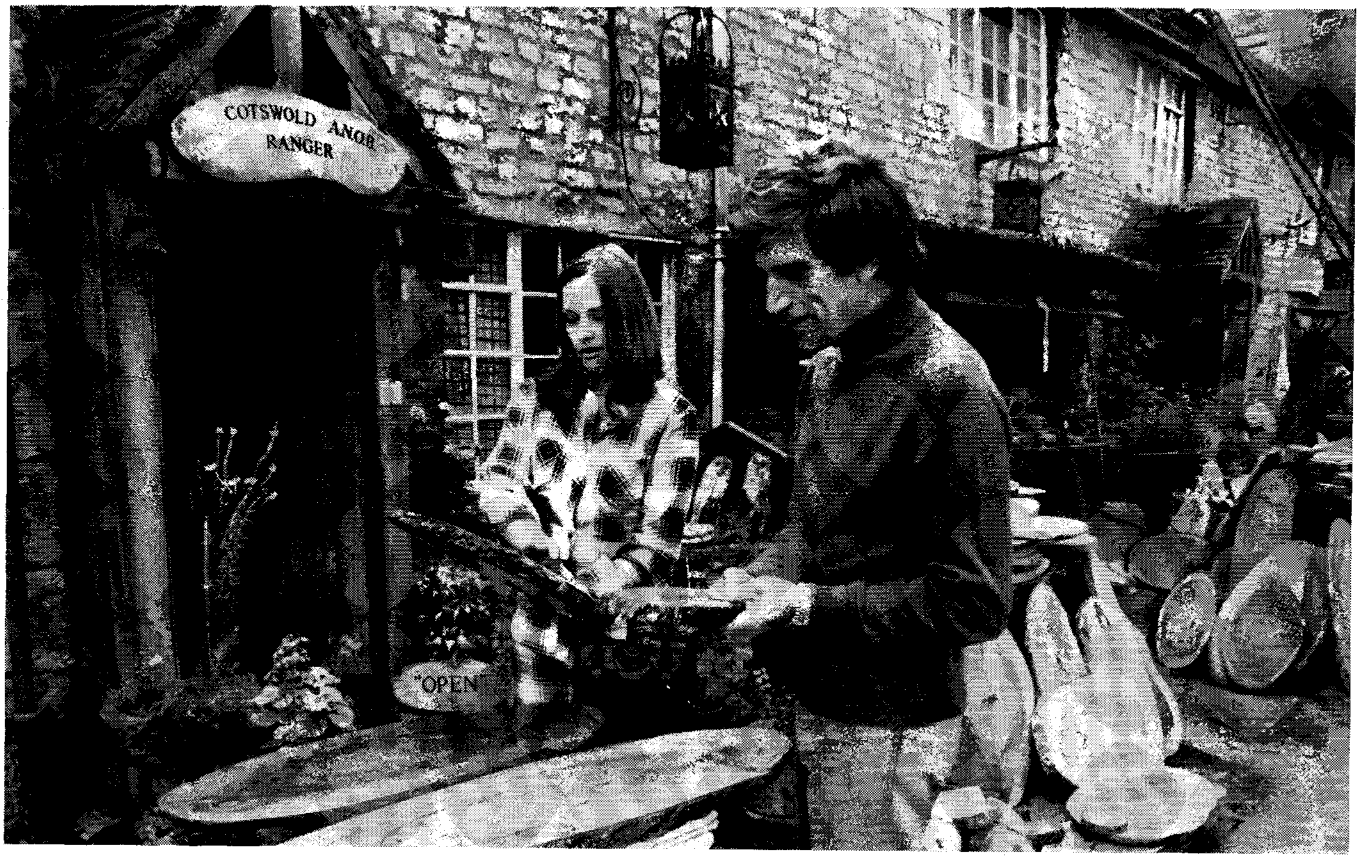

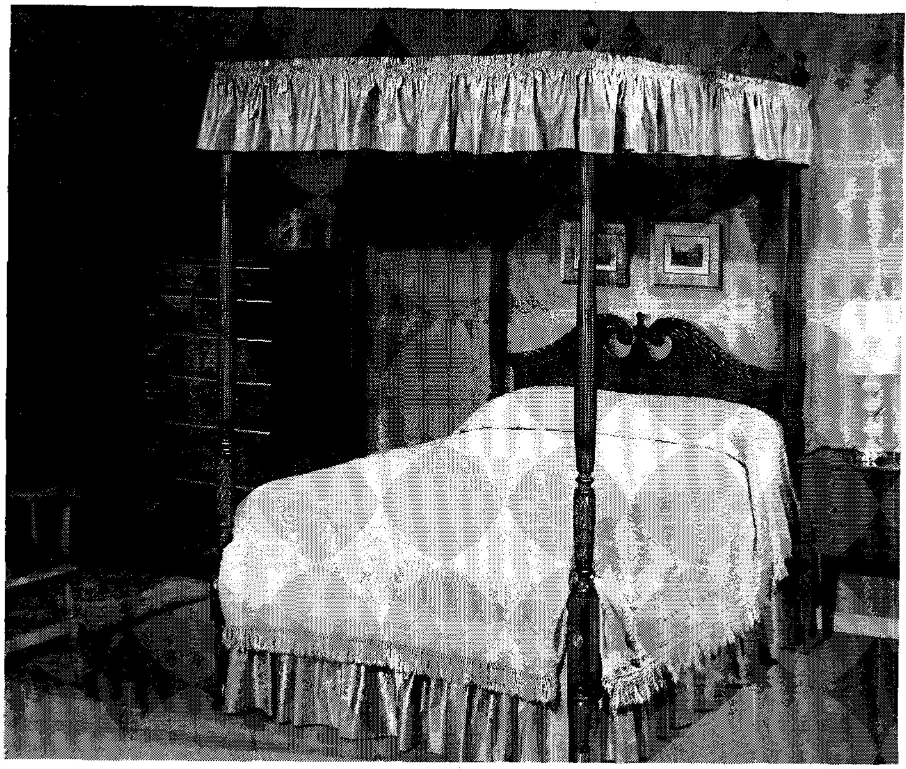

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of the White House staff, is the President's top adviser.

Haig, standing before the microphone in his gray suit, speaking with his slight Southern accent, says that he is not blaming the press, but there was "the impression at large that this compromise . . . was a contrived subterfuge to (a) not turn over the information, or (b) design some devious scheme by which to relieve ourselves of the burden of Professor Cox and his investigating team." He says, "I think that is a terrible disservice to the President of the United States."

•

"FIRESTORM." I had always thought of the word in connection with the firestorm of Dresden, in the Second World War—a word of terrifying connotations, like "holocaust." A word one would use with care. Reporters believe that the word was first used in connection with last weekend by Ron Ziegler.

•

IT is dark now. On the White House lawn, equipment is set up so that television newsmen can report the late developments. The television spotlights cast a ghostly glow on the White House lawn. Along Pennsylvania Avenue, an unusual number of car horns are honking.

•

SOME thoughts, and questions, at the end of the day. Has Nixon succeeded in putting all the focus on the tapes? If there is no independent Special Prosecutor, who will be in a position to challenge him on other issues? Haig referred to future questions about White House documents as a "minefield." (More wartime terminology.) Is he right? Was getting rid of Cox, and perhaps gaining control of what was referred to in some Republican circles as "the breakaway Justice Department," worth all this to the President? Did Nixon figure that Richardson would be sufficiently malleable not to give him trouble? Richardson's resignation is widely viewed as the first Administration resignation "on principle"—an act of courage. But did Richardson really have any choice? He had made a contractual arrangement with the Senate committee as the price of his confirmation. Moreover, if he had agreed to fire Cox, Richardson would have been finished politically. He was already in some trouble with his moderate Republican constituency. Is he destroyed anyway? Has he been torn up by his conflicting constituencies within the Republican Party, and by a demanding press corps and involved outsiders?

Do we in fact destroy those who try to mend some of the divisions in American politics? A Muskie is devoured. In turn, a Goldwater or a McGovern is set upon by his own constituency if he tries to broaden his base. But the thought that "politics is the art of compromise" is not without meaning. When public men show some principle, are we then insatiable in our demands on them?

Tomorrow evening, the President is to address the nation on television. We could all use a rest. Tonight, Mr. Nixon has gone to Camp David. He went there last night also. It is said that the President is taking his leave of the White House nightly now to escape the sound of the car horns honking.

At dinner, someone remarks that there is a new bumper sticker in California. It says "Don't Blame Me. I Voted for Voorhis."

OCTOBER 24

THIS morning, on the radio, Leonard Garment says that the President did the right thing by bowing to public opinion on the tapes.

◆

THERE is a new ceasefire in the Middle East.

◆

THE Associated Press has a copy of a letter sent to the President by Patrick J. Hillings, lawyer for the Associated Milk Producers, Inc., pledging two million dollars in reëlection contributions. The letter is dated two weeks before the President, in 1970, imposed import quotas on ice cream and other dairy products. In 1971, the President raised the price supports for milk, reversing his Secretary of Agriculture, after he met with milk producers. Hillings is a former representative of the same congressional district Nixon had represented, and an old friend of Nixon's, and for a time he was a law partner of Murray Chotiner. Chotiner's Washington law firm represented the milk group. Last spring, looking through some clippings about Chotiner's role in the milk case, I came across the fact that Howard Hunt had headed one of the hundred and fifty dummy committees that raised money from the milk industry for the President's reëlection.

Murray Chotiner had been with Nixon from the beginning, when Nixon defeated Jerry Voorhis for Congress. He had been in the Nixon campaign

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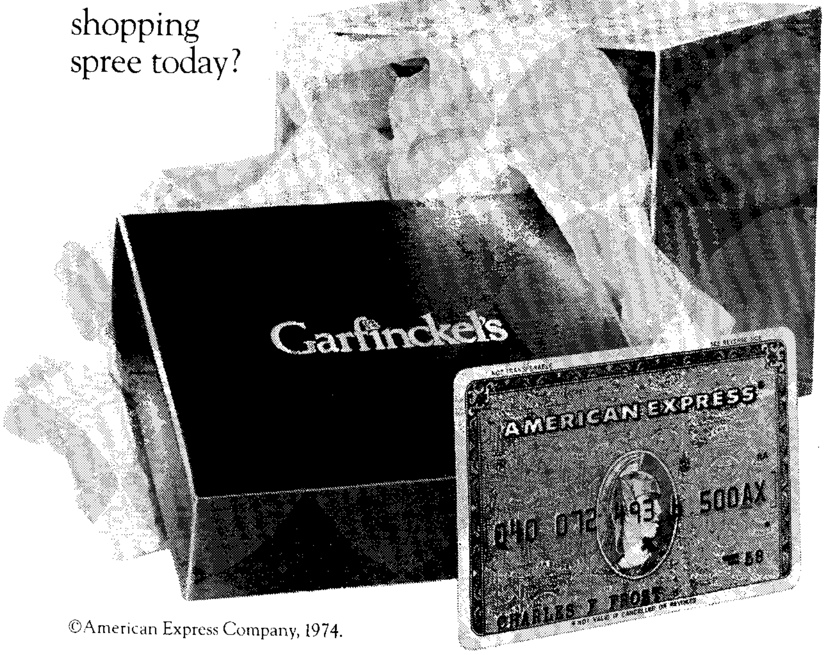

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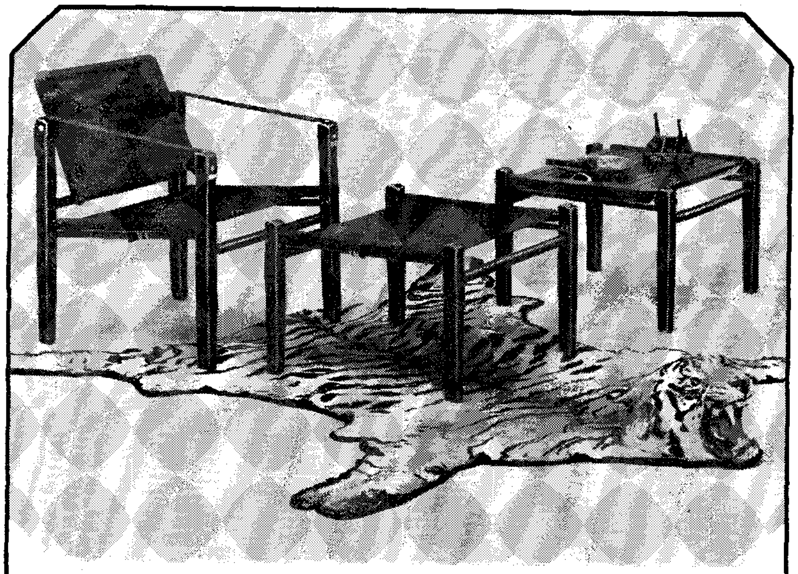

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against Helen Gahagan Douglas, and, in 1952, when Nixon was under attack for "the Nixon Fund," Chotiner had urged Nixon to counterattack with the "Checkers" speech. Chotiner worked in the White House for a while after Nixon was elected President. He was particularly involved, along with Charles Colson, in the 1970 mid-term elections. That was when the Nixon White House tried very hard—and failed—to get an "ideological majority" in the Senate. Some Republican politicians were persuaded to give up secure positions in order to make the race. Some moderate Republicans were given the back of the hand. Conservative Southern Democrats, such as John Stennis, were treated benignly. Edmund S. Muskie and Edward M. Kennedy, Democratic senators up for re-election, were targets, not because the White House thought they could be defeated but because it thought they could perhaps be made less formidable for the Presidential race in 1972. The theme of the campaign, set by the President, was "law and order." Stones were thrown at the President in San Jose. He thereupon stood atop his limousine waving his arms in a victory sign and saying, "This is what they hate to see." In "Six Crises," Nixon tells of how he stood up on the rear seat of his limousine in Lima when a mob was attacking him. "I could not resist the temptation to get in one other good lick," he wrote. (There were always some questions about who threw those stones in San Jose.) Attorney General John Mitchell let it be known later that he thought the 1970 campaign a disaster.

It was said that Haldeman and Ehrlichman got Chotiner out of the White House in 1971 because they thought he would embarrass the President. After that, he turned up in the news from time to time. The milk fund. Chotiner had been involved in obtaining Hoffa's release from prison. I once asked him why. He said because Hoffa's son had asked him to help in getting his father out of prison, because Hoffa was a "political victim," and because he thought "the rank and file of the Teamsters would be most appreciative."

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THERE are also stories, and speculation, that the President is acting to protect not just himself but also his former aides, who might be in a position to do him damage. One gets a picture of the President and several of his formerly most trusted aides circling each other, each of them

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•

A House Democrat, one in touch with many members, says that impeachment is now being moved along by an irresistible force. "The genie is out of the bottle," he says. "The unspeakable is being spoken." He says that the House leadership wants to get on with the confirmation of Ford's nomination, lest it appear to be trying to replace the President with a Democrat. "The shock of the past weekend changed everything," he says. "There had been the ordinary forbearance toward the President here, a great reluctance to move. I think the people were out ahead of us. They saw a frightening threat to the democratic process. What the President did over the weekend may not have been a high crime or misdemeanor, but it opened things up."

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The President's speech scheduled for tonight has been postponed until tomorrow, and there will be a press conference instead. Tom Brokaw says on tonight's N.B.C. news that the White House has asked several groups to issue statements of support of the President after his press conference: the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Disabled American Veterans, the AMVETS. The President has vetoed the war-powers bill, saying that it "would seriously undermine this nation's ability to act" in a crisis. George Meany has referred to "the dangerous emotional instability" of the President. The White House has called this "one of the most incredible, inexcusable, irresponsible statements ever made by someone who is in a position to have his remarks and comments carried in the national news media."

There are unspoken things, things that are in the air, in private conversations, but do not enter the public dialogue—the news stories, the editorials, the speeches. There are forms of responsibility and civility with which we surround our public discourse. This is good, in that it helps to keep things from flying apart, but it also extends the charade, perpetuates illusions. These unspoken things are not facts, but they are factors. They have to do with things people are uneasy about. Lately, they have had to do with concern about

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what the President would do, how far he would go, to get himself out of trouble. They have had to do with theories about what else might have been done by members of the Nixon Administration, with concern about shocks still to come. These things, because they are not facts, and because we proceed, in our public discourse, according to certain unwritten rules, ordinarily do not appear in newspapers, ordinarily are not spoken about by public figures. But the silence can be deceptive. It can conceal part of what is motivating people of power. When George Meany spoke aloud of the President's "emotional instability," he was saying something that others felt they could not say. And he was someone whom it was legitimate for the press to quote. The White House understood that.

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SENATE Republican leaders today urged the President to name a new Special Prosecutor.

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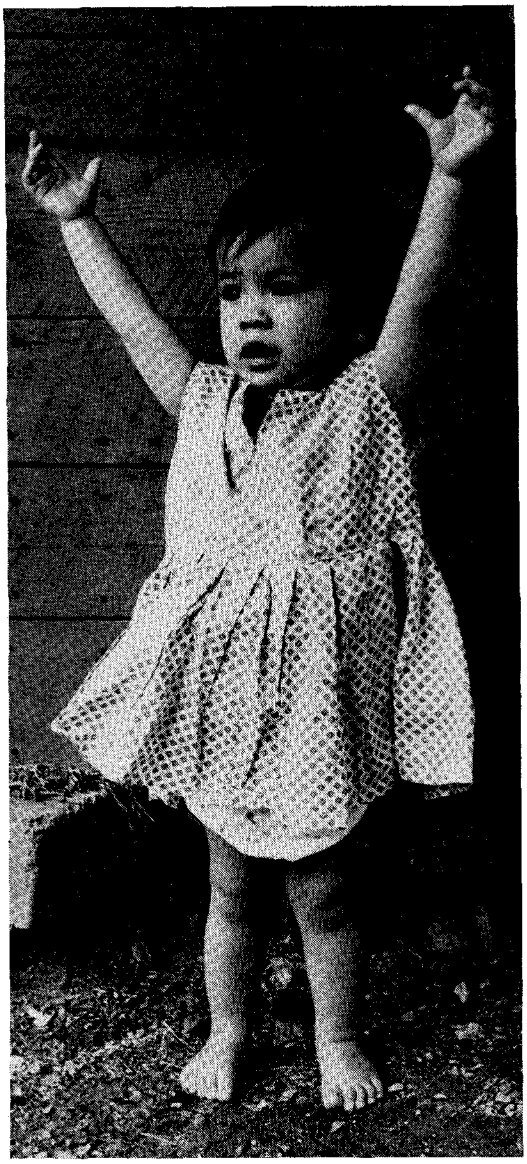
THERE is something striking about the way great pending Constitutional issues are discussed these days. The Constitution itself is rarely mentioned. There are discussions of whether various people "want" to have Nixon, or Ford, or Albert, as President. Issues are put in terms of political preferences, and tactics, rather than processes. That is not the way the Constitution is supposed to work. That's the point of having a Constitution.

OCTOBER 25

WE awakened to the news that the President has declared a worldwide military alert.

United States air, ground, and sea forces around the world have been put in a state of readiness. The radio reports say that the alert may be a reaction to Soviet moves to enforce the ceasefire in the Middle East. There were meetings of government officials throughout the night. The National Security Council is said to have convened. Congressional leaders are meeting at the White House. "We still have very sketchy details," the radio announcer says. Kissinger will hold a press conference at noon.

The news is chilling—and bewildering. It is not clear what it would mean if the Russians were moving to enforce the ceasefire in the Middle East, or why that would call for worldwide military alert. What is our government planning to do? And there is the cynicism. The cynicism is very unpleasant, but it is there: the question—spoken and implied in conversations through-



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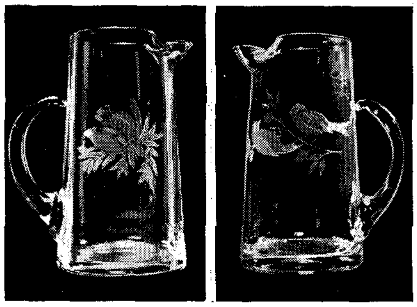

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out the tense morning—whether the crisis is real.

Marvin Kalb, of C.B.S., puts the question to Kissinger at his press conference. Marvin Kalb is a thoughtful man, and he puts the question carefully. He says, "Mr. Secretary, could you tell us whether the United States received a specific warning from the Soviet Union that it would send its forces unilaterally into the Middle East? Do you have intelligence that the Russians are preparing for such an action? The reason I raise these questions— as you know, there has been some line of speculation this morning that the American alert might have been prompted as much perhaps by American domestic requirements as by the real requirements of diplomacy in the Middle East. And I wonder if you could provide some additional information on that."

Kissinger answers slowly, in a tone that is more in sorrow. Kissinger, of course, knows Marvin Kalb. Marvin Kalb and his brother Bernard are writing a book about Kissinger. Kissinger says, "Marvin, we are attempting to conduct the foreign policy of the United States with regard for what we owe not just to the electorate but to future generations. And it is a symptom of what is happening to our country that it could even be suggested that the United States would alert its forces for domestic reasons. We do not think it is wise at this moment to go into the details of the diplomatic exchanges that prompted this decision. Upon the conclusion of the present diplomatic efforts, one way or the other, we will make the record available, and we will be able to go into greater detail. And I am absolutely confident that it will be seen that the President had no other choice as a responsible national leader."

The question comes up at other points, in other forms, in the course of the press conference. To one question, Kissinger replies that "one cannot have crises of authority in a society for a period of months without paying a price somewhere along the line."

The price, simply put, is that in what may be an international crisis there is widespread disbelief in our leaders. Either way, it is not good. If the crisis is, as some think, manufactured, that is not good. If it is real, and the public confidence in our leaders is at such a low ebb that they are widely disbelieved, that is not good, either. Democracy, if it is to work, requires more public trust than this.

The government lied about more than three thousand bombing raids conducted in secret in Cambodia. The Secretary of State and National Security Adviser to the President is asking the press, with a combination of pleading, accusation, and agony in his voice, to believe him now. "It is up to you, ladies and gentlemen, to determine whether this is the moment to try to create a crisis of confidence in the field of foreign policy as well," Kissinger says to the press. "We have tried to give you as much information as we decently and safely and properly can under these conditions. As soon as there is a clear outcome, we will give you the full information. And after that you will be able to judge whether the decisions were taken hastily or improperly. . . . We will be prepared, however—and I'm certain within a week—to put the facts before you. But there has to be a minimum of confidence that the senior officials of the American government are not playing with the lives of the American people."

Extraordinary questions, in an extraordinary situation, and then there is another—one that, if memory serves, has never been asked before. The Secretary of State is asked if the President's order for a worldwide military alert is "a totally rational decision." Kissinger replies that he usually does not "provide a checklist of what advice I give to the President," and goes on, "But, due to the particular implications of your remark, I may say that all of the President's senior advisers, all the members of the National Security Council, were unanimous in their recommendation, as the result of a deliberation in which the President did not himself participate, and which he joined only after they had formed their judgment, that the measures taken, that he, in fact, ordered, were in the essential national interest."

•

OVER the years of the Nixon Administration, the President's assistants, explaining the President's requests for large military budgets, have said, with striking regularity, that the President was concerned that the United States be sufficiently strong to face down the Soviet Union as John F. Kennedy did in the Cuban missile crisis of 1962.

•

THE President's press conference has been postponed until tomorrow evening. It is still unclear why the alert was ordered.

•

ALL week, it has been said within the Administration that Leonid Brezhnev, the Soviet leader, was ex-

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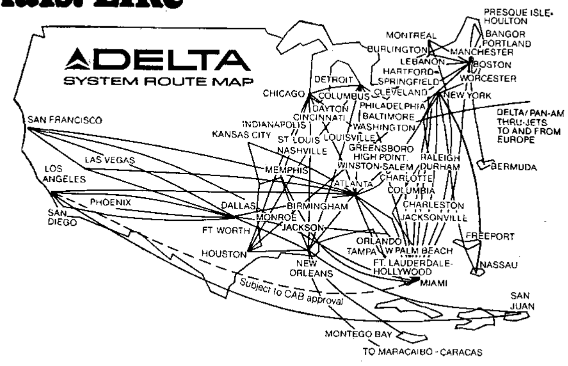
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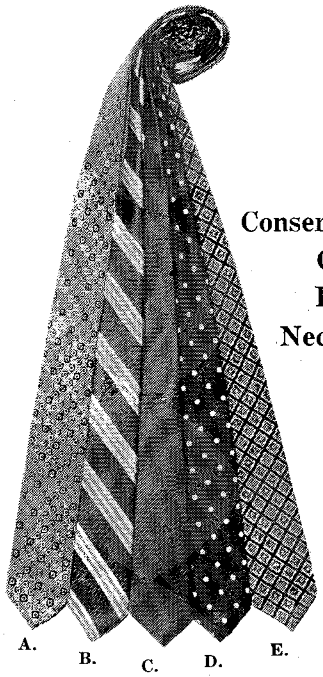

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ploiting the vulnerability of the President caused by Archibald Cox.

•

A DEMOCRATIC senator says that he does not know what sort of statement to make about the worldwide military alert. "I'd like to know what's going on, first," he says. "I can't get any information about it. How can the country listen to us if we don't know what the hell's going on?"

•

IMAGINATIONS have been set loose again. Ordinarily sensible people are thinking the ordinarily unthinkable. A Washington lawyer says that he is studying the question of how to declare a Presidential disability. Someone tells me that he has been called by a politician from out of town who wants to know if there are national leaders who can prevent a coup.

•

BY midafternoon, the Middle East crisis is over. The United Nations Security Council has voted to send a peacekeeping force to the Middle East. But the alert is still in effect.

•

TONIGHT, we watch, on our television screens, American troops and tanks mobilizing for we don't know what. We are reminded this evening that American planes loaded with nuclear bombs are in the air. Does the President believe that these scenes convey the impression of a strong Commander-in-Chief, with powerful weapons at his command, in charge? Perhaps to many it does. The President makes a point of being photographed as he sees Kissinger off after a White House meeting. Then he is photographed springing up the steps of the Executive Office Building. The scenes emphasize the point that it was considered necessary that we see our President.

Robert Schieffer, the C.B.S. Pentagon correspondent, says that certain Soviet actions led United States military planners to "suspect" that Soviet troops were on their way to the Middle East. The Pentagon is chronically suspicious. Its job is to be suspicious and to plan reprisals. It is for others to decide whether the suspicions are well founded and the reprisals are in order. Dan Rather says that White House aides are "furious" that anyone would

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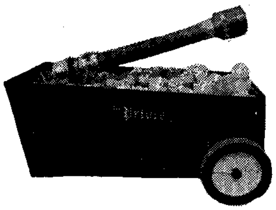

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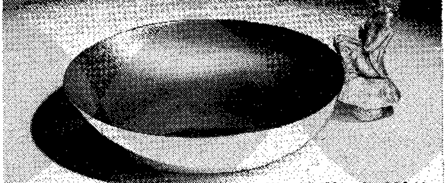

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suggest that there were not good reasons for the President's action. Rather says, "Anyone who suggests otherwise, they say, will be humiliated by history."

◆

TODAY, someone says, was "a Strangelove day." In thirty-two minutes, United States intercontinental ballistic missiles can destroy the Soviet Union. Some say that these missiles can destroy the Soviet Union twenty times over; some say only ten times. In any event, in thirty-two minutes the United States can destroy the Soviet Union as a civilization. And vice versa.

◆

THERE is the inescapable feeling that things have changed—that the atmosphere shifted again today. The talk of impeachment has been more serious. More people have seemed to be suggesting plans for replacing the President. It is a result not just of the suspicion that the crisis was unreal but of the fear of real crises, with the President not being believed. There is deep concern that our domestic troubles might in fact, just as the President says, make us vulnerable. Atmosphere is substance, too.

◆

IS there a national trip wire? When the country seems to be in danger and the regular processes seem to offer little hope, are there other ways out? One hears all manner of suggestions now for unusual procedures (or is there a savior somewhere?) for resolving our difficulties. In times of trouble, it is all the more important to move according to legitimate procedures.

◆

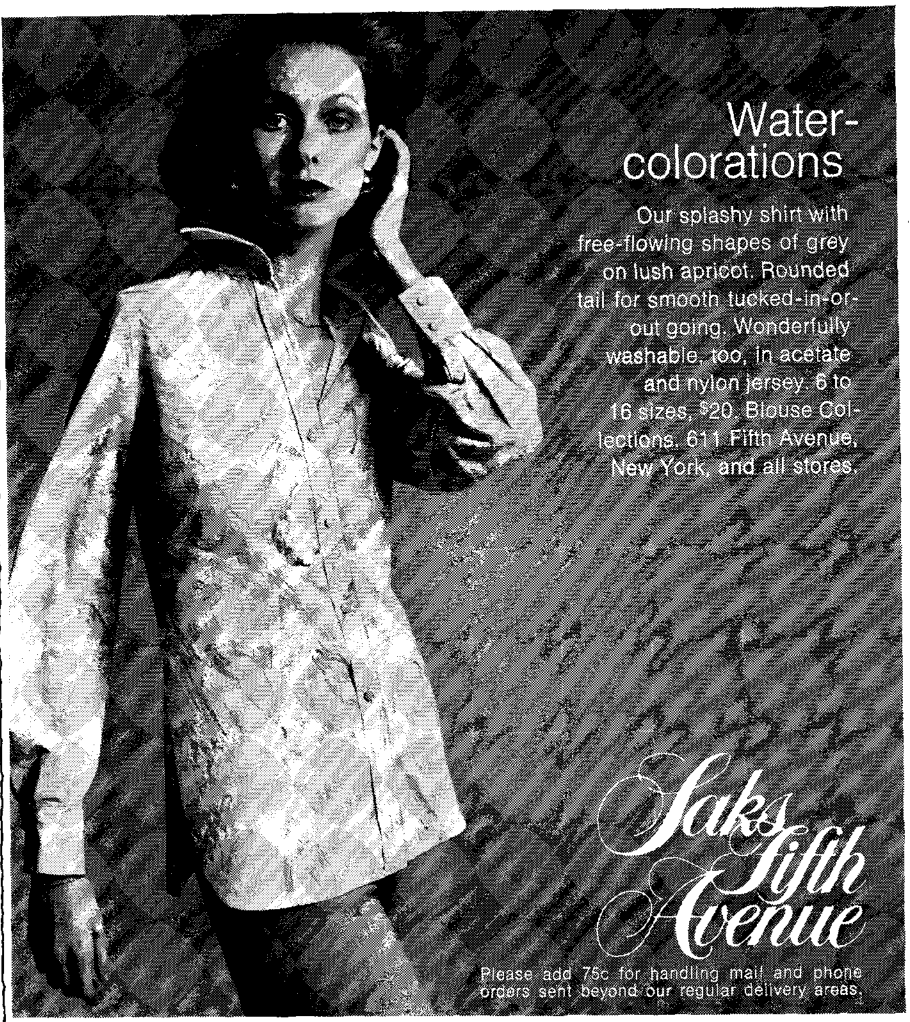
THE events of the day almost obliterated the other news of this morning, but some items in the papers still caught one's attention. The White House has claimed executive privilege to prevent former Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin from testifying about a meeting in 1971 with President Nixon and top White House aides on the question of increasing the price supports for milk.

◆

THE President has gone to Camp David again tonight.

—ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)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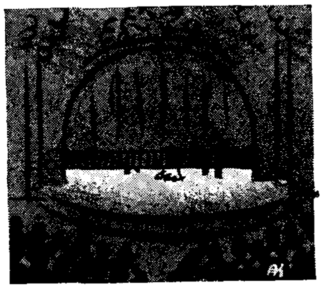
THE THEATRE

THE LESSON OF THE MASTER

"Noël Coward in Two Keys," at the Ethel Barrymore, is an attractive production of two of the last plays Coward ever wrote—"Come Into the Garden Maud" and "A Song at Twilight." He wrote them in 1966, when, being but a couple of weeks older than the century, he was himself sixty-six. He had remained young longer than any of his contemporaries, but soon the ignominies of age would be stealing in upon him; fate, which has a gift for malice, would reward his abounding energy and high spirits by making him prematurely old. Having grown bald, short of breath, and (from the medicines he was obliged to take) almost unrecognizably puffy-faced, he would say, not without relish, that he had come to resemble an elderly, diseased mandarin. Alas, it was true—the devil-may-care wit and man-about-town had vanished without a trace, and when, in Jamaica last year, over morning coffee, his heart suddenly stopped, nobody could fail to perceive that his timing was, as it had always been, impeccable. For what a splendidly full career he had brought to a close—acting, writing, singing, dancing, composing, and directing for over sixty years! Partly in order to shock the bourgeois of academe, I used to praise Coward as being second only to Shakespeare in the English theatre, for only he after Shakespeare had written a play that would last, had acted in it, and had composed a song to be sung in it.



"Come Into the Garden Maud" and "A Song at Twilight" will not last—they are charming one-act trifles, which Coward wrote for himself to be the star of and which stand up surprisingly well without him, thanks to their sympathetic enactment by Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Anne Baxter. Both of the plays are set in a private suite in a de-luxe Swiss hotel. In the first, an American millionaire in his middle fifties, his aggressively social wife, and an Italian princess of a certain age exchange pleasantries that little by little become less pleasant and more honest, ending with the abrupt and implausible decampment of the long-suffering husband and the generous-hearted princess. Coward must have written the play because of the fun it gave him to play the role of an American businessman; to that end, he quite openly borrowed the speech and attitudes of Sinclair Lewis's Sam Dodsworth. Coward's ear was sufficiently keen for him to suppress all but a few anglicisms ("what ever for," for example, instead of "what for"). The wife is a cruel but accurate caricature of a type of American innocent abroad that, I hope and believe, has long since perished from the earth; as for the Italian princess with a sense of humor and an appetite for lovemaking, I hope and believe her type will survive forever. Mr. Cronyn as the henpecked husband is acute and amiable, Miss Tandy as the wife is admirably obtuse and bitchy, and Miss Baxter as the princess radiates an unintimidating sensuality.

In "A Song at Twilight," Mr. Cronyn plays the role of Hugo Latymer, an aging writer of world renown, Miss Tandy plays his German wife-*und*-watchdog, and Miss Baxter plays a discarded mistress who makes an unexpected and not altogether welcome appearance after many years. She has some letters of the great man's that she thinks may be of interest, not because they were addressed to her but because they were addressed to a young man with whom he was in love. In 1966, Coward may have been thought to have achieved a minute, if gingerly, personal decloseting by his choice of such a plot, but we have gained a considerable tranquillity over the past few years in regard to revelations of this sort; as a result, the play suffers a certain loss of tension. Now, if Lincoln was found to have been in love with Grant, and if *their* love letters were to be made public—oh, then we would have something worth sitting on the edges of our seats for! Still, the cast is so good (including Thom Christopher as a waiter in both plays) and our eagerness for any hitherto unseen Coward is so great that the evening proves a highly satisfactory one.

The direction of "Noël Coward in Two Keys" is by Vivian Matalon, who directed the original production of the plays in London, the single opulent set is by William Ritman, and the costumes are by Ray Diffen. What a diffen a ray makes, especially in the case of a gorgeous green velvet evening jacket that Mr. Cronyn wears and, I assume, swaggers about town in on his nights off.

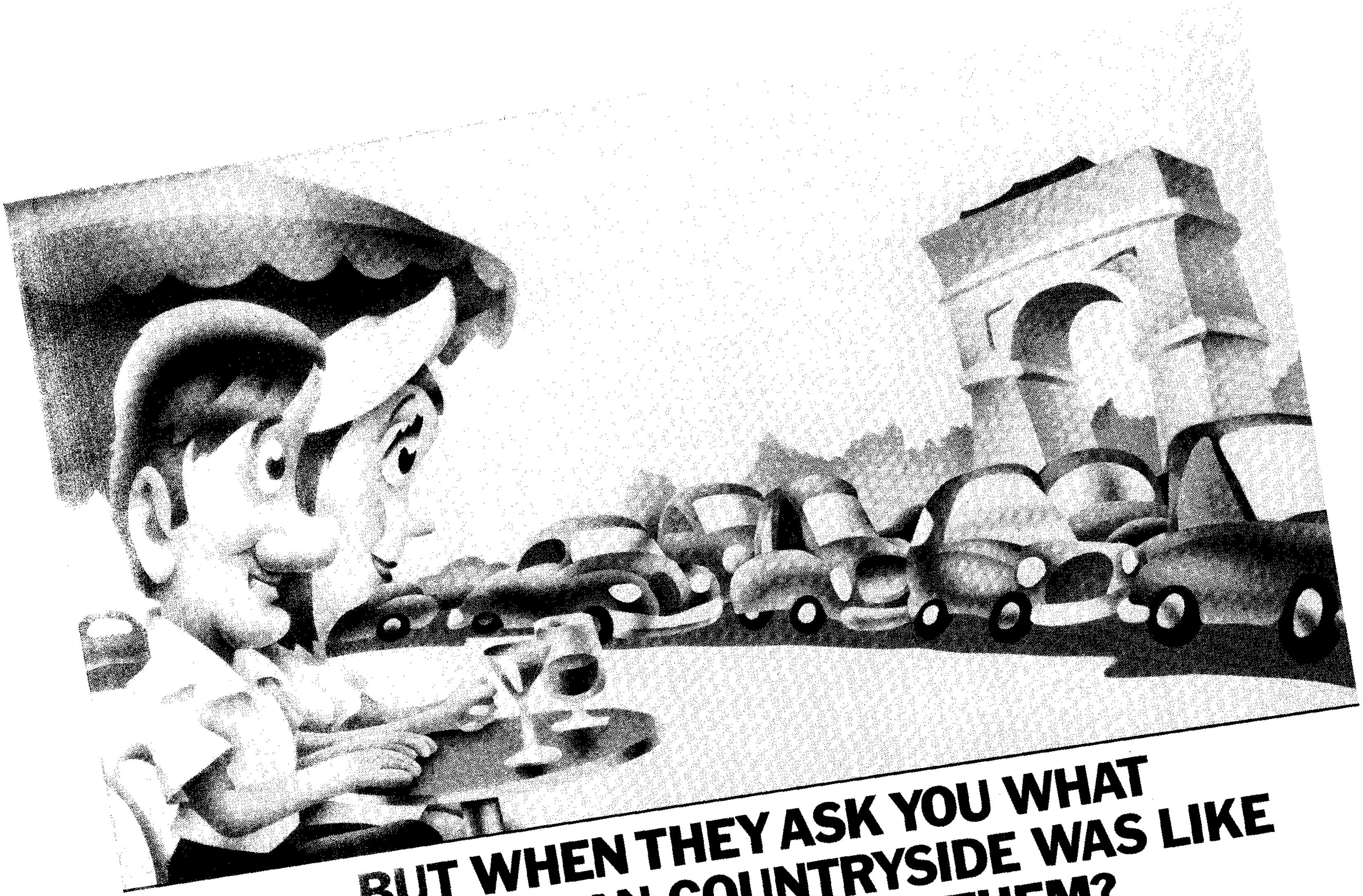
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Dropouts

In September, 1871, Arthur Rimbaud, who was then aged sixteen, turned up at the house in Paris where Paul Verlaine, in his late twenties, was living with his wife and her parents. The poets immediately fell in love, Verlaine left his family, and he and Rimbaud spent the next two years together in Paris, London, and Brussels. The affair ended in a violent, drunken quarrel in 1873. Verlaine shot Rimbaud, wounding him in the wrist, and was brought to trial and imprisoned. The men met once more, in Stuttgart in 1875. It is the events of these years (plus an epilogue in 1892) that Christopher Hampton has dramatized in his "Total Eclipse," which has opened at the Chelsea, upstairs at the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn.

Rimbaud, a cool customer to start with, cools first; Verlaine's infatuation and physical passion remain strong, although he refuses to divorce his wife (she actually divorced him) and to cut all ties with the heterosexual world. It is probably unfair to fault Mr. Hampton for tedium, since he seems to have deliberately made tedium an element of his play, but three solid hours—episode after episode—of alcoholic bickering and teasing and fighting and coupling are too much. Each scene starts with a recorded voice (of Alex Szogyi) reading a poem by Verlaine or Rimbaud in French, then a spotlight shines on the poet, who speaks the words in English and announces time and place, and then, with rather heavy irony, comes the commonplace conversation of the two men, by themselves or with others. There are no heroics, no sentimentality, no justifications in the script, but, unfortunately, there is no life, either, in its action or characters; and the actors, many of whom have done good work in other plays, do not make it convincing. (Christopher Hampton is the author of "The Philanthropist,"



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while we're on the subject of good work.) "Total Eclipse" also shares the weaknesses of most documentaries—those chunks of exposition wedged into the dialogue and the tyranny of chronology. On the other hand, there is much in the production to please the eye and ear. Doug Higgins has designed an effective environmental setting of an opulent Parisian drawing room (in one corner, during the first act) and any number of seedy rooms and cafés on platforms all over the playing area; the costumes, by Nancy Potts, often look charming and always look right; and the beguiling, delicate period music gives the show an atmosphere it badly needs.

ANNOUNCEMENT: "My Sister, My Sister," which will run only until March 11th at an Off Off Broadway Theatre called URGENT (on the fifteenth floor of an office building at 151 West 46th Street), is a remarkable new play by Ray Aranha, who deftly fuses fantasy and realism to tell the story of a black girl so torn apart and bewildered by the circumstances of her life and her feelings for the people around her, and so trapped in a hell of her own, that she cannot be rescued even by love. Mr. Aranha writes with the greatest sympathy, imagination, and humor, and the performance is very good. It was directed by Paul Weidner, of the Hartford Stage Company, where this production originally opened last September. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, Jessie Saunders plays her sister, and Adam Wade plays both her father and her lover. No admission charge, but contributions are requested.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

The four factories, all based around this north Italian town, all used to test their cars on the Brenner Highway near Modena.

The government ruled earlier this month a 120 mile per hour speed limit on the highways and a 100 mph limit on state roads so as to reduce consumption of gasoline.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

It'll never work—not with the Italian temperament what it is.

•

Purdue's laboratory for agricultural remote sensing is able to identify many crops from the air through distinctive colors, but researchers say so far they have not found a method of detecting marijuana from other weeds while on high.—*Seattle Times.*

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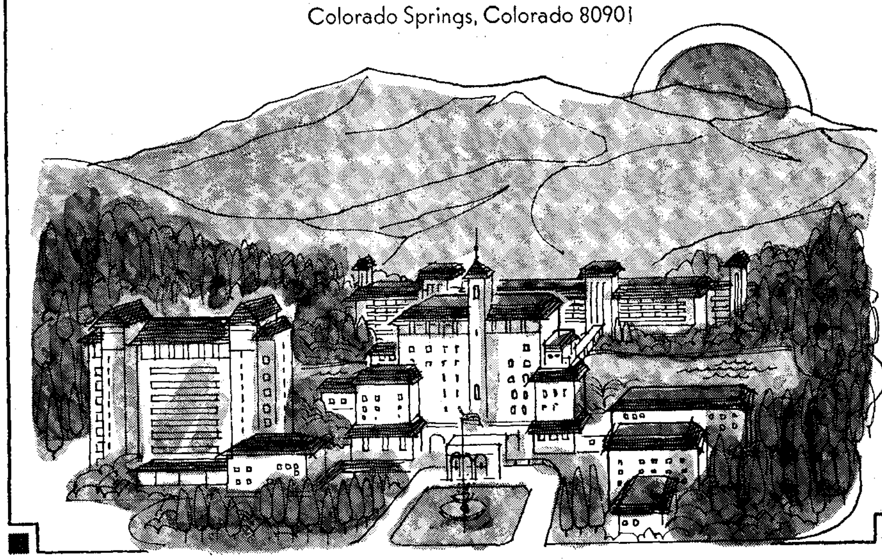


THE RACE TRACK

Not So Grand Opening

ON the whole, the first week of the New York season, the longest ever scheduled, was nothing to cheer about—small fields of undistinguished selling-platers slogging around the track at the Big A while small crowds of horseplayers huddled together in the stand. In fact, a heavy snowfall, which on its way here closed Garden State Park, cut opening-day attendance to less than 20,000—the smallest for an opening day since Aqueduct was built, in 1959.

Happily for the faithful in the stand and for the horses and jockeys on the track, the snowfall subsided to an occasional flurry before the first race. Later in the afternoon, Buckland Farms' Torsion, who had been taking his ease at Belmont Park since Aqueduct closed December 29th, and who looked all the better for it, won the sixty-fifth running of the Paumonok Handicap, the traditional opening-day stakes race, in fine style. Away slowly, he moved up smoothly on the turn for home, caught Mr. Prospector in the stretch and disposed of him in a dozen strides, and went on to win from Infuriator by a length and a half. Mr. Prospector lasted to be third. Johnny Campo, who trains Torsion, a four-year-old colt by Never Bend, was so pleased with him that he is going to send him back in the Roseben Handicap this weekend. It's a tossup whether the Paumonok or the triple that paid $13,613 in the race that followed was the event of the day. The gimmick, if you care, was to pick Bostons Boy, Oilime (both 25–1 shots), and Bold Merit to finish in the order named, and the big payoff was the best possible publicity the triple could have had. Next day, OTB took in $188,316 on it, or about fourteen thousand dollars more than on the triple the day before, and for the rest of the week it got a bigger play at the betting shops than it did at the track.

It was almost like old times at Aqueduct last Saturday, with a crowd of 32,524 that bet $4,070,747 in the tote. The main attraction was the $50,000 Swift Stakes at six furlongs—the first race in the series here for three-year-olds leading up to the Wood Memorial. It was easily the thriller of the week. Noble Michael, who had been running at Garden State Park; Accipiter, who came from Santa Anita; and Hudson County, a stay-at-home and winner on opening day, finished heads apart on the post. Noble Michael, ridden by Bracciale, Maryland's favorite jockey, was kept off the fast early pace set by Hudson County to the stretch, and came up to win in the last jump. The favorite, Frankie Adams, winner of the Hutcheson Stakes at Gulfstream, was well up in the early running but tired badly and wound up next to last. The disappointment of the day, however, I would say, was Capital Asset, the three-year-old half brother of Secretariat. He lost by three-quarters of a length to a colt named Jomar in a six-furlong sprint. Capital Asset will do better, but, after all, even the Meadow Stable doesn't get a Secretariat every year.

FARTHER afield, London Company, one of the first-rank runners on the grass, won the Pan American Handicap at Gulfstream Park last weekend. Top weight in the mile-and-a-half run over the turf course, he took the lead at the head of the stretch and came in three-quarters of a length ahead of Outdoors in a driving finish. . . . Out at Santa Anita, Tizna, the best of her sex on the grounds since the retirement of Susan's Girl, won the Santa Margarita Handicap, the meeting's big prize for fillies and mares, by a neck from Penny Flight. Tallahto was third, and Convenience was fourth. And, if you're interested, the top weight in Sunday's Santa Anita Handicap is Quack, with 126 pounds. Ancient Title carries 125, and Tri Jet 123. My guess is Forage, with 121 pounds.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Delano (Minn.) Eagle*]

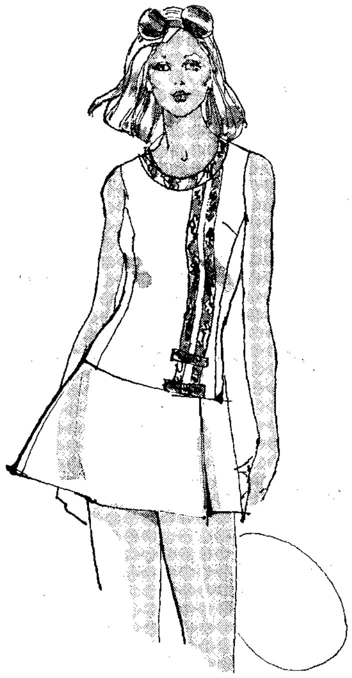
Winners in the "Best Costume" event at Delano's Crazy Days were announced by the Chamber of Commerce. Costume judge was Mrs. Gary Zitzlsperger.

First place winner is Jeanne Hayden of the Roadrunner Cafe. Jeanne was dressed as a side of beef.

Second place winner is Clara Steege of Lundeen's Mens Store. She dressed as an old fashioned lady.

Third place was Carla Puttkammer of Morgan Drug. Carla dressed as a garage mechanic.

Special mention is given by the judge to the "Triplets" at Janelen Fashions.



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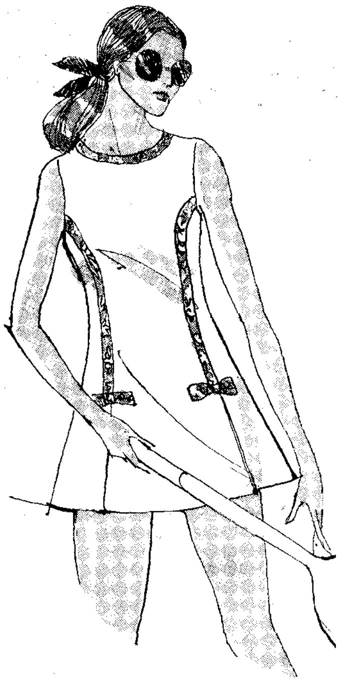

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U.S. JOURNAL: IMPERIAL COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

THE GLAMIS RUN

THE desert around Glamis, a crossroads with a store in southeastern California, has an almost unsettling quality of looking exactly the way it's supposed to look. It isn't just dusty scrubland—the kind of desert that disappoints Easterners on their first trip West. It's movie desert. On the steep side of almost any dune, the lone survivor of a Lost Patrol could come half running, half sliding down through the soft sand as he finally sees an oasis. For miles around, there is nothing except rolling dunes, sweeping down into hollows deep enough to hide a party of Bedouin bandits or a patrol of German tanks. The first thought that occurs to someone seeing a tiny flag on a long pole appear over the crest of a dune may be that one of Rommel's half-tracks is surrendering, the Jerries having found that superior numbers and iron discipline are of no use if Jack Hawkins or Trevor Howard has managed to cut your water supply. But the flag is red. Who surrenders with a red flag? Four or five other red flags appear, and then the vehicles flying them burst over the hill. They are not half-tracks but dune buggies. A half-dozen members of Los Adventureros, the Family Fourwheelers, are out for a morning run—enjoying good, clean family fun or wasting gasoline and destroying unique ecosystems, depending on your point of view.

Dune buggies, which are not turned out on assembly lines, tend to resemble one another to the extent of looking as if they had been made out of only enough material to hold four wheels apart and create some space for an engine. Ordinarily, there are no fenders or hoods or windshields. The shaft from the steering wheel can be seen turning the wheels. The engine—usually in the back, since a souped-up Volkswagen engine and a Volkswagen frame are the most common starting points of dune-buggy construction—is exposed. The only roof is usually a roll bar, with a long pole extending straight up from it to hold the flag that gives some warning of what is about to appear from behind a dune. The seats are raised hardly at all from the frame, so that the driver and passenger are seated a foot or two above the desert, their feet almost straight out in front of them. The front tires are narrow and smooth; the rear tires are like huge balloons. There are people who race dune buggies, but for members of Los Adventureros the excitement of a dune buggy is not in how fast it can go but in where it can go. It can scoot along the side of a sandy ridge at an angle that seems impossible. It can "shoot the bowl"—spin around the inside of a hollow like a roulette ball. It can roar up hills that are so close to perpendicular they would cow a San Francisco cabdriver—even a San Francisco cabdriver who had some mystic way of divining what he would find on the other side. For a member of Los Adventureros driving through the dunes—almost exclusively in first and second gear—straightaways hardly exist.

The members of Los Adventureros come from Los Angeles to the sand dunes in Imperial County for what they call "the Glamis run" on the Washington's Birthday weekend. Among people who ride dune buggies, a run is a trip, usually on a three-day weekend, to some place that offers sand to drive in and a place for parking campers and motor homes—the California desert in the winter or Pismo Beach in the summer, or even Mexico or Oregon. "Run" has several other meanings. Once having camped in, say, the dunes around Glamis, duners go out on runs—trips by a half-dozen dune buggies which may last an hour or most of the day. (Dune buggies almost always travel in groups on the desert, partly for the same reasons of common safety which have led Bedouins or German tank-drivers to travel in groups on the desert.) There are morning runs and long runs and ladies' runs. "Run" is also a verb. It can mean "use" ("He runs too much air in his tires." "Are they the same kind of tires we run?") or "own" ("How many years did you run that Corvair?") or "participate" ("Are you going to run?") or even "run" ("He's got twenty-six hundred dollars in it already, and it still isn't running").

There must be someone who runs a dune buggy without owning a motor home or a camper, just as there must be a high-school student somewhere who doesn't own a pair of bluejeans, but his presence is not immediately apparent to anyone passing through the Imperial sand dunes on a three-day weekend. A few years ago, Los Adventureros used to have cruder dune buggies and cruder accommodations. There were a lot of tents and a simple camper or two, but no big Winnebagos. The members mention those days now and then with a kind of nostalgia, like old cowboys talking about what the West was like before the railroad came in. "People used to live in tents and cook outdoors, and you could smell all the food cooking in the evening," Midge Swoger, the treasurer of Los Adventureros, recalled during the Glamis run. "It was real nice, in a way." When some members of Los Adventureros made a long run to visit the weekend camp of a jeep club—the Jeeping Jeepers—they kidded the jeep owners about running in the desert in shiny machines that were equipped with tape decks and beer coolers and citizen-band radios. The duners leave their own citizen-band radios back in their motor homes.

Los Adventureros is blue-collar. Most of the men in the club make their living from skilled hourly labor—as machinists or truck drivers or auto-body repairmen or heavy-equipment operators. It is not unusual for a dune-buggy enthusiast to build his own buggy from scratch, and most duners approach a malfunctioning motor in the manner of an exceedingly experienced safecracker approaching an exceedingly flimsy safe. If the members of Los Adventureros weren't running dune buggies, they would probably be running something else. "We make some money," one of them said on the Glamis run, "and we buy some toys." Dune buggies are sometimes bought from people "going into boats" by people "getting out of motorcycles." Los Adventureros used to be a jeep club. Duners are not like snowmobilers in, say, northern Minnesota, who see their machines not merely as toys but as a way to conquer the snow that had always imprisoned them for months every winter. Dune buggies are not transportation. A family in Los Adventureros has to climb into a motor home that is hauling a dune buggy and drive several hours to get to the dunes; the alternative would probably be not staying home but climbing into a motor home that was hauling a motorboat and driving several hours to get to a lake that was good for water-skiing.

Camped on the desert for a weekend run—the camp being a line of a couple of dozen motor homes parked next to the road—Los Adventureros do a lot of things they would do if they were camped by a lake for a weekend

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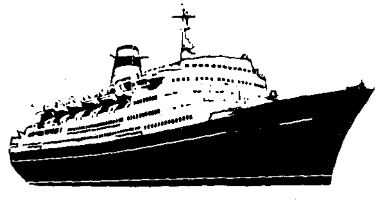
of boating. They have a potluck supper one night and a big bonfire every night. They talk about manifolds and crankshafts. They drink Coors beer or sweet wine. They play a two-card form of poker called Guts. They watch television in their motor homes. Then, after dinner, some of them may bundle into heavy clothing and go on a night run.

At night, the lights on a dune buggy—a set of headlights on the frame and another set on the roll bar and a safety light high above them, next to the flag—form what seems to be the outline of a much larger machine. A first-time rider who comes up over the brow of Competition Hill, a gathering place for dune buggies not far from Los Adventureros's camp, is likely to believe that he is back in the movieland he abandoned when he realized that the red flag did not belong to Rommel after all. There seem to be thousands of lights in the center of complete darkness, enormous noise in the center of complete silence. Dozens of sets of lights are bouncing up and down the hill—a hill several hundred yards wide—in a traffic pattern that seems to have derived from carnival bumper cars. Dozens of sets of lights—could it be hundreds?—are gathered at the foot of the hill, moving in groups or standing still or darting off one by one. The sound is of a regiment of Volkswagens in second gear. Is it the scene in the science-fiction film in which the insects become huge and infrared and begin building their fortifications against the United States Air Force? Or is it the scene in the spy movie in which the agent who has slipped in by a combination of parachuting and underwater swimming finally reaches the mysterious spot on the aerial-surveillance pictures and realizes that he is watching thousands of Chinese slave laborers working through the night in order to fashion hundreds of buzz-saw bombs? Could it be merely a hill next to Highway 78, a few miles west of Glamis, California, with a lot of dune buggies on it?

THE routine of a weekend run is, of course, predicated on the presence of a motor home—a vehicle that may travel only six or seven miles on a gallon of gasoline. A motor home may also have gas tanks capable of holding eighty or a hundred gallons, so many members of Los Adventureros would have had no problem making the trip from Los Angeles and back even if stations in Brawley, the nearest large town to the Imperial dunes, had not been casually filling up all comers. Duners are worried about the gas

ms **Mikhail Lermontov**



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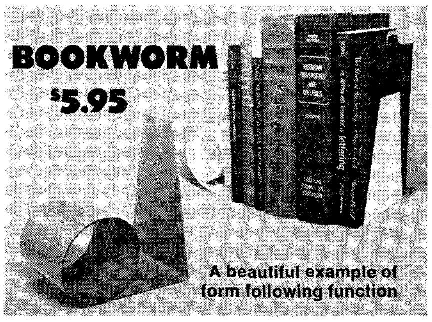

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shortage, but not as worried as they might be if they thought it was a real shortage rather than a plot by the oil companies. The duners' view of the origins of the fuel shortage might strike an official of the Federal Energy Office as a rationalization—there being no need to feel guilty about using gasoline to support sport in the desert if the shortage is merely an oil-company invention—but the members of Los Adventureros express themselves with an assurance that makes it sound as if their opinions would be the same if their hobby were woodworking.

At the camp of the Jeeping Jeepers, a group of Los Adventureros fell into conversation about the gas shortage, and the burden of the conversation was "When it gets to be sixty-five cents a gallon, there won't be any shortage." Someone told of a friend who drives a gasoline truck and reports that he now goes back to his headquarters with his truck half full after making his rounds of the service stations. Two or three people told of seeing gasoline trucks filling the underground tanks of stations that had been closed for weeks—apparently storing away gasoline to await higher prices. A few people mentioned stories about oil companies' buying up motor-home companies and off-road parking facilities in the depressed market. A motor-home dealer's advertisement in that morning's Los Angeles *Times*, in fact, called attention to the paper's report of a similar purchase—a Gulf Oil subsidiary's purchase of almost a thousand motor homes—as an indication that the shortage would obviously end soon. "GULF OIL CO. BUYS 1000 MOTOR HOMES," the ad's headline said. "THEY'RE NOT GOING TO RUN THEM ON COAL."

If the shortage is a plot, the man who has to make large monthly payments on a motor home whether he has the gas to drive it or not is able to feel as much indignation as the man who is unable to buy enough fuel oil to keep his family warm. There are no priorities of suffering if all the suffering is unnecessary. No unemployed and shivering ghetto dweller can think of nastier descriptions of oil-corporation rapacity than those offered by highly paid machinists who believe they have been cheated out of their recreation. The venomous anti-corporation talk heard among well-paid blue-collar workers these days must be the final frustration for any old radical who has been patiently waiting all these years for the revolution in America: the workingman at last sounds as if he feels the way the student radicals in the thirties and sixties told him he should feel, and the

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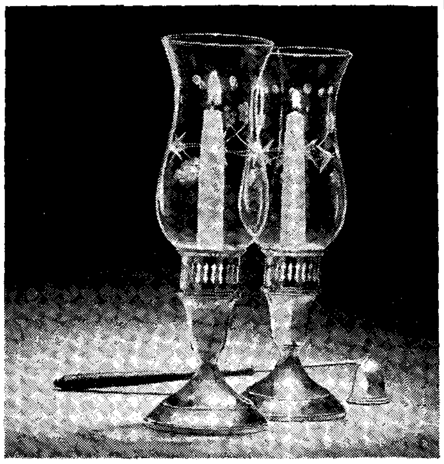

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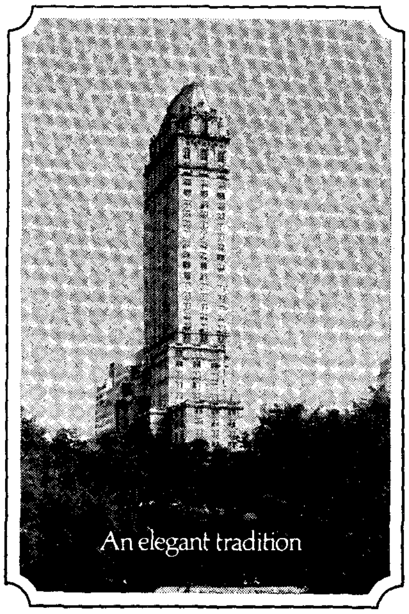
feeling comes at a time when students all seem to be joining fraternities and rediscovering the delights of the foxtrot.

ON the long run to visit the Jeeping Jeepers, Los Adventureros travelled within a narrow corridor of sand, the land on either side having been barred to dune buggies. Most of the land used by dune buggies is federal land, administered by the Bureau of Land Management, and it was affected by a recent plan the B.L.M. promulgated for the entire California desert—a plan that has been the subject of predictable controversy, since California harbors the most ferocious species of both conservationists and outdoor recreationists. The B.L.M. has been sued by the California Four-Wheel Drive Association for restricting too much of the desert land, and by the Sierra Club for not restricting enough. Although the Sierra Club insists that its goal is restricting off-road vehicles to certain areas of the desert rather than banning them altogether, dune-buggy owners assume that the environmentalists will not be satisfied until the desert is closed *to everyone*, except, of course, an occasional hiker from the Sierra Club—a hiker who is represented in a cartoon posted at the Glamis store as an effete type wearing lederhosen.

The people on the Glamis run ordinarily answer questions about possible damage to the desert crust or to the desert lilies or to some endangered reptiles by saying that after one good wind the desert looks the way it did before the three-day weekend began. A duner is likely to become impatient with detailed discussions about how much animal life was supported by a bush run over by a dune buggy; he is more interested in talking about the injustice of decent citizens' being labelled polluters and destroyers. Dune-buggy enthusiasts often remark that the desert used to be universally considered worthless—a place to cross quickly at night—and they tend to dismiss specific objections by environmentalists as just the latest bit of nonsense quibblers bring up now that people have found a way to enjoy themselves on the dunes. Members of Los Adventureros think of themselves as good citizens. They work hard. They are responsible members of the California Off Road Vehicle Association. They may see a lot of beer cans on the dunes, but they don't throw any. They have participated in cleanup projects. Their children are taught rules of safety. They have in their club not only a number of Mexican Americans (Los Adventureros was originally a predominant-

The Pierre



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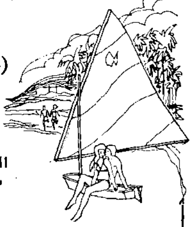

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ly Mexican-American club) but some French Canadians and an Italian—and they josh them all about their accents, like the members of a close platoon in a Second World War movie. They help each other build the buggies, and they watch out for each other on the desert. They have bumper stickers that say "Public Land For Public Use."

When dune-buggy owners discuss the environmental controversy, they often speak as if their opponents had them at an unfair disadvantage. Environmentalists are considered educated and articulate and politically influential. The large manufacturers with which blue-collar operators of, say, motorboats make alliances are not available to dune-buggy drivers, except to the extent that dune buggies share causes with mass-produced vehicles like motorcycles and jeeps. Volkswagen, the president of Los Adventureros says, does not seem to be interested in dune buggies, however much they contribute to the market in Volkswagen spare parts. Most members of Los Adventureros seem convinced that one California dune area has been closed to off-road vehicles under pressure not from environmentalists but from an influential mining company. Duners sometimes sound as if the only ally of influence they have is Coors beer. Among the literature posted at the Glamis store is a reprint apparently sent around by the Coors company to refute a rumor that it had been soft on environmentalists. The reprint is of two letters to *Cycle News*, a motorcycle magazine: a letter calling for a boycott of Coors on the ground that it "donates tremendous sums of money each year to the Sierra Club," and a quick response from the Coors public-relations director assuring all cyclers that the company's only contact with the "so-called environmentalists" was to reject a request for assistance in one of their cleanup programs. A beer-company executive would not require a panel of social scientists to figure out that the environmental argument between, say, the Sierra Club and the off-road-vehicle clubs is basically a class issue, and that the class represented by a hiker in lederhosen does not drink enough beer to worry about.

—Calvin Trillin

•

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[*From "Any Village," by Faith Baldwin*]

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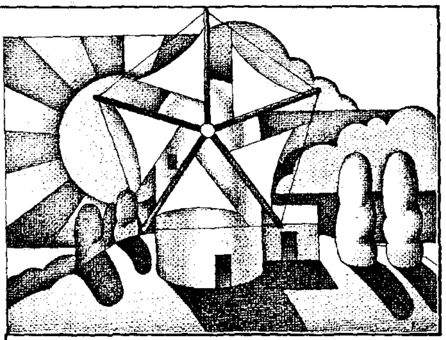

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Tale of Three Cities

WITHOUT stirring from Manhattan, the New York concertgoer gets to hear the leading orchestras of the country, most of which make a point of bringing along not only standard classics but whatever is newest and most uncommon in their repertories. With opera, however, the case is different. Although the Metropolitan still bravely sets out on its annual rounds, the sheer cost and complexity of operatic transportation, together with a host of attendant problems, prevent other companies from reciprocating. It seemed worth my while, therefore, to make a little tour of Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia during the final week of February in search of the interesting and varied operatic fare that was on offer in those cities.

The most adventurous production (to which I briefly alluded last week) was that of Sir Michael Tippett's "The Knot Garden," which was given twice in the handsome Cahn Auditorium of Northwestern University, in suburban Evanston. Under the direction of Robert Gay, Northwestern's opera workshop has become well known for its bold choices and thorough preparation; even so, the third of Tippett's three operas (the only one, so far, to achieve production in this country) was an ambitious project for a student group. Not that Tippett is a forbidding composer; as American concert audiences are at last being given a chance to discover, his music can be highly approachable in its warmth and vitality and brilliant orchestral color. But his operas labor under a drawback from which his concert works are mainly free: that of his own words and plots. Tippett has an intellectual's outlook and uncommonly wide interests, although he has a heavy hand with the English language. While planning his first opera, "The Midsummer Marriage," he approached T. S. Eliot for help with the libretto, and Eliot persuaded him to do it all on his own—a bad piece of advice, I have always felt, although it was an understandable one, since this composer's way of looking at things is so individual, and so closely bound up with his musical instincts, that it would be difficult for anyone else to collaborate in his visions and fantasies. Notwithstanding a rich confusion of symbolism and mythologies, "The Midsummer Marriage," especially its magical second act, is a kind of masterpiece; and "King Priam," Tippett's more austere second opera, is to some extent saved, dramatically, by its connection with the indestructible and universally known Homeric story. "The Knot Garden," on the other hand, which was produced at Covent Garden in 1970, is undiluted Tippett, containing only a faint link with "Così Fan Tutte" and some overt allusions to "The Tempest."

In contrast to the lavish, golden, sprawling "Midsummer Marriage," "The Knot Garden" is concise and compact. Its three short acts consist of brief scenes that are separated by a "dissolve" technique borrowed from the cinema. We see, first, a psychoanalyst called Mangus, who is staying with a young-middle-aged couple—Faber, an engineer, and Thea, whose life centers on her garden. Their apparently childless marriage is going through a bad patch, and they have an adolescent ward named Flora, who is (or perhaps fancies herself to be) the object of sexual advances by Faber. There is also a homosexual couple: Dov, a musician, and his black lover, Mel—and *their* affair, too, is on the rocks. In fact, Mel, though seemingly meant to be a sympathetic character, is shown throughout as woundingly scornful of his friend, and ready to latch on to anything that offers: Thea, Thea's sister, Flora.

Thea's sister, Denise, the last to appear, is the outsider in this neat, Iris Murdoch-like sexual puzzle-pattern; she is an active revolutionary, whose body has been twisted or disfigured by torture, but after her long and powerful entrance tirade she, too, allows herself to be drawn into the emotional tangles of the rest. The self-mocking Mangus plays a role analogous to that of Don Alfonso in "Così;" and in the last act he pursues his group therapy a stage further by making four of the characters, under the direction of his own Prospero, enact charades from "The Tempest": Dov as a very faggoty Ariel, Mel as a very brutish Caliban, Flora as Miranda, Faber as Ferdinand. For reasons that remain unclear to me, the "Tempest" charades precipitate a new setup: Denise paired with Mel, Faber and Thea reconciled, and only Dov and Flora (lonely beings, whose tentative approach to one another, at the end of Act II, provides the most lyrically beautiful scene of the score) still unattached—she blithely independent, he in a continuing state of yearning solitude.

The music of the opera is varied in style and substance. A twelve-note row—something we don't associate with Tippett—is used, not consistently, but for long stretches; we find, however, that he has not dropped the distinction between tonality and chromaticism to which he has always adhered. In the Dov/Flora scene just mentioned, a verse of Schubert's "Die Liebe Farbe"—first plain, then exquisitely decorated—is daringly quoted without disrupting the adjacent musical language. Jazz idioms and jazz kit, especially an electric guitar, also figure in the scheme. Rather too much of the score is given over to fanfares and flamboyant gestures, both instrumental and vocal; but the extended lyrical set pieces (for instance, a reconciliation aria for Thea and a concluding ensemble) are full of delicate passion and beauty.

The general effect, though, is pretty bewildering—and proved so even for a large and eager audience which paid the composer (who was present) the tribute of rapt attention. Like some other operatic composers of today, Tippett has shown a quite fiendish resource in devising a kind of orchestral writing (dense horn chords, trumpet flourishes, a spatter of side-drum or woodblock percussion) that is guaranteed to kill the vital, unguessable word in the vocal line. But it was noticeable how much better some of the cast were than others at projecting their words—and how much stronger and more telling, accordingly, was their impact on the audience. The least clear were Clarice Strauch and Melissa Evans as the sisters Thea and Denise, respectively; the most distinct was Larry Cooper, a very promising young tenor, as Dov. Craig Pollock made an assured Faber; and the pure high soprano of Jan Jaffe as Flora offered its own reward. The opera was effectively staged by Mr. Gay in Samuel C. Ball's ingenious designs; and Bernard Rubenstein secured remarkably confident playing from his student orchestra.

IN 1962, the Belgrade Opera brought Massenet's "Don Quichotte" to the Edinburgh Festival; and at the end of Act IV, at the point where Sancho Panza rounds on the vulgar Quixote-baiting crowd, stuns them into silence, and conducts the brokenhearted Don from the scene, hardened critics who

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hadn't for ten years mentioned Massenet without a smile or a sneer were observed, as the lights came up, to be wiping away a furtive tear. Nothing of the sort happened the other day, when Sarah Caldwell's Opera Company of Boston revived the piece in the Orpheum Theatre—and for an interesting reason. It couldn't. The outburst was splendidly sung and acted by Donald Gramm, a much better artist than the Yugoslav Sancho, and the production was far more elaborate and accomplished. But it is one thing for a "real" Sancho to shame a stage mob into silence and make a dignified and touching exit with his dear old master and friend, and quite another thing for a sham Sancho to harangue an unseen group jeering somewhere at the back of the auditorium and offer his protection to a sham Don Quixote. Let me elucidate. In Boston, the title role had been transformed into a tall, lanky old gentleman seated among the audience of a cabaret theatre in Montmartre about 1900; he imagines himself to be Don Quixote, and is accompanied by "a faithful friend and neighbor" whom he supposes to be Sancho Panza. Why so? Because Miss Caldwell, who loves to undertake the most minute investigations into everything related to her productions, had discovered that Jacques Le Lorrain (1856-1904), the author of the play on which Massenet's libretto is based, was himself an eccentric, unpractical idealist and vagabond, with a certain resemblance of physique and manner to the immortal Cervantes character which the poet may or may not have acknowledged in choosing him for the hero of "Le Chevalier de la Longue Figure." An interesting subject for a thesis; but I fear that Miss Caldwell, in allowing an irrelevant supposition to dictate the entire style of her production, has done violence to the delicate and subtle work of art that Massenet and his librettist, Henri Cain, fashioned from the play.

Together with her regular designers, Helen Pond and Herbert Senn, she has certainly shown immense theatrical flair. The curtain goes up on an animated Toulouse-Lautrec theatrical interior with "living marionettes;" when the stage revolves to show the outside of the theatre, we shortly behold a fabulously clever Rosinante and a donkey to match for Sancho, each made out of a pair of humans. Although for the most part these wonderful beasts are handled with discretion, their mere presence and shambling gait and intelligent ears simply kill Massenet—as they would kill even Wagner, if they were provided for Brünnhilde's steed. The

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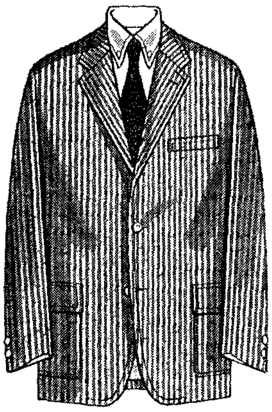

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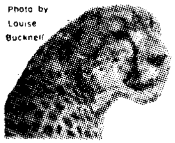

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whole conception of a play within a play—of the poet who thinks himself Don Quixote, who in turn thinks himself a knight errant—is too complicated for the quiet and simple pathos of the original; even the moving last act, which Massenet and Cain took over straight from Le Lorrain's epilogue with the inspired addition of the distant voice of the "ideal" Dulcinea, was spoiled by being staged without change in the everlasting Montmartre, with a few supers hanging around, instead of in a lonely star-lit forest.

That scene can draw tears from a stone. The two great Don Quichottes were those of the two 1910 premières: Chaliapin in Monte Carlo, Vanni Marcoux in Paris. I once saw Chaliapin in the last act only—a gaunt, emaciated figure who looked as tall as the trees around him; although I never saw Vanni Marcoux as the Don, on the strength of his recordings from the opera I am convinced that he was the finer interpreter of the two. In Boston, the role was well played, within the limitations imposed by Miss Caldwell, by the spectacularly tall Noel Tyl; but his voice is rather too gruff for the Don's gentle, noble music, which Massenet conceived for a *basse chantante*. Apart from Mr. Gramm, the big musical success of the performance was the sparkling Dulcinea of Mignon Dunn; the character is entirely different from that of Cervantes, by the way, and presents a typically French vision of wanton Spanish charm. Miss Caldwell drew excellent performances from her orchestra and chorus, disclosing (especially in the two orchestral interludes) a natural feeling for the composer which the ingenuity of her stage direction too often disguised.

AND so to Philadelphia, where the Lyric Opera presented in the Academy of Music the Joan Sutherland/Richard Bonynge production of Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda," first seen at San Francisco in 1971. For some while Donizetti lagged behind Bellini and Rossini in modern esteem—and far behind the young Verdi, whom he so deeply influenced; and even now that this unjust situation is being rectified, the so-called "Tudor cycle" receives rather more than its due share of attention. The main reason for this state of affairs must be the obscurity of most of his heroes and heroines in comparison with such familiar figures (however strangely distorted by the librettist's hand) as Elizabeth I, Essex, and Mary Stuart. Who, after all, are Gemma di Vergy and Maria di Rudenz and Emilia di Liverpool; who

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"Maria Stuarda" should have had a libretto by Felice Romani; but, as often happened with that hard-pressed author, he failed to produce the text in time, so that it had to be provided by the otherwise unknown Giuseppe Bardari, who based his work on Schiller's play. In the first act, before the heroine appears, Bardari's perfunctory handling of Elizabeth, Leicester, Talbot (Mary's champion), and Cecil (her sworn enemy) drew little of interest from the composer. Both musically and dramatically, things look up in Act II, with the immensely effective (though unhistorical) encounter between the two Queens and the fatal insult flung at Elizabeth by Mary; the sextet that immediately precedes this moment ("È sempre la stessa") is a fine piece, and must surely have been in Verdi's head when writing the big "round" ensemble in the same key ("S'appressan gl'istanti") in Act II of "Nabucco." But the most affecting music in "Maria Stuarda" comes in the sequence of numbers that lead up to Mary's execution: her famous "Confession Duet" with Talbot, the agonized comments of the chorus as they glimpse the dreadful preparations, the transfiguring "Prayer," in which Mary's voice soars above theirs, and her noble concluding aria. All this is in Donizetti's best vein, and it brought out the best in Miss Sutherland's art. She was in fine voice, and acted with unusual force and authority, much helped by her rich costumes, which stood out against Pier Luigi Pizzi's austere settings. Huguette Tourangeau, the Elizabeth (who should go easy with her fan), and John Sandor, who took over the taxing tenor role of Leicester at short notice, improved after a rather shaky start; while Claude Corbeil's Cecil (baritone) and especially Cornelis Opthof's Talbot (bass) were well in the picture. Except that the climax of the second act was spoiled by Mary's being made to actually strike Elizabeth in the face, Tito Capobianco's direction was clear and pointful, and so was the conducting of Mr. Bonynge.

IN New York, meanwhile, there have been two outstanding occasions at Carnegie Hall, drawing good, enthusiastic, and—I imagine—mutually exclusive audiences: an astounding display of romantic virtuoso pianism in the old style by Jorge Bolet, and a beautifully realized all-Webern concert by Arthur Weisberg's Contemporary Chamber Ensemble.

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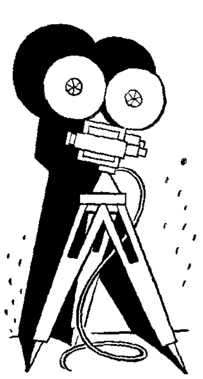
A Brash Young Man

JON VOIGHT has finally got a chance to loosen up on the screen and play a rude, warm, expansive character. In the title role of "Conrack" he has his best role since Joe Buck in "Midnight Cowboy," and one that's at the opposite end of the emotional spectrum. His Joe Buck was a limited dreamer, an overgrown adolescent who wanted to market himself as a stud; his fear-filled blue eyes, his ingenuous, stricken face exposed his emotional paralysis. Joe Buck's bravado was a simpleton's bravado, but Voight gave it underpinnings of a simple man's suffering, and it was a beautiful, affecting performance. Voight's subsequent roles restricted him. He had no character to play in "Catch-22"—his rambunctious, grinning, Aryan-cartoon Milo Minderbinder was just a rip-off of Joe Buck. And his puffy face told us that as the alienated prizefighter in the oppressive "The All-American Boy" he was as despondent about the experience as we were. In "Deliverance," Voight was admirable, but Burt Reynolds, as Lewis, had the juicy part; Voight, aged for his role as Ed—the flash gone from his smile, with a fussy mustache, his blond hair darkened—was subdued and at a disadvantage. Reynolds had almost all the bad lines, and he had to do the heavy dramatics and the freaky-mystic bit, but he brought it off. Reynolds, a swinger Clark Gable, is tuned in to his special audience, and he acts right to it. He reads his lines with a disclaimer attached to them, putting them down. This sleazy cynicism became a sly ploy in "Deliverance": Reynolds, who kids sex by acting sexy, was able to parody mad Lewis's macho audacity and keep his own. Voight's Ed, the man of conscience who's going to have nightmares about the trip, was pitted not against Lewis, who isn't going to lose any sleep over it, but against Reynolds, who doesn't lose any sleep over acting. When we watch "Deliverance," we don't know what is on Lewis's mind; we know only what is on Reynolds' mind. He's saying to the other actors, "Why are you getting so worked up about your roles? It's only a movie." If you like Reynolds (and he *is* entertaining—lazy yet garish), you let him get away with his shaggy rogue's cunning; if you don't like him, you think, How cheap! In "Deliverance," Reynolds the hoodwinker captured the public and, at last, became a star, while Voight, submerged in his dry, tentative character (our representative), seemed awfully mundane and earnest—not as drab as the other characters in the movie but still drab. In "Conrack," Voight isn't held in; he has a true starring role. He isn't playing a bug's-ear-cute juvenile or a male peach; he plays a loose, imaginative extrovert—a man with a bounding spirit. Voight's features look larger, and the anxious, staring eyes that seemed so close together when he was Joe Buck are bright and confident. He seems to have come strappingly alive, and he has a huge screen presence.



"Conrack," directed by Martin Ritt and adapted by the husband-and-wife team of Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., is based on Pat Conroy's "The Water Is Wide," one of a series of books written in recent years by rebel teachers (Jonathan Kozol, John Holt, Herbert Kohl, James Herndon) looking for new ways to break through centuries of cruelty and neglect. Pat Conroy, an Irish Catholic Southerner, grew up a racist cracker and went to The Citadel, the military college in South Carolina, intending to follow his father into a career in the Marine Corps. He began to wake up around the time of Martin Luther King's murder, and the following year, 1969, he took a job teaching black children in a two-room school on an island off the South Carolina mainland, near Savannah, Georgia—an island where the people, he wrote, "have changed very little since the Emancipation Proclamation." Treated as members of an inferior race, told that they are "slow," and beaten when they don't pay attention, the children there are ignorant, passive, and resentful. Conroy—the children had trouble pronouncing his name and called him Conrack—discovered that in his class of eighteen students—grades five to eight—not one could tell him what country they lived in, or who the President was, or who the first President was, or that the water that washed up against the island's shore was the Atlantic Ocean. Savannah was the only city any of the children could name. All of them thought that the earth was the center of the universe. Seven couldn't recite the alphabet, three couldn't spell their own names, four couldn't add two and two. As Conroy says to the principal in the movie, "the kids don't know crap." His job is complicated by the fact that this principal, who has intimidated the kids and flogged them for the first four grades, just as she is now flogging their younger brothers and sisters, is a black woman who toadies to whites and despises her own people.

Writing his story, Pat Conroy did not think of himself as a hero, and he dwelt on his failures and his mistakes. But what comes through is the ribald, freewheeling largeness of his nature, his breakneck, roller-coaster temperament, and it's this subtext—Conroy's partly unconscious portrait of himself—that the adapters picked up on. The movie, which was shot on and around St. Simons Island, off the coast of Brunswick, Georgia, using local children, takes most of its dialogue directly from the book, while making Conroy the hero of a modern fable. "Conrack" is the tale of an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression. It's about a flippant, nervy poet whose careless defiance of the educational politicians and bureaucrats defeats him. (He gets fired.) Voight's Conroy is a teacher with the soul of an artist; his motto might be "Life is all improvisation." Trying to wake the children up, he throws an impressionistic jumble of information at them: jokes, facts, put-ons, hairy oversimplifications, stories from history, sports, and everywhere. He performs for them, he romances them; he uses anything he can think of to get to them. Inevitably, he runs into a snag with the principal, Mrs. Scott, played by Madge Sinclair with such magnificent physical authority that we know—almost kinetically—what the whipped kids feel. Mrs. Scott has a slave-overseer mentality, yet she's so strong and unyielding that she's like an obstinate natural force. Her straight back is a brick wall Conroy dashes himself against without making a dent. We find ourselves admiring Madge Sinclair (a Jamaican who has been appearing with Joe Papp's Public Theatre and in recent movies) not only for her mulish performance but for her stature, for herself. Mrs. Scott's protector, the school superintendent, is played by Hume Cronyn, and, as usual, there's too much of him, resourceful actor though he is. (This virtuoso of the show-them-what-an-actor-you-are school just can't tone his slimy villainy down for the camera. His underplaying is as subtle as the fraternal bonhomie

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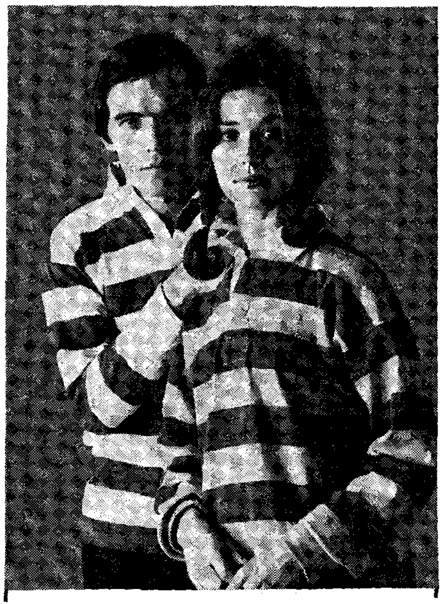

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of the Eyewitness News Team.) Ruth Attaway, who looks like a black Martha Graham, plays Edna, the elderly leader of the islanders—who support Conroy—with impish humor; Paul Winfield appears as a local moonshiner; and Antonio Fargas makes a startling impression in the one-scene role of Quickfellow.

The actors and Conroy's students are there to do their bits, and they stand out more than they should; they're visually overbearing, outlined against the skies. They look marooned on the island, because there's no offhand everyday life, no casual background to the action. Martin Ritt and his cinematographer, John Alonzo (they also worked together on "Sounder"), have developed a very clear, elegant, and spacious style for "Conrack," but this handsome pictorial quality isn't *terribly* expressive and it's linked with a puzzling emptiness. The problem of adaptation is that a book, if it's any good (and "The Water Is Wide" is), is an organic whole, and what is cut is often missed, while, more often than not, what is added feels tacky. The actual island where Conroy taught had been ruined by waste from a factory on the mainland—it polluted the oyster beds, which had been the islanders' livelihood. To indicate this would make the movie seem a tract. And there was a bigger problem for Ritt and the Ravetches. The young and able-bodied had been leaving—becoming part of the urban ghettos—and the island was inhabited by children and the aged, who lived by hunting and fishing and on welfare. It was a decaying island, full of drunkenness and—with so much hunting weaponry at hand—violence. To have conveyed a picture of this rotting culture might have been inflammatory to white racists and could hardly have been pleasing to black people. And so we get scrubbed faces. But since the movie shows practically no island life, you keep thinking, "Where is everybody?" There's no mess: the marshy, windswept landscapes are almost abstract; the place is like a resort in off season. The movie doesn't show the younger children, in the classroom adjoining Conroy's, so even the school looks deserted. And some of the gaps in information are distracting; it's hard, for example, to understand why the children pronounce "Conroy" as "Conrack," since it isn't explained that their native speech is a patois, a combination of an African dialect and English (some of it possibly Elizabethan).

Reading the book after seeing the movie, I discovered (once again) that

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everything that had bothered me in the movie was the result of a cut or an addition. The Ravetches pare down to the best material, but they can't resist spreading on old Hollywood-liberal jelly: Conroy announces that "something is happening on this island," as if he were part of a revolution that couldn't be stopped; he shouts inspirational hyperbole to the children. There's a perceptible slackening of the director's grip in an episode (added by the Ravetches) that doesn't make sense—Conroy's use of a loudspeaker truck to tell a few straggling old townspeople on the mainland (barren, like the island) that their way of life is moribund. But what comes from the book is fresh, and is told with great gusto. It's a firsthand story, and Ritt and the Ravetches have kept the bloom on it, even with the addition of their secondhand touches. (An invented subplot involving Mary, a thirteen-year-old dropout—played by Tina Andrews—and her possible marriage isn't so vernal.) The film takes its mood from Voight's leapfrogging performance. "Conrack" has the airy, liberated feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints.

The movie glorifies its teacher-hero the way movies used to glorify crusading reporters. In the book, although Conroy fights being fired and he passionately—furiously—wants to stay with his class, it isn't really the firing that defeats him. It's the fact that the kids are already so damaged by the time they come to him that, for all his free-form acrobatics, there's little he can do. ("If I'd stood on my head for them for ten years, basically there wasn't much that could have been changed," Pat Conroy recently said, "except maybe for the next generation.") In the movie, it seems as if love could work the miracles that are needed; we come away with the impression that if the bureaucracy hadn't disposed of Conroy the crushed, humiliated children would have become happily educated. It's a fable but a lovely one—a fable with a liberating force. One invention by the Ravetches—the climactic finish—is a facile yet perfect stroke. A touch of pure popular poetry, it elevates the children to a consciousness of their own destruction.

In recent years, there have been few movie heroes with wit and spirit enough to squander their gift of language; Jon Voight's Conroy looms up as just about the lustiest, most joyful presence in current films. But some black people now

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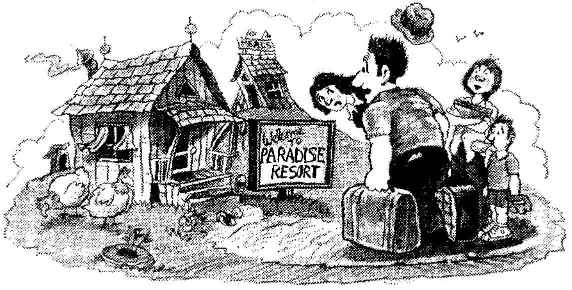

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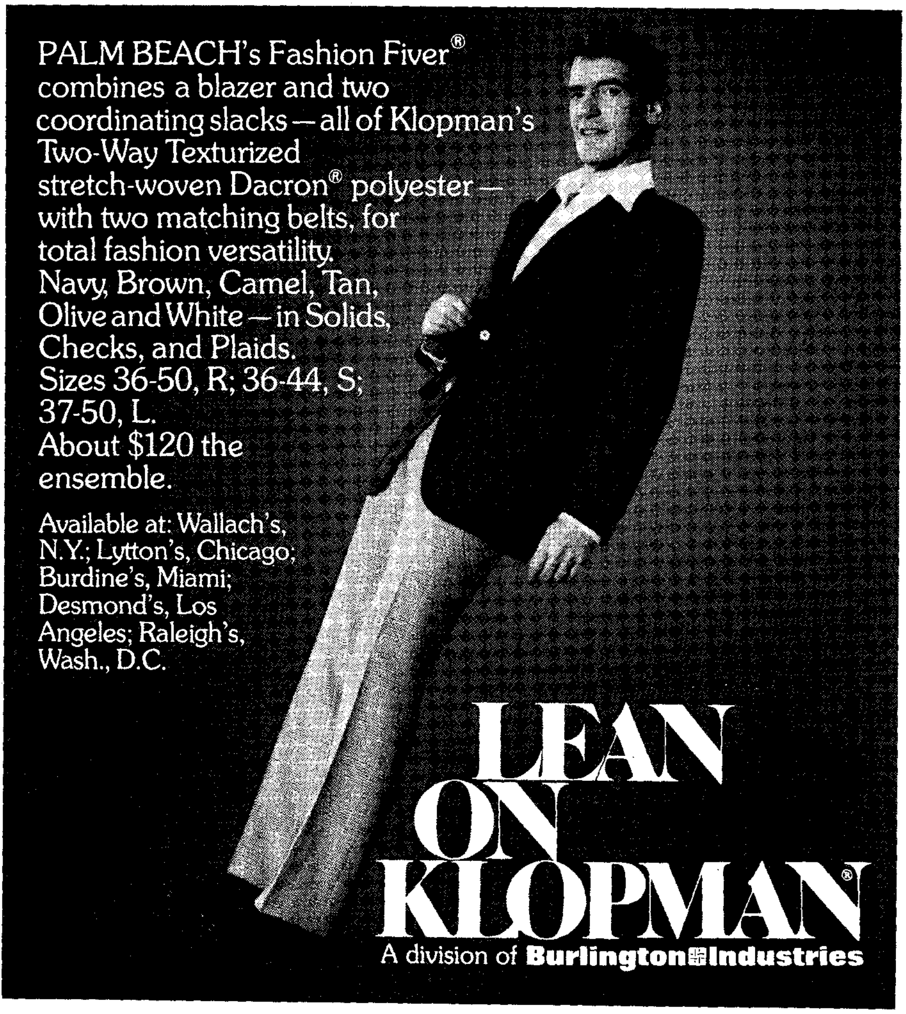

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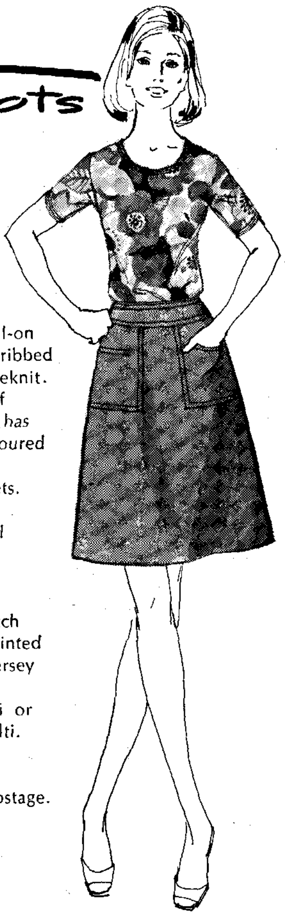

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take the programmatic line that only blacks care enough to want to help blacks, and Voight, freshly shampooed throughout, is a very Nordic type. And there are whites who are so contemptuous of any movie in which a white man cares about something (besides money and violence and sex) that they put it down as sentimental—or, worse, "humanist." It's part of the revision of American history in the films of the last decade to expose white heroes as fools or skunks. The revisionism has gone so far that people may feel they have to resist even a movie that says we've got to stop being fools and skunks. This works to the advantage of the most mercenary filmmakers, and it's tough going for anybody who tries to make a film about a manic, unembarrassed idealist. The hero of "Conrack" is a giant who tries to make a bridge of himself—a bridge that will enable a group of kids to cross over to the outside world without falling. And it's he who falls. The movie isn't great, but it's so lively and touching that that hardly seems to matter.

THE sound is somewhere between a bark, a croak, and a quaver, and it doesn't quite match the movement of the lips. Did Lucille Ball sync her own singing in "Mame," or did Dick Cavett dub it for her? That voice may be tonelessly flat, but it sure is determined, and it takes determination to plow through the low-camp lyrics of this hippopotamic musical. Why did Lucille Ball do "Mame"? After more than forty years in movies and TV (and five years of chorus work and assorted jobs before that)—after conquering the world—did she discover in herself an unfulfilled ambition to be a flaming drag queen? She doesn't have what it takes—hardly a tragedy. She has a gift for slightly swacked physical comedy and a clown's look of pickled good nature during disasters, but she doesn't have a flair for brittle high fashion or enough acting skill to parody that flair. Decked out in Theadora van Runkle's abominations, she isn't a mirror of style; she's just a smirking, badly overdressed star. She throws up her arms, in their red giant-bat-wing sleeves, crying out "Listen, everybody!," and she really seems to think she's a fun person. But we in the audience are not thinking of fun; we're thinking of age and self-deception. When Mame's best friend, Vera Charles (Beatrice Arthur, television's Maude), asks her "How old do you think I am?" and Mame answers "Somewhere between forty and death," one may feel a shudder in the audience.

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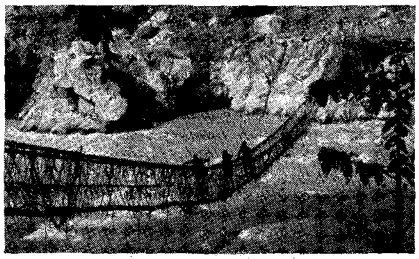

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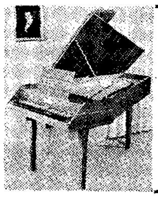

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"Mame" isn't boring, like "Lost Horizon;" at its worst it's too terrible to be boring, and it does have a lot of skillful people slamming it forward. Onna White choreographs like mad, with bodies hurtling over and around the near-stationary star, who always looks just about to dance but never really does; and the director, Gene Saks, tries to wring a little humor out of those frayed old skits that serve as the story line. Some of the cast (Jane Connell as a sweetly wan Agnes Gooch, and Robert Preston as a sturdy, relaxed Beauregard) are in there working and doing better than might be expected. But what can be done with this relic of a script? I don't believe that any star could overcome it—not on the screen. Paul Zindel gets a screenwriting credit, but I'd love to know what for. I managed to avoid the "Mame" reincarnations of the sixties, but I still remember how these same lines thumped in the grisly, self-congratulatory Rosalind Russell 1958 movie. Nothing has been done to redeem such ingredients as the mushy loyal house servant Ito, and the unplayable snobbish Upsons—and the complacency with which Mame puts them down. Nothing has been done to revamp the darling colleen that Mame picks out for her adored nephew Patrick. (There hasn't been a darling colleen on the screen in a long time now. Has anyone felt the lack?)

Mame is a female impersonator's dream woman: constantly changing her wigs and her gowns and her décor, basking in jewels and bitchy repartee. Sexy and rich and permissive, Mame has to be played by a smashing, crisp actress who makes it clear why homosexuals find her a turn-on. With Lu-

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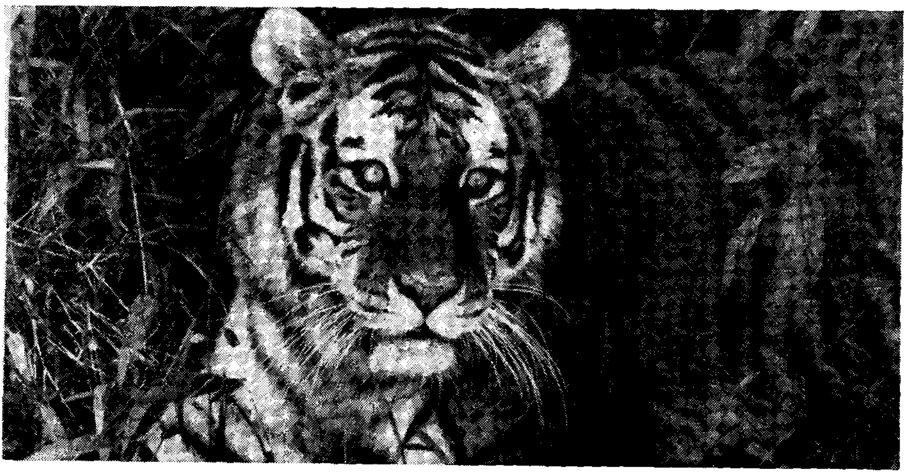

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cille Ball, "Mame" becomes a family musical, and all the numbskull worst in it—the hard-sell uplifting message—takes over. This "Mame" doesn't rise to camp except when Beatrice Arthur is on—and she transcends it. She's monstrously marvellous—like a coquettish tank. When she sings, the low growls that come out of her cathedral chest make Ethel Merman sound like a tinkling virgin. Beatrice Arthur can deliver a single-syllable word with enough resonance to stampede cattle three thousand miles away. Her big number, "The Man in the Moon Is a Miss," takes "Mame" into a different sphere. If she had played Mame, the material could have gone beyond camp into a satire of the whole crazy female-impersonator tradition of modern musical comedy.

Someday, I want to meet Gene Saks; I've got to know whose idea it was to end the picture with a reprise. This reprise is like the sequences in those TV shows that put together a collection of Bette Davis's smoking scenes or Bogart's snarls—only it's the scenes you've just witnessed of Lucille Ball hugging people. It's a hug collage. There is also something unaccountable in the cast; it is listed in the credits as "Kirby Furlong," and it plays little Patrick in the most meticulously irresistible style I have ever witnessed. All twinkles, it delivers lines like "Would you take a kiss on account?" Kirby Furlong makes Tatum O'Neal seem wholesomely amateurish; Shirley Temple in her teeny prime never had this hairbreadth timing. Kirby Furlong is of such inhuman perfection that stamping it out wouldn't be considered murder, would it? —PAULINE KAEL

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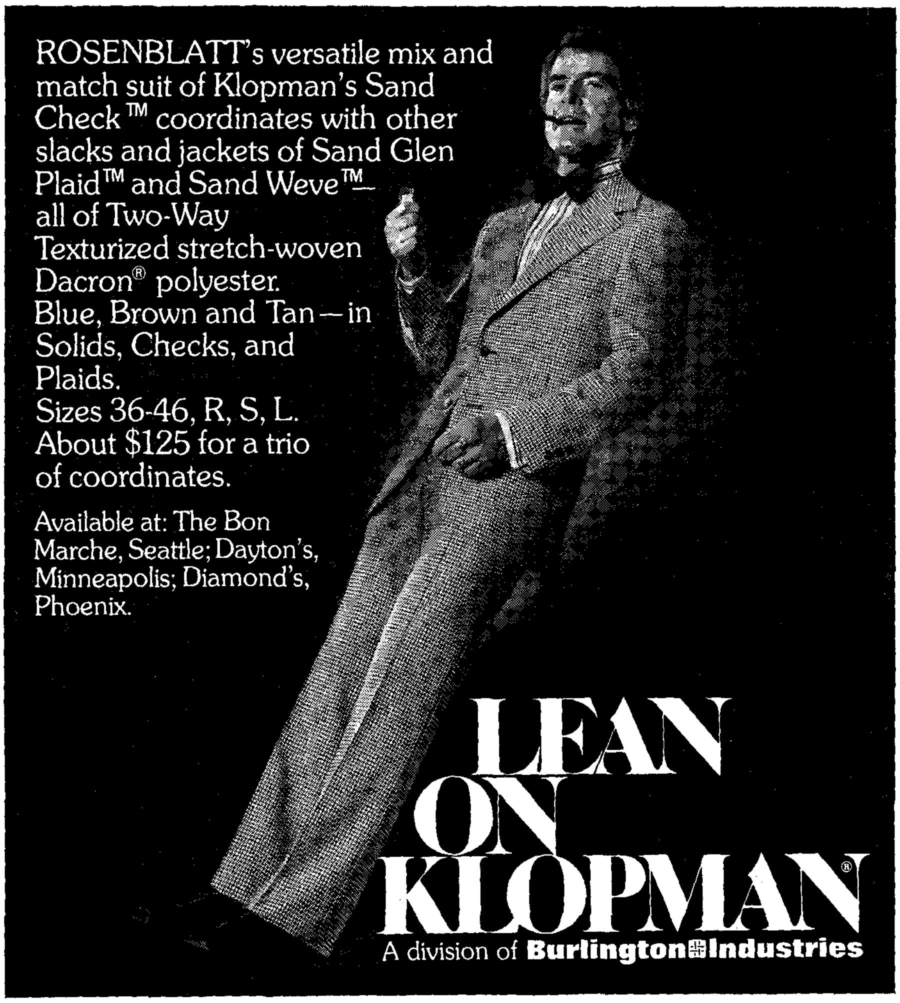
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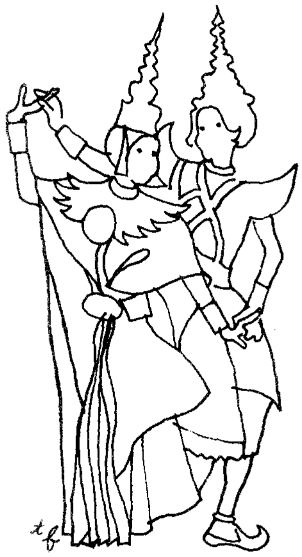
DANCING

Holy Joes

MAURICE BÉJART's dancers take an absurd pleasure in looking ugly, and they project such a heavy odor of narcissism you wonder how they ever came together in one company or what use they could possibly have for each other. When they take the stage, each with his or her own self-besotted image carefully fixed (the untamed hair and makeup, the inert "animal" body stance), they don't look like dancers about to perform, they look like axe murderers about to confess. The predominant tone of their stage manner is primitive and macho, even for the women, and an uneasy quiet drops over the house. They use their technique not to display dances but to display their bodies and body parts, in lazily indifferent relations. There's no harmony or proportionate "rhyme" to their movements, no interest in grace or style. Their turnout is genital confrontation. And yet, after a few minutes, the tension slips away as if cracks had opened in the stage and drained it of its humors, and the evening becomes a harmless—which is not to say an innocent or excusable—spectacle of furtively exhibitionistic pantomime.



Béjart's name for this sort of spectacle is "ritual," and "Stimmung," which came to Carnegie Hall for two performances last month, is as much or as little a ritual as Béjart's other ballets. One has no way of taking its measure, since the ritual is performed not for us, the audience, but for them, the dancers. The dancers look furtive because they're mentally sealed off, going through some mystical experience of their own, and also because what they do is plastically illegible on the stage; the figures and groups don't "read"—they're sculpturally and architecturally a mess. What do read are the comical ploys—the grappling and kissing and massaging, and the various pseudo-sexy calisthenics—that Béjart has devised to keep up the pretense of significance, and for the credulous there's a long note in the program explaining his purpose and methodology. It's perhaps the secret of Béjart's success that he treats the members of his audience like potential Béjart dancers—that is, like communicants. One can, if one wishes, follow the plan of events with no trouble, and even relate it to cues provided by the sextet of singers (the Collegium Vocale Cologne) who perform the Stockhausen vocalise that gives the ballet its name. In "Stimmung," which means "ambience," Stockhausen draws upon the incantatory rites of various Eastern religions. The text summons all the magic godheads, beginning with Vishnu, and it is scored in a sort of timeless aural maze the obvious purpose of which is to set the place humming with good vibes. It's perfect meditation-room Muzak (if it doesn't drive you up the wall). But the cuddly atmosphere onstage is pretty exclusive. This isn't religious art but religion in place of art, and to dig Béjart—and maybe Stockhausen, too—you have to have been converted in advance.

Along with the myth that good dancers are a dime a dozen, it's generally accepted that all dancers have beautiful bodies. Large numbers of people are impressed by the psychological conditioning of Béjart's dancers and transfer this favorable impression to the naked torsos and winking navels. But many of Béjart's dancers are neither good technicians nor striking physical specimens. Some are disconcertingly flabby (especially the internationally celebrated Jorge Donn), and none seem able to coax a semblance of a design out of the tension and stress of the movements they are given to perform. Béjart's choreography is so immobilizing that it's meaningless to speak of it as dance, and even in stasis it has no power; it has bulk without amplitude, thrust without volume. Béjart seems obsessed with certain classical ballet poses and step sequences, but his use of them is raw and undifferentiated; he's like a man in love with the sound of a language he does not understand. It seems safe to say that no one who admires Béjart cares whether he understands this language or not—prophets often speak in garbled tongues—and it's probably idle to complain of Béjart's aesthetic squalor, since art is not the point of his enterprise. But do none of his followers ever question the mystique of squalor? The bad bodies, the thuggishness of the dancers? French dancers in performance have a way of pulling apart as individuals rather than together as a company, and although many of Béjart's dancers aren't French and his Ballet of the Twentieth Century is Brussels-based, the Béjart performance tradition is typically French. Béjart's dancers are modern apaches. This is their equivalent of our countercultural style, and it leaves them their exoticism, too.

But Béjart aims far beyond the projection of a local tradition; he wants to show us a new international breed and to explore its psychic life. On the night I saw "Stimmung," the four women (out of a company of eleven) were cast to be as unlike each other as possible, as if according to some idea of feminine types. One was Japanese, one was black, one was a strapping Julie Newmar type, and one was an emaciated little waif, all ribs and vacant eyes. Each bore her symbolic burden of sexist, or sexist *and* racist, repression all through the ballet, and each seemed defensive about looking desirable. Women aren't meant to look desirable on Béjart's stage; though sex is necessary—is a ritual, in fact—Eros (Venus in Stockhausen's text) is evoked only as a joke. And why only four women as against seven men? The scheme of "Stimmung" calls for one dancer at a time to take his place outside the magic circle of ten, and meditate. A cast of five men and six women or six men and five women would have meant a sexually balanced circle half the time, and with this Béjart apparently preferred not to deal. Sexual energies must be converted into psychic ones; "eroticism becomes prayer," says the program.

Whatever it may be as ritual, Béjart ballet isn't much of a spectacle. As sex it's bland, as theatre it's timid, and as dance it doesn't exist. But it may be the perfect vehicle for dancers—especially male dancers—who want above all else to go on an ego trip that feels like stardom. In Béjart ballet you can be a star simply because you have a self. And self is all you have.

EXCEPT for "The Moor's Pavane" and possibly "La Malinche," the choreography of José Limón does not seem to me worth reviving, but I went to the first program of the José Limón Dance Company to see if

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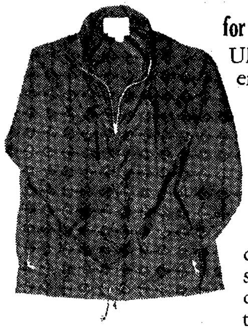

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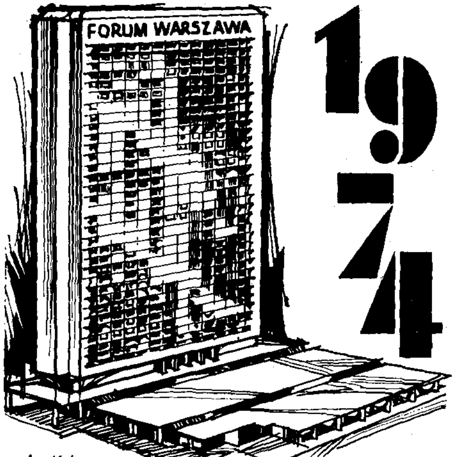

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I was wrong about "The Exiles" and "Orfeo" and "Choreographic Offering." I wasn't. The overflow audience at the City Center Downstairs was largely composed of old grads—teachers and former pupils of Limón's to whom he was a hero—and I was prepared for their enthusiastic reception of works in which many of them had probably performed. But I was astonished that these professionals did not merely tolerate but rewarded with stamping applause the incompetent performances the works received. Perhaps Limón technique, as divorced from his choreography, is not what I thought it was. Perhaps it's impossible for a Limón dancer to hold a second-position balance without wobbling, to perform full-circle ronds de jambe or articulate the full dynamic range of any big gesture. But this *mezza-voce* style of dancing conflicts with what I recall of Limón's own performing. Indeed, the main things I recall about him are those cartwheel circlings of his leg, the impression he gave of performing everything completely braced and full-scale, and the scrupulosity, verging on pedantry, with which he emphasized the path of a gesture. Suffering from insecure spine and hip control, the Limón dancers last week shrank themselves still further with closed-in chests and tense shoulders. They forced a sense of rigor by emoting heavily and perspiring a lot. At the end, the effect was as if each had enjoyed a brisk rubdown from the inside. But not one had looked free, and a dancer who does not look free looks infantile.

Needless for me to say, the Limón choreography doesn't benefit from this treatment. "Choreographic Offering," which received the wildest ovation, is mechanistic and predictable factory-line choreography, reducing a Bach feast ("A Musical Offering") to eight or twelve pans of bread pudding, each topped with an incongruous frosting rosette. "Choreographic Offering" contains that strain of piety which I have always found the most objectionable feature of Limón's work, a piety that runs to extremes in such pieces as "There Is a Time" and "Missa Brevis." Limón, who died a year ago last December, was the Holy Joe of American dance. However, there are many modes of piety. There's the cultishness of Béjart, and, among American choreographers, there's Anna Sokolow, who can be as preachy as Limón. But Sokolow is slicker, gloomier, and more clinical. If I may attempt a parallel with the graphic arts, Limón is to Sokolow as Käthe Kollwitz is to

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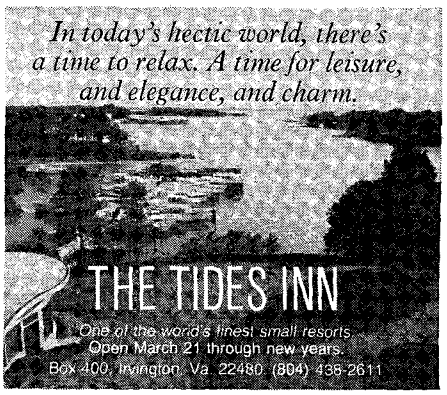

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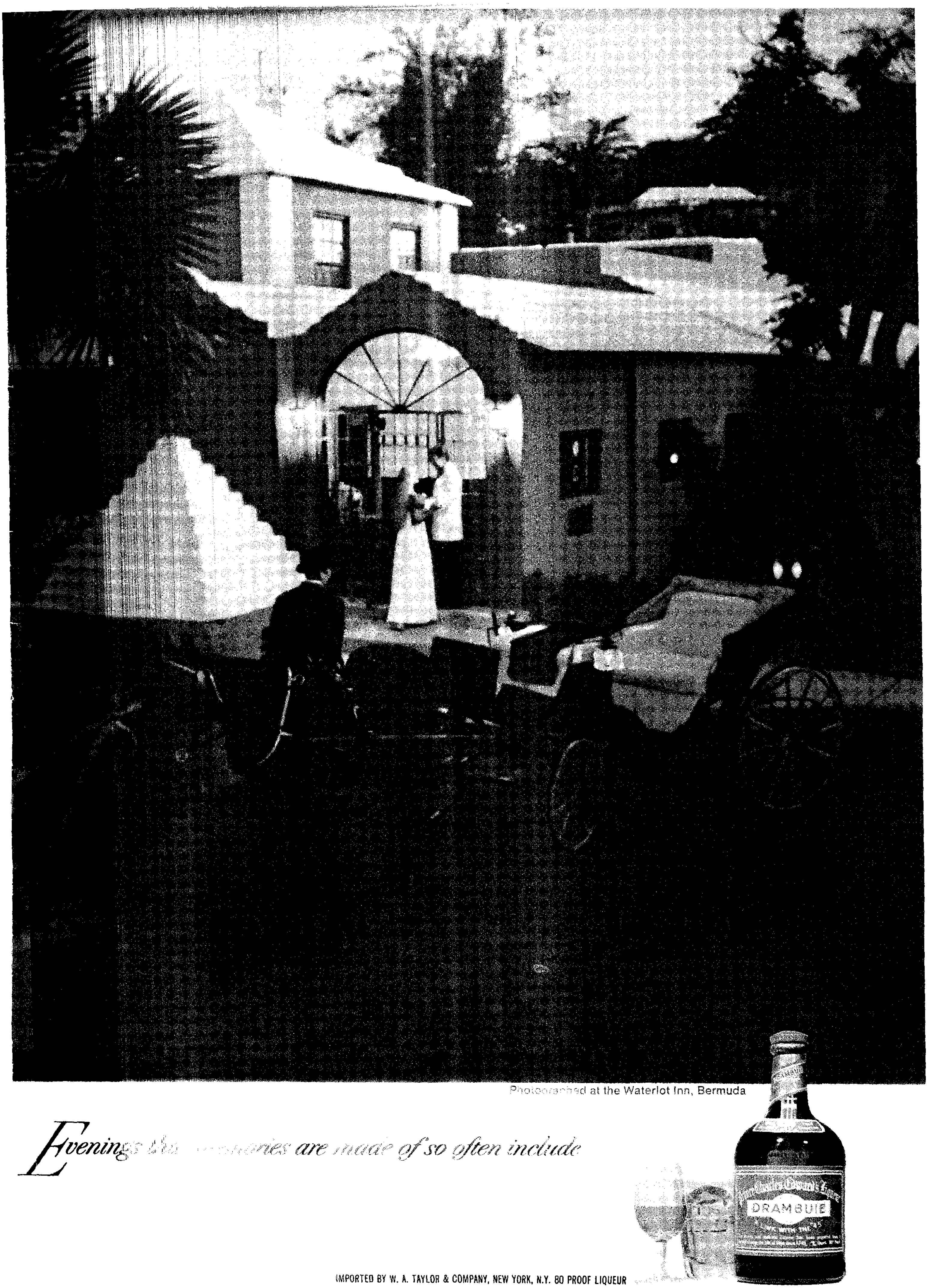

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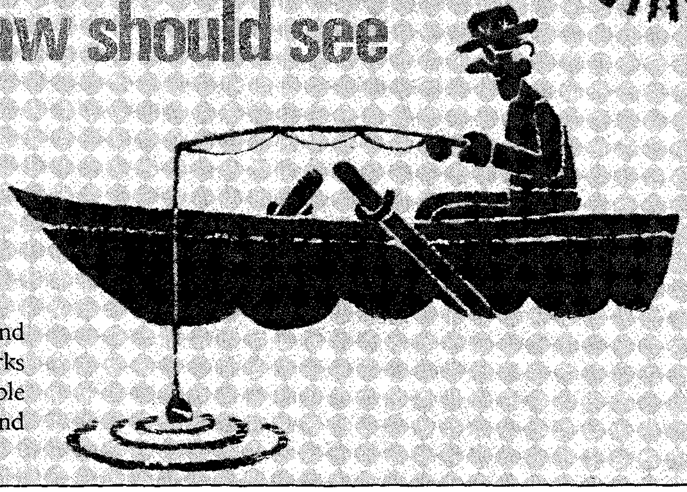

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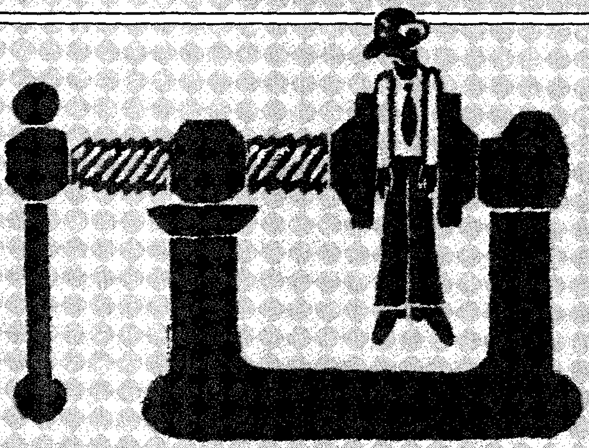

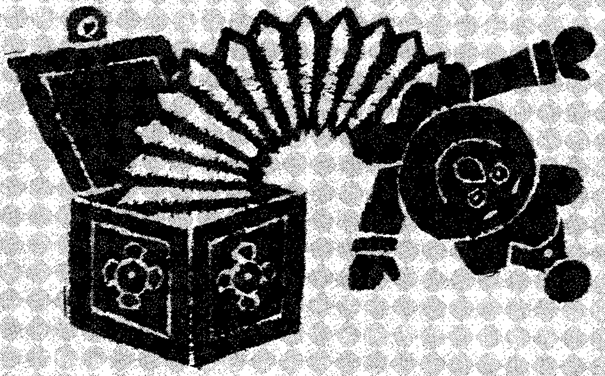

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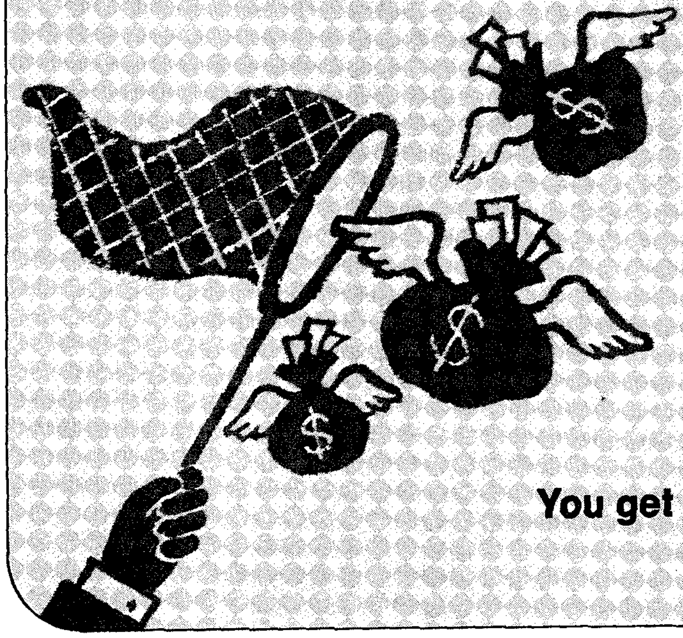

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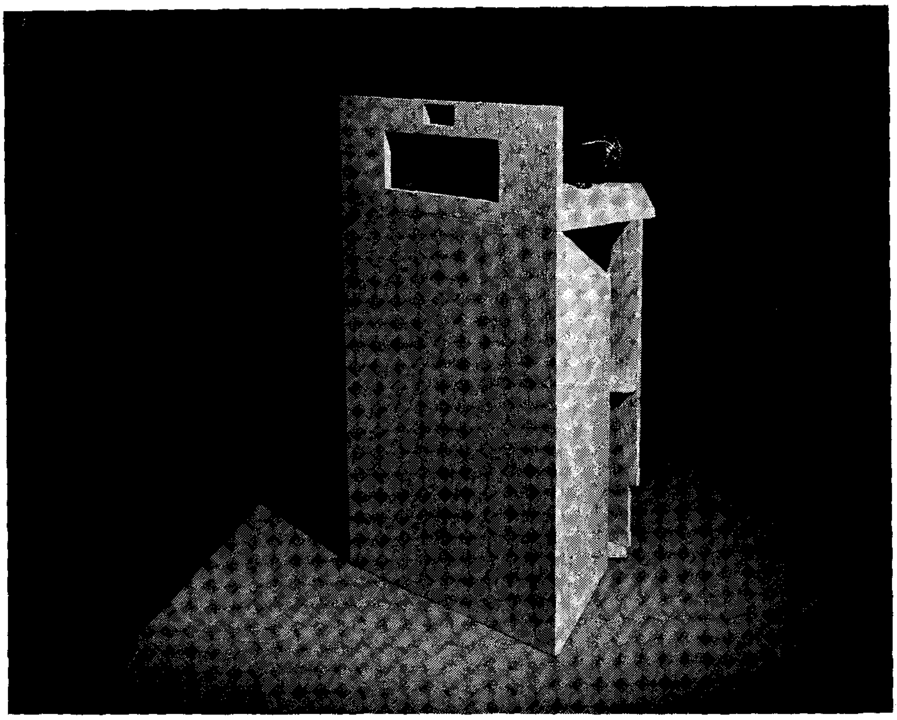
LIFE & CASUALTY

Leonard Baskin. What Sokolow is like in a nostalgic mood may be seen in "Homage to Federico García Lorca," a work created last year and new to me, which opened the Limón company's program. It was billed as a tribute to Lorca and Sylvestre Revueltas (to whose music it was set) and to Limón, but it was more convincing as a tribute to the spirit of W.P.A. murals and proletarian musicals. We began with a line of peasants holding up plastic flowers and reciting fragments of Lorca in turn. All took one threatening step forward before a blackout. We then had a folk-style Mexican group dance, a long solo that mimed the spiritual agonies of a bullfighter, and another Mexican group dance, as synthetic as the first. Except for its irritating posterishness, the piece wasn't as abrasive as Sokolow's work usually is, and it contained some old-grad memories—of Sokolow's Mexican period in the forties, and of Limón, who starred memorably (if somewhat pompously) as the bullfighter in Doris Humphrey's 1946 setting of the Lorca poem "Lament for Ignacio Sánchez Mejías." But the memories seemed distilled to the point of vaporousness.

SOKOLOW's melodramatic mannerisms as a poet of angst seem all to have come into being since the sixties. Her "Lyric Suite" of 1953 is a work of genuine power which lives up to its title (although the dances absorb only a fraction of Alban Berg's music) and makes a vivid and completely original dramatic statement as well. Two of the solos are in the overwrought style that was to become so familiar, but the emotion isn't clamped to the gesture; it's free to emerge by itself. This captionless style has the effect of creating the subject of the dance on the stage while you are watching, and some of the subjects are extraordinary. The second man's solo is about moral cowardice.

"Lyric Suite" was successfully revived last month by the Contemporary Dance System, a new small company that has set out to conserve classics and create new works. The director, Daniel Lewis, and many of the dancers are from the Limón company, and so far the new C.D.S. works have been in the exhausted idioms of old-guard modern dance. One of the premières, Lewis's "And First They Slaughtered the Angels," attempted a hip treatment with a fatal Lar Lubovitch touch: costumes that mean everything and nothing. And the other of the C.D.S. revivals this season (which was held in the Schimmel Center for the Arts, at



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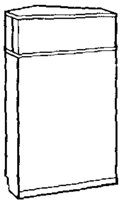

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Pace University) was of a work, Doris Humphrey's "Day on Earth," that doesn't transcend its period. But the performing calibre of the C.D.S. is high. Only Miguel Godreau seemed underemployed. But Godreau is a dancer of such presence and demonic energy that he can't be served by anything less than a vehicle. He'd be marvellous in a good production of "El Amor Brujo."

THE George Faison Universal Dance Experience (someone must be lettering that title on a blimp) is a dishevelled, talented, and highly likable group of dancers in search of something to perform. Their Hunter College series was underprepared in every respect save the dancing; the jazz-blues-jungle ballets looked thrown together, as if from a sample book. Faison (like Godreau, a former Ailey dancer) is no choreographer, but he remains an exceptionally elegant dancer, and the company looks smart and well trained. It has one truly spectacular find in the young Christina Kimball. The moment she goes up into one of her high, smooth attitude turns, the audience starts yelling; but she isn't given enough to do. Kimball's long, stretched, delicately shaped limbs seem meant for ballet—she's like a black Bessmertnova—and she's a beauty you want to watch even when she isn't dancing. Faison's audience is small, but it is a loyal audience that shouts encouragement. Unlike some companies that evoke noisy responses, it has something to encourage.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the Times*]

Max Von Sydow played Gregers, the monster of audience all but keeled over with her.

But all the force was not all with the foreigners. The most interesting new play of the year is an English one: "The Sea" by Edward Bond. Mr. Bond used to run into idealism, as an awkward, grinning, insane beanpole; Ernst-Hugo Jaregard was a magnificently self-centered, spoiled Hjalmar, and when Lena Nyman, his puppylike daughter, killed herself, the regular trouble with the Lord Chamberlain when that official operated as theater censor—he once portrayed Queen Victoria as a Lesbian—but he has steadily gained in repute, and his chilling "Lear" two years ago was a triumph.

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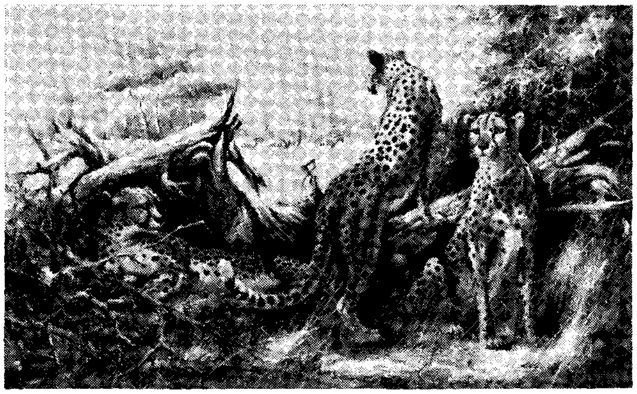

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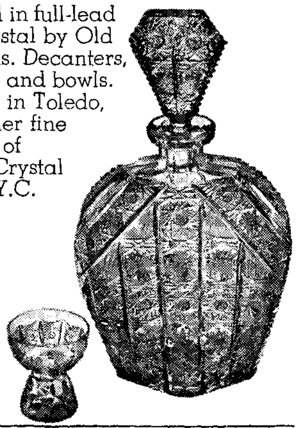

BOOKS

Per Ardua ad Astra

IT has been estimated that the Hindu epic, "The Mahabharata," is more than twice as long as the Judeo-Christian Bible, and seven times as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey combined. The translation of it into English has consequently been impeded. There exists a complete but stilted and almost unreadable English translation published in Calcutta between 1883 and 1896. It was done by a certain Kesari Mohan Ganguli, a Bengali translator of Sanskrit, but anyone who wishes to search it out at the public library will discover that it is attributed to one Protap Chandra Roy, a prosperous Indian who sponsored Ganguli's work and hence felt entitled to the credit. It lacks a table of contents and has hardly any explanatory notes. Several later scholars, both Indian and European, started translations of the epic but died while their work was in progress. The "Mahabharata" remained an Everest of literary works—tempting scholars to undertake a complete translation but threatening to require more than a human lifetime to finish the job. Now a new effort is under way—the work of the eminent Sanskritist J. A. B. van Buitenen, a Dutch-born professor of Sanskrit at the University of Chicago, who writes beautifully in English. A heartening fact is that Professor van Buitenen has already done three of the eighteen books of the epic and is only forty-five years old. Presumably he has ample time to complete his task. The first of the estimated seven volumes of his translation is already off the University of Chicago Press, and it is not only a masterpiece of scholarship and clarity but a well-organized and thoroughly documented affair.

We of the Western world, who think of epics in terms of the Iliad and the Odyssey, will find that the "Mahabharata" does not fit the pattern we have in mind. Its main story is of heroism and war, but there have been so many accumulations of myth, of interpolated narrative, and of repetition that it is really a vast grab bag of material relating to India's past, and since India has no history as we understand the term, it is a prime source for anyone investigating the beliefs, ceremonies, customs, and daily life of ancient India. Its imagery is extravagant, and its attitude toward time is very Indian, in that it does not follow a strict chronological scheme but ranges freely from present to past and back again. Scholars believe that it was written about 400 B.C. and that additions were made as late as 400 A.D. It describes an India of as far back, perhaps, as 1000 B.C. It involves flights of the Hindu imagination that go much beyond the thoughts of the somewhat more realistic Greeks. A mountain cohabits with a river to beget progeny. Children are carried in the womb for a hundred years, and, when they are born, turn out to be great heroes. Animals—especially cattle, which represent a form of wealth—are everywhere, and they talk. There are talking snakes, talking birds, and talking trees, too, and they all speak good Sanskrit. The forest or jungle is omnipresent, inhabited by nymphs, sprites, evil spirits, and hermits bent on increasing their powers through self-denial. Snakes and cows give birth to human beings, and the genesis of most of the heroes is peculiar: they are born from a Ganges inseminated by kings, from women who have been impregnated by the gods, and from demons, many of whom are thought by modern anthropologists to represent tribes that were unfriendly toward the Bharata race, the story of which is the main concern of the "Mahabharata." (The Indians nowadays officially refer to their country as Bharat.) The epic is full of magic spells, magic weapons, curses, sacred rivers, and sacred trees and mountains. Through it run concepts that are basic to the Hindu religious view: the cyclical character of the universe, the continuing rebirth of the individual, and the idea that self-restraint increases personal power. Ascetics living in the forest can through extraordinary self-denial attain the power to command the gods; the gods, in turn, try to tempt them with beautiful nymphs who arouse sexual desire and thus deprive them of the power their austerities have gained them. A lush world of the imagination is set before the reader, and a mythical past reaching back thousands of years is conjured up.

But all this is tangential to the main story, which concerns the five heroic Sons of Pandu and their cousins and adversaries, the hundred Sons of Dhritarashtra, led by the evil Duryo-

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dhana ("dirty fighter"). The story culminates in the Battle of Kurukshetra (not far from the modern Delhi), in which the warrior caste (van Buitenen calls its members the Barons) is almost wiped out. The moral, if there is one, is that those who live by the sword die by the sword, and that violence is futile. The five Sons of Pandu are Yudhishthira, whose father is the God Dharma, or the Law, and whose conduct is irreproachable; Bhima, who is a son of the Wind God, and who is a not very intelligent but prodigiously powerful warrior, who uproots trees to assail his enemies; Arjuna, son of the chief Vedic god, Indra, a stainless knight to whom the "Bhagavadgita," the famous moral treatise, is narrated by Krishna, in whom the Supreme Spirit has incarnated itself temporarily; and Nakula and Sahadeva, who are twin sons of the two Asvins, the heavenly horsemen who drive the chariot of the dawn. (Pandu himself is a king who has fallen under a curse and renounced his throne; despite the Sons' divine paternity, he is regarded as their father.)

The adventures of the Sons are innumerable. They were brought up and trained in arms under the guidance of their great-uncle, the aged celibate Bhishma, son of the Ganges. They played boyish pranks upon the Sons of Dhritarashtra, who came to hate Bhima in particular among them because of his superior strength. As the Sons of Pandu reached manhood, Duryodhana began plotting to destroy them; he was afraid that Yudhishthira, the eldest, would succeed to the throne instead of him. He had the Sons of Pandu sent to a neighboring city, where he had caused a house to be built of inflammable materials, the idea being to set the house afire while the Sons of Pandu were asleep. The Sons, forewarned, escaped through what seems to have been a subterranean passage, but Duryodhana was convinced that they had perished. They wandered through the forest disguised as Brahmins, acquired a wife in common, and performed prodigies of heroism. When news of this reached the Sons of Dhritarashtra, they planned another way to get rid of the Sons of Pandu. They got Yudhishthira into a crooked game of dice, in which he lost every throw, betting, in succession, his property, his brothers, himself, and, finally, their common wife, Draupadi, who was dragged before the assembled Sons of Dhritarashtra and told that she was to become their household servant. But then Dhritarashtra, fearing that all this might have a dire effect upon the

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future of his race, stopped the dice game and freed both Draupadi and the Sons of Pandu. Afterward, Duryodhana got Yudhishthira into another dice game. This time, the loser was to go into exile with his brothers for thirteen years, and if anyone discovered their identity during the thirteenth year they would have to spend twelve more years in exile. Yudhishthira lost, and the Sons of Pandu again donned disguises and went into the forest. They had many adventures and made many friends. One was Krishna, whose sister Subhadra was, with his consent, kidnapped by Arjuna and made his second wife. Again news of the heroic deeds of the Sons of Pandu reached the Sons of Dhritarashtra, who thereupon decided to declare war upon the Sons of Pandu. Both families had acquired many allies, in kingdoms all over northern India, and thousands of foot soldiers, horsemen, chariots, and war elephants were assembled on both sides. Just before the battle broke out, Krishna delivered the long sermon known as the "Bhagavadgita" to Arjuna, who was in an agony of indecision about killing his relatives and former friends. There ensued battles that lasted for eighteen days, and the Sons of Dhritarashtra were defeated in combat that, after opening according to correct knightly protocol, ultimately became savage and utterly unscrupulous. The victorious Sons of Pandu, accompanied by a dog, went on a pilgrimage to the Himalaya, "the abode of snow." On the way, all but one Son, Yudhishthira, died, and so did Draupadi. During Yudhishthira's climb into the mountains, the gods sent a chariot to bring him to heaven, but he refused to go on without the dog. Finally, he reached heaven on his own, and became a celestial being.

The first volume of Professor van Buitenen's translation, "The Book of the Beginning," brings the main story as far as the abduction of Krishna's sister and the subsequent burning of the Khandava Forest. It contains the famous story of Sakuntala (on which the playwright Kalidasa based the best-known drama in Hindu literature) as part of a long chapter, "The Origins." Here the complicated genealogy of the principal characters is given, including the births of the great sages who were, in turn, to beget the animals and snakes, the spirits and demons, the people north of the Himalaya, and, finally, the line of kings that ultimately produced the Sons of Pandu and the Sons of Dhritarashtra. It is a complicated story, and Professor van Buitenen

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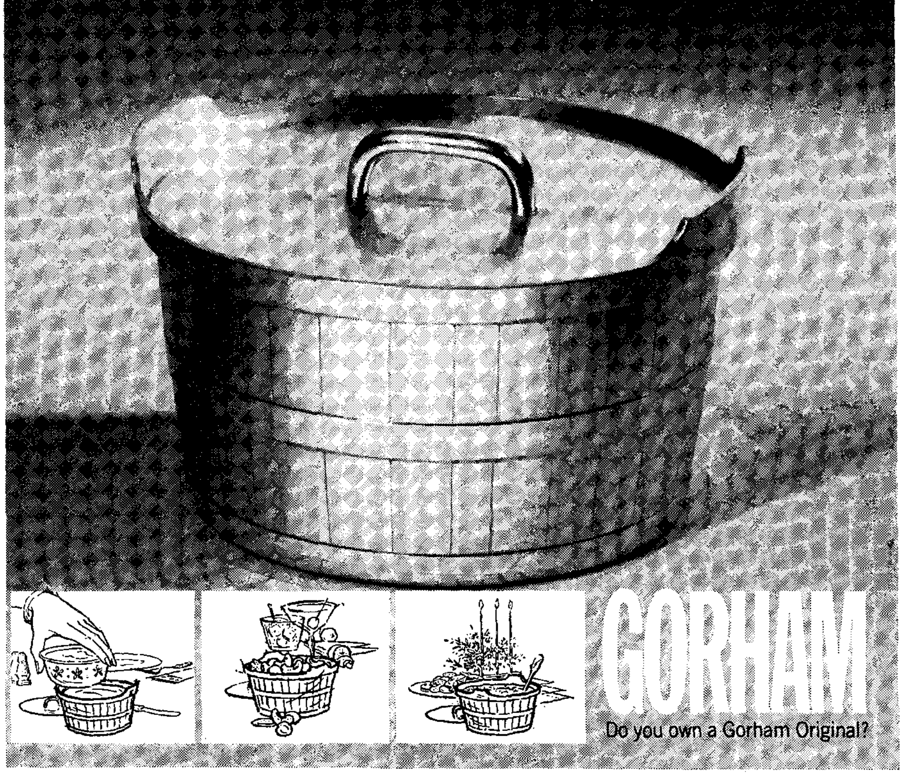

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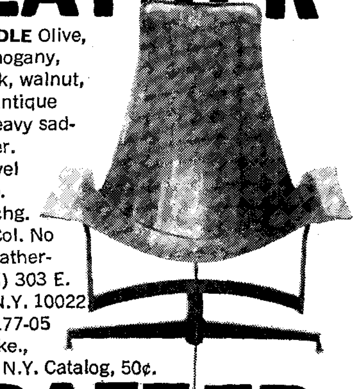

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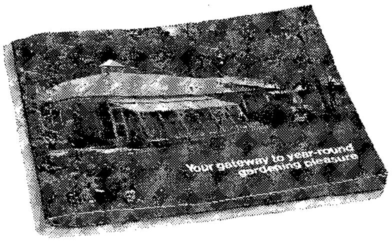

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FICTION

THE CASE WORKER, by George Konrád, translated from the Hungarian by Paul Aston (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). For ten years, the middle-aged, middle-echelon bureaucrat in a contemporary Budapest child-welfare organization who is the narrator of this scathing first novel has listened to his "clients' " grotesquely similar, "massive, tentacular, and incurable woes;" he has said "Have a seat, please," some thirty thousand times, he speculates; and he has swept so much pain and remorse off his desk with a bang of his rubber stamp that he feels like "a surgeon who sews up his incision without removing the tumor." The narrator takes us through the encounters of a typical, depressing, frustrating day, through his nightmarelike store of memories of past cases, and, at one point, through a fantasy he entertains about shedding his bureaucrat's armor, leaving his family, and caring for an idiot five-year-old whose parents have recently poisoned themselves. The language is straightforward and utterly unsentimental, which makes the incurable illnesses, perversions, cruelties, lies, and social injustices he describes on page after page all the more shocking. Pity and loathing tug at the case worker (and at the reader) with equal force. The case worker's task—patching up the injuries that the wretched inflict on each other, and especially on their children—is, of course, comically Sisyphean, obscenely unaccomplishable. Such raw human suffering as is depicted here is infrequently the subject of works of fiction, and even more infrequently the theme of a writer as skilled, brilliant, and willing to take risks as Mr. Konrád. This is an almost unbearable book to read, but it should not be missed.

GENERAL

LORD HERVEY: EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COURTIER, by Robert Halsband (Oxford). Professor Halsband, who is known for his biography of Hervey's friend Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, examines a man whose memoirs of the court of King George II and Queen Caroline have been used as a historians' quarry and admired as a literary achievement. Hervey himself, as a human being, is little

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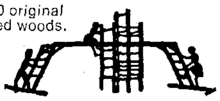

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known; his book eclipsed him. The man Professor Halsband finds—John, Lord Hervey (1696-1743), the son of the first Earl of Bristol—is passionate in love (men and women) and hate (the King); loyal (to his patron, Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister); affectionate (he did not quarrel with Lady Mary when they were both in love with the same opportunistic young man); vulnerable (he was angry and deeply hurt when his friends the Fox brothers, whose patron he had been, and who went on to found a great political family, deserted him politically); and charming, art-loving, and given to emotional fantasy about, for instance, his and the Queen's love for each other. These were not the qualities needed for political success—*not in Hervey's time, anyhow—but* they are material for an exceptionally enjoyable book. Professor Halsband's sense of the period is perfect.

VEGAS: A MEMOIR OF A DARK SEASON, by John Gregory Dunne (Random House). "Vegas" rolls in like a cool forties movie: "Las Vegas, Clark County, Nevada (Lat: 36° 11′ N; Long: 115° 08′ W)." Pan to the roulette wheel, the jaded old lady, the heavies in tuxedos, and the avid women. Right? Wrong. What follows instead is an explanation of why Mr. Dunne chose the city of Las Vegas to see a nervous breakdown through in. His explanation is far from convincing (he was driving along La Brea Avenue in Hollywood and saw a billboard that said "Visit Las Vegas Before Your Numbers Up"), but choose it he did, and this book is a fictionalized account of his six-month cure there, and of the lives of three semi-fictional characters—a poetry-writing prostitute, a second-rate comedian, and a seedy private detective—he drifted around with. When Dunne talks about his Catholic boyhood in Connecticut, and the Clark bars and Twinkies he wolfs down in his hideous rented room, and how he soothes himself by watching Julia Child from his Magic Fingers bed, *he is irresistible, cutting, and funny.* Unfortunately, most of the book is about the three other people. Through them we learn a lot of things about the inner functionings of Las Vegas and some things about Mr. Dunne, who achieves a kind of "absolution through voyeurism" by observing them. But all three characters, though they are often fascinating, suffer from their semi-fictional status, and more often than not they

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seem like shills for the true memoir the author shied away from writing.

DUMMY, by Ernest Tidyman (Little, Brown). The arrest of Donald Lang, a young black Chicagoan, in the fall of 1965 on a charge of murdering a back-alley prostitute presented the Cook County courts with an unprecedented legal conundrum that has yet to be wholly solved. The problem was that a trial would seem to be in violation of the defendant's civil and Constitutional rights, the reason being that the defendant was (and had been from birth) an illiterate deaf-mute, unable to communicate by reading, writing, lipreading, or sign language, and thus could not be informed of the charge against him. The case is unquestionably an interesting one, and Mr. Tidyman satisfactorily relates to us the bewilderment of the several judges, lawyers, police officers, and medical specialists involved, but he is not content, unfortunately, to leave it at that. He seems throughout to be on the verge of losing his temper. It nettles him that a black man should be so afflicted, and that society has permitted Donald Lang to continue in his affliction. This, combined with a predilection for trashy jargon ("The death of a parent is always a serious displacement to the security structure of a child"), gives his book a rather sour taste. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

POPULAR PRINTS OF THE AMERICAS, by A. Hyatt Mayor (Crown). Perhaps because nostalgia for almost anything—the least barber pole—has become so chic of late, this collection of American theatrical posters, cigar-box labels, dime-novel covers, and assorted popular lithographs and wood engravings fails to excite one, despite the charm and artistic merit of a good many of the prints. There are enticing little historical tidbits throughout (Paul Revere's famous engraving of the Boston Massacre, for example, and a lithograph depicting Andrew Jackson destroying the Bank of the United States, which is symbolized by a snake with twenty-six heads), but the text is as heavy as molasses, and the book is recommended only to those for whom any and all Americana is irresistible. One hundred and ninety-five illustrations, forty-seven in color.

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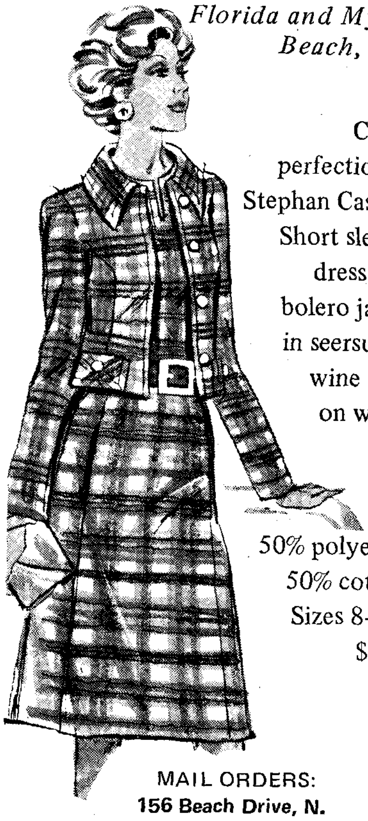

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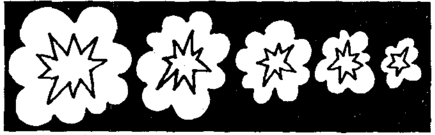

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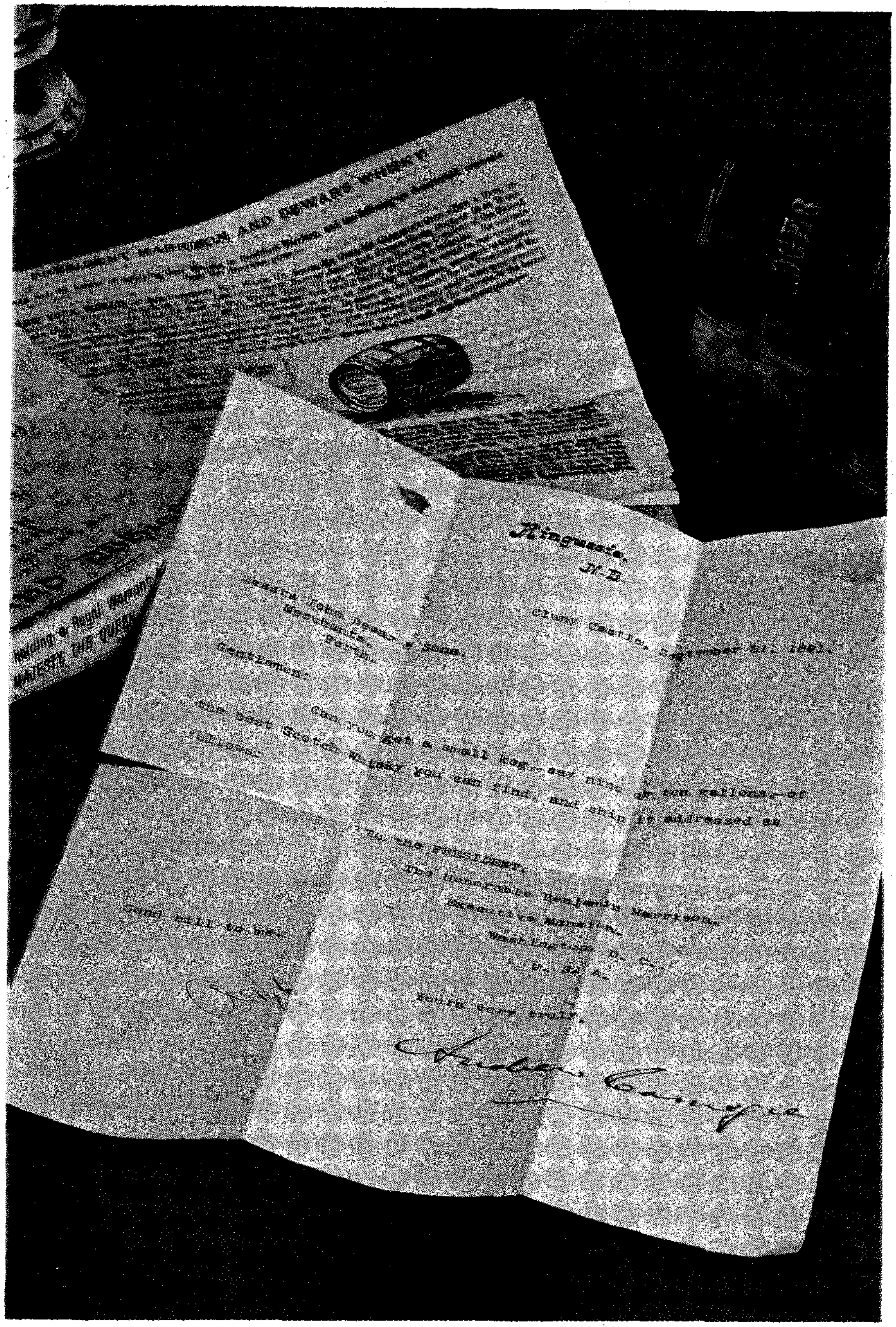

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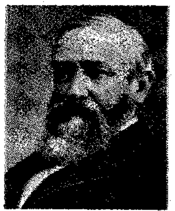

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